

German Theatre.

Translated

BENJAMIN THOMPSON, Esq.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

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Containing

OTTO OF WITTEBADEN.

DAGBERT.

ARLAIDE OF WULFINGEN.

—————

FOURTH EDITION.

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—————

1821.

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH

OR, THE
CHOLERIC COUNT.

A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS

FROM
B A B O.

TRANSLATE PERSONÆ.

MEN.

PHILIP OF SABBIA, Emperor of Germany.
Lucas, Duke of Bavaria.
OTTO OF WITTELSBACH, Count Palatine of Rhine.
HENRY, } Brothers of Otto.
ROBERT, }
ARTHUR, } Countess.
WALDEMAR, }
CATHERINE, a Russian Count.
WESSEL, a Russian Count.
WALLMUTH, an Imperial Horse.
SEN FREDERICK OF RUSSIA.
WOLF, Duke of Anjou-Rouen.
WILHELM, } Otto's Children.
LEON, }
GEORGE, and another Inhabitant of Asia.
STEWART, a Horse.
TWO CITIZENS of Russia.

WOMEN.

LUDMILLA, Empress of Russia.
CHRISTINA, } Daughters of the Emperor.
BARBARA, }
Knight, Warriors, Counts, Countess, &c.

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH;

OR, THE

CHOLERIC COUNT.

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

A gallery in the palace at BRAUNAU.

Enter HENRY and WOLF, on opposite sides.

HEN. Welcome, Wolf! what bring'st thou?

WOLF. Fraternal greeting from the Count Palatine to Henry, Count of Andechs.

HEN. Whence art thou come?

WOLF. From Wittenbach.

HEN. Where is my brother?

WOLF. On his way hither.

HEN. Indeed! How long have you been in Bavaria?

WOLF. We arrived last night from the Emperor's court at our castle. By heavens, my Lord, you will scarcely believe me, when I tell you we were only a week in riding from Aix to Wittenbach. Hills and woods flew so swiftly past us, that we could scarcely see them.

HEN. Why in such haste?

WOLF. My Lord, I'll tell you as much as I know of the matter. Hearing nothing from my master on

OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. ACT I.

He read but "more speed, Wolf, more speed," I once ventured to ask a question, my Lord. "Sir," said I, "why in such haste?"—"As Brunner," answered he, "I'll have my beard shorn that I may please the women." I perceived that he meant—"Wolf, hold your tongue, and attend to your horse!"—so I asked no more questions.

Hen. To please the women at Brunau? Hm?

Wolff. But, my Lord, what means all this haste in the castle?

Hen. Knowest thou not that our Duke is to be married to-day?

Wolff. Marry, yes, Sir. To whom?

Hen. To the daughter of our old friend, of Tengen.

Wolff. Yes, I know that. But what has all this to do with the Duke's wedding?

Hen. He is to be married to-day.

Wolff.—(To himself.)—(To her.) I must see him. I am waiting for him.

Hen. What is your business?

Wolff. Into the saloon to see the bride.

Hen. That will not be admitted.

Wolff. How! Not admit-d!

Hen. None but a Knight dare enter the Duke's apartments without leave.

Wolff. What! May not a Bavarian greet his Prince?

Hen. Stay here, Wolf. The procession will pass through this gallery to the church, and then will have a better view of it.

Enter Two Citizens of Munich.

First Cit. God be with you, noble Count!

Hen. Thanks, my friends; whence come you?

First Cit. We come from Munich to make an appeal in behalf of the citizens to our Duke.

Hen. How goes it in Munich?

First Cit. Thank Heaven, well. Since Abschlag of Bogisl's followers and the Bohemians have ceased to molest us, we find good employment and subsistence. Would the wickèd empire were in as peaceful a state!

Wolf. It soon will be, good neighbour.

Sec. Cit. Ha! Wolf! Welcome home! Do you bring good news? Is the Count Palatine here too?

Wolf. He will soon be here.

*Sec. Cit.—(To the others.)—*Otto is coming. He will certainly assist us.

Men. Wolf, they approach. I must accompany the Duke to church. Should Otto arrive in the mean time, tell him his brother Henry rejoices in the hope of seeing him.

The procession appears. Fifty guards pass through the gallery, followed by many Knights and Nobles magnificently clothed. In the midst of them walks the Duke, supported by Egbert and another Peer. Henry joins them. After the Duke, walks the Duchess, supported by two ladies of rank and followed by others. These are succeeded by more Knights and Nobles, and fifty guards close the procession.

*Duke.—(As he passes.)—*Is not that Wolf, the Bishop of the Count Palatine?

*Wolf.—(Goes to him.)—*Your Highness is right.

*Duke.—(Stops.)—*What art thou doing here without thy master?

Wolf. He sent me to prepare for his reception.

Duke. Why do they not proceed?—*(The ladies tell her that the Duke is in conversation with Wolf.)*

Duke. My cousin Otto is coming to see ~~us~~ them? I rejoice to hear it. But why did he send you? His palace is always ready for his reception. Farewell, Wolf. [Proceeds.]

8. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. ACT I.

- *Duch.*—(As she passes).—His presence was not exactly necessary.

9.

Maximilian, and the Two Citizens.

Wolff. Why did you not make your appeal?

First Cit. We saw that the Duchess did not like to be detained.

Sec. Cit. She seemed angry because the Duke spoke to you.

First Cit. Well, we have lost nothing by the delay, for the Count Palatine arrives, our petition is as good as when granted. He will never suffer a Maximilian to be aggrieved.—(Trumpets are heard at a distance.)

Wolff. Hark! Now they are in the church.

First Cit. Don't you think the Duchess handsome?

Sec. Cit. Yes, very handsome.

Wolff. True. In the whole procession, which seemed calculated for a display of magnificence and beauty, there was certainly nothing which could be compared with her person, but that she was offended when the Duke spoke to me—Hem! A Duchess of Bavarian blood would not have been so.

First Cit. Well, well! She, perhaps, did not ruin it again. But, what news do you bring from the Emperor's court?

Wolff. None but good. Strasburg, Erfurt and Alsace ours. Well may I say ours, for our Otto did most towards the conquest of them. Without him the Emperor Philip would but have been an arm without a sword, or a sword without an arm.

First Cit. How it delights me to hear such tidings! Yes, the race of Wittelsbach is the glory of Bavaria. Long may it continue so!

Wolff. Thanks, countrymen! Don't doubt it.

First Cit. The Emperor will surely reward the Count Palatine most royally.

Wolf. He will. Don't you know how?

First Cit. No.

Wolf. He will reward him with the hand of one of his daughters.

Sec. Cit. What say you?

Wolf. That Otto of Wütlebach will soon be the Emperor's son-in-law.

First Cit. Howbeit! How happy you make us! Come, Wolf, come with us, and let us drink to your health and to the King's.

Wolf. I am not worthy of the honor, but I must await the Emperor's pleasure. My life had it in my power to have been a king, except that he has not thought fit to bestow his wings, and may at last be free. But he has not the heart. No one rides thus but Otto.

Enter OTTO.

First and Sec. Cit. Hail to the noble Count Palatine! Welcome, welcome to your native land!

Otto. Many thanks to you, dear Bavarians! Ha! Were not thou one of my followers when I fought against Albrecht of Bogen?

Sec. Cit. I was, my Lord.

Otto. Why, you told me you meant to settle in Munich.

Sec. Cit. And did so, too, my Lord. We were not deputed by the Citizens to make an appeal to our gracious Duke.—(To *First Cit.*)—Speak.

First Cit. My Lord, the city of Munich has received a command from the Emperor, which infringes on its rights.

Otto. The Emperor infringes on your rights, do you say? He is not apt to do that.

First Cit. It is his command that we should pay an annual tribute, of sixty-five silver marks, on account of the advantages we derive from the salt

trade. This has never been done in the memory of man, and we therefore come to beg that our Duke would be graciously pleased to state it as a grievance in the imperial courts.

OTTO. If it be not customary and just, you shall not pay the sixty-five marks.

FIRST CIT. It is not customary and just.

OTTO. Then you shall pay nothing.

FIRST CIT. We will tell the citizens that we must not pay the tribute.

OTTO. Do so, and greet them in my name.

FIRST CIT. We return you thanks, my noble Lord. Heaven bless you and your children, that we may always know where to apply for protection!

OTTO. Farewell, my countrymen! At Wittelsbach I would regale you, but here—

FIRST CIT. Oh, to have seen you in a gracie's tent than any banquet. God preserve you, noble Count!

[Exeunt Citizens.]

WOLF. I delivered your greeting to the Count of Andechs, and every thing is ready for your reception at the palace.

OTTO. Know my brother I was coming!

WOLF. No. I thought he seemed surprised at it.

OTTO. Where is he?

WOLF. In the church. Had you come a moment sooner you would have seen the handsome couple and the nobles of the land pass through this gallery. The sight would have been worth the trouble, I assure you, Sir.

OTTO. Think'st thou so, Wolf? No—we ought to have been more speedy—we ought to have been here a week ago.

WOLF. Merciful Heaven! We must have ridden on the wind, then. But why sooner? You are arrived in time for the celebration of the marriage.

OTTO. That is exactly what I did not wish. Half

my possessions would I give, had I not come to the celebration of this marriage. Wolf, hold yourself over in readiness, and sit me down as I sit.

(Wolf bows, and I sit.) Here I speak as I think?—
(Wolf bows, and I sit.)—I speak as I think.

(Wolf bows, and I sit.)—We seem to be at an end, unless the Duke's attention is not paid us heretofore. But I am glad to come hither, old and young glad to welcome, to greet you; but to-day not even a dog, belonging to the Duke, makes his appearance.

Otto. So much the better, Wolf. The Duke's dogs are idle dogs. They are fed to do nothing.
(Trumpets are again heard.)

(Wolf.) I believe they are coming from church. You, are!

The procession returns in the same order as it went.

The Duke, Henry, and Egbert, step out to welcome Otto. The procession stops. Wolf goes.

Duke. You are welcome, dear kinsman. I rejoice that you favour me with your presence on this festive day.

Hen. and Egbert. Welcome, brother Otto, welcome!

Otto. I am the more to merit a salute at the distance of a hundred miles. I am glad you had so much confidence in my race, as to think any intelligence or invitation needless.—*(The Duke says.)*—Dare I venture to greet your lady in my dusty manner?—*(She just enters with her train.)*—In truth, my best wishes for your welfare announce me to your humble servant.

Duch. I thank you, my Lord.

Duke. Come with us, Otto.

Otto. Pardon me, I will not, by my rude appearance, darken the splendour of the day. I shall attend you in your cabinet.

Dr. Well, as you please.—(To an attendant.)—
 "Are the Count's rooms ready for his reception?"—
(The attendant shrugs his shoulders.)—Look after
them instantly. Well, kinsman, I expect you.—
(They proceed.)

MEET OTTO AND HENRY.

OTTO, Henry.—Oh that I could compress my whole thoughts into one word, and declare what is passing in this boiling breast! Tell me—what think you of this union!—Heather, shrug not your shoulders thus instead of answering, nor look around as if some one were listening to us. Speak boldly—boldly as a man.

HEN. I wish the Duke had not done this.

OTTO. Now by all that is good and holy, had I been here, it should not have been done. But I was the last, who was acquainted with it. Lewis's union was the talk of all the Emperor's court, ere I had learnt it. Is it thus that I am treated?

HEN. How! Did you receive no notice—no invitation?

OTTO. I tell you, no. I should perhaps have been still in ignorance, had not the emperor assured me such was the case. He—he himself sent me to my kinsman's wedding.

HEN. I understand it not.

OTTO. But when I tell you that not long ago I asked the Emperor to bestow his youngest daughter on my kinsman, Lewis, and was not refused—understand you, now, what all this means!

HEN. By Heaven, if this be as you say—

OTTO. It is, it is. The Emperor sent me hither. Could he have any intention then to prevent this act of folly? He did not say thus much, but had I been, at that moment, capable of forming any other idea, it appeared as strongly in his tone, in his every

look, as it is at this moment graves in my heart. By my faith, had any evil spirit wished to torment me with a dreadful dream, the most crafty of all devils must have been, if he had succeeded in filling my brain with such fancies. Oh! Heaven grant my anger may not make me as talkative as a court-sycophant!—Had any one told me that the storm would fall upon us, I would have answered: "Let it fall!" But never can I tamely bear to hear that Bavaria's Duke, while professing to be our Emperor's friend, has married a cousin of Bohemian Ottocar, who claims as closely to the Duke of Brunswick as the iron to a horse's hoof.

Hen. Brother, many things have lately happened, which have led me to suppose that our Emperor not only approves of this conjunction, but has even procured it. Luckhoff's story, perhaps, has reconciled the Emperor to the Emperor, and I have seen her uncle! But who could have dreamed of the unprovoked deviation of our Emperor from his duty? The encouraged Albrecht has dared to desert his cousin, in order to embrace a stranger!

Otto. I am far from sure, but my conjecture is not without foundation.

Otto. Explain, then, what you know?

Hen. Not here, my brother. Retire with me to some place, where we can converse without interruption.

Otto. To converse without interruption I will go with you; but not as if I wished to creep into a corner, and in a smothered voice give vent to the insinuations of my soul. My words are bold and loud; for I have not a thought which I am not ready to avow.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle.

Enter DUCHESS and WERNER.

Duch. Kneeman, I assure you his hatred and friendship cannot be so indifferent to me, and I know he hates me. His arrival has, doubtless, quite another cause than that which he declares. He is no other man, who would trouble the Emperor's court for nothing, or for mere politeness. My husband has just informed me that he seemed highly incensed at not having had any notice of our marriage. I am sure he will suppose me to be the cause of this, and policy dictated it; for had he gained earlier notice of our intentions, all my hopes would have been destroyed.

Wern. True, but why need you now be afraid of him? Your Lord's affections and your own privileges place you beyond his power.

Duch. What I am, I am become through affection, and no power is more winning than that which depends upon the humour of a husband. My Lewis is young, and I am not so vain as to build upon the continuance of his passion.—There are men, who, without fair words and smooth discourse, obtain a safe command over another's inclination: Of these Otto is one. The force of his exploits gives him consequence throughout the empire, and, I have often observed that my husband feels a reverence towards him, mingled with fear. All this makes me uneasy,—I therefore wish you, cousin, to sound his opinions, and, if it be possible, to convert his hatred into friendship, or, at least, into indifference.

Wern. Be assured I will leave no means untried to gratify your wishes. I will hail to repose my hatred towards this haughty man, and devote my mind entirely to your service.

*Duch, Enough! You shall find me not ingrate-
ful—My husband comes,—More of this soon.*

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Enter Deceit

Edie. My love, how can you sit here depriving me of your company? You know my heart thinks every moment lost, which is not spent with you. Why is your countenance less bright than hitherto? What lies so heavy on your heart as to disturb you on this happy day.

DEAR. My husband! My Lewis! What bliss is there in those words?—But let me not declare the telling cause of my unbounded, lest your affection should find some fabled consequence in a more remote

[illegible][illegible]

10. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 284: 2689-2695.

the \mathbb{Z}_2 -invariant in the components of \mathfrak{g} can be written as

Thou art the seat of beauty and affection !
Thou art the throne of god, and his heart the repository of his grace.

There, I am certain that he hates me. He considers me the cause of all the misery inflicted on Bavaria by Count Albrecht. To my charge he in his own mind lays all the devastations occasioned by the

incursions of your Bohemian neighbour.—Must not this distress me?

Ed. Dost. Be at ease, my love. When he becomes acquainted with your noble mind, repentance for his error will be a sufficient punishment.

Duch. Believe me, an animosity so rooted is not so easily removed. To be convinced that I am innocent, it is necessary he should see with an unbiased eye. An object which is hateful through habit, appears ugly on every side.

Duch. Otto is really not malicious.

Edith. I am silent.—(She sighs.)

Duch. Dearest, this mournful look pierces my very soul. Tell me, what can I do to relieve you?

Ed. Speak to Otto. His heart is open, and his sentiments are on his lips: I shall soon learn whether there is any foundation for your suspicions. Rely on me.

Duch. I was just applying to Count Wound on this subject when you entered. I desired him to vindicate me to your cousin Otto.

Duch. Vindicate? That need not be done by my wife. It is only the criminal, who needs defence. Who are you, and who am I? I own I should be glad that my kinsman Otto approved of my choice: but to your preference, and to no other motive, will I be obliged for his approbation. Were such my wish, I need not tell him that through you the Emperor obtains the friendship of Ottocar: and, from that moment, he would be your best of friends.

Duch. I should be happy if he knew it.

Duch. He shall—and be ashamed of having, for a moment, mistaken you. But one doubt distresses me.

Duch. What is it, my dear Lord?

Duch. Whether my cousin knows that the Emperor is about to bestow one of his daughters on Duke Ottocar.

ACT V. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. 15

Duke. That Wenzel shall try to discover. But see, the Court Palace approaches.

Enter Otto.

Duke. Welcome, once more, good kinsman.

Otto. The Emperor commends him to you, and wishes you all happiness. He likewise commanded me to state that he relies upon your sending the usual supply of vessels, and supporting him with your alliance, as hitherto.

Duke. I hope you secured the Emperor of my seal in his service.

Otto. I did.—(*Lays scornfully at the Duke.*)

Duke.—(*Aside.*)—Ha! Diabol! Count, if you perceived that I was present, I beg your pardon; observe that I withdrew. [*Exit.*]

Duke. Kinsman, what has my wife done, that you survey her with a look as bold as if she were a base and wanton wench?

Otto. What have your ancestors and subjects done, that you should make this woman your wife?

Duke. Who can produce a charge against her virtue? I challenge any one to make the attempt. She deserves to be Ratis's duchess. I know you are, in general, not unreasonable. Your sentiments are candid. Tell me frankly why you are exasperated against my wife?

Otto. Can I like the serpent who stung my brother or my son? Still blood and wounds inflicted on my native country by Bohemia's sons.

Duke. How is my wife to blame for this?

Otto. She is wise, who sharpened the steel and urged to war.

Duke. No, on my word, she never encouraged slaughter. Many a tear did she shed for the misfortune which her late husband's duty brought upon Bohemia.

Otto. It may be so. Enough is it for me that she is our Emperor's foe, being the friend of his most deadly foe.

Duke. This seems to you so certain that you ground your hatred on it. Kinsman, I do not in any thing choose to excite your reproaches. I loved you ever—love you still. Many would ridicule my conduct, if they knew that I deemed myself so far as to defend my consent to a man, who is not my master, or my father.

Otto. Why do you this, Duke?

Duke. Because I do not wish to think you unjust.

Otto. I love my native land, my race, and Philip.

Duke. So do I.

Otto. And yet you form a connection, which binds you to Bohemia's Duke, and to the Emperor's avowed rival, Brunswick's Otto. Our native land, our race's fame and Philip's rights are torn from your heart.

Duke. Then would it bleed. No, this alliance binds the Bohemian Duke to our side.

Otto. To yours, and drags you to his Otto.

Duke. Why talk of Otto. Ottocar is Philip's friend.

Otto. The Emperor Philip's friend?

Duke. Know you not that?

Otto. Not I—nor do I yet know it. Ottocar, Duke of Bohemia, and ally to Brunswick's Otto, Philip's friend?

Duke. This was the dower of my wife. I required her cousin's friendship towards the Emperor.

Otto. And did she promise it?

Duke. She promised and procured it. Long since did Ottocar acknowledge Philip as the lawful Emperor, and enter into alliance with him. This, of course, you know, but that my consent was the author of the reconciliation, you seem to have been ignorant.

Otto. For Heaven's sake, be serious.

Duke. You seem astonished. Surely Ottocar's alliance with Philip is not unknown to you?

Otto. You hatter me.

Duke. By my soul I do not. They are friends—friends through the interference of my wife.

Otto. Indeed!—Ha! I comprehend this. Where there is no danger Otto is not wanted. Now, by Heaven, this is not right. To decide us!

Duke. What has decided you?

Otto. I begay, no one—but at a distance it seems a laughing matter.

Duke. What is that you are talking?

Otto. I have just been told that you have decided to me—Not a word, not a syllable, not a single word to Otto!

Duke. To you, the recipient of his confidence! I thought the whole of it was as well known to you as to me. The negotiation between Ottocar and Philip has been on foot three months.

Otto. Three months! It is not longer since I asked the Emperor to bestow on you his younger daughter.

Duke. What answered he?

Otto. Smiling, he told me it perhaps might happen. I now for the first time comprehend his might. God of Heaven! What is this! I beseech you apologise in my behalf to your fair consort. If poor Otto's friendship be of any value to her, assure her she possesses it.

Duke. I am happy to see you convinced that she is worthy of it.

Otto. And now, farewell till we meet again. God be with you!

Duke. Will you away so often?

Otto. I feel as if my guardian angel beckoned me away. God be with you!

Duke. After the report.

Otto. Oh, I can neither eat nor drink. Farewell.

Enter Werner.

Duke. See! Here comes Duke Ottocar's ambassador and kinsman, Count Werner.

Wen. I reckon this day the happiest of my life, as I am allowed in person to greet the valiant Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach.

Otto. Without ceremony, I beg. How fares Count Werner?

Duke. Have you seen each other before?

Wen. Never in my life: but Otto's fame is as public as the light of day. When in foreign countries Germany is mentioned, Otto of Wittelsbach is always quoted among the first of its heroes.

Otto. Why all this? We have seen each other before.

Duke. As I said, Otto, after the report. [Exit.

Wen. What you say is strange. I have not that I ever saw you till to-day.

Otto. Still more strange is it that you require an explanation of a circumstance so trifling. Who commanded the Bohemians, in the last battle against us?

Wen. When you conquered us? 'Twas I, but I saw you not.

Otto. It was broad day, and, by the Almighty, none of my enemies can ever say I did not show myself.

Wen. I saw the army, but was not idle or cool enough to distinguish any one. My defeat alone convinced me that Otto fought against us.

Otto. Regard me not of that conquest, for it did me little credit. There was a coward among your best warriors.

Wen. Do you know him?

Otto. Blue was his armour, and a black plume waved on his helmet. He stalked across the field

more haughty than courageous, but when the attack commenced, he vanished. I at length espied him at a distance from the throng, and ran towards him;—but he fled. “Hold,” cried I, “blue knight, break a lance with me.” The blue coat fled.

Wes.—(*Aside*.)—Exclamation!—(*Aloud*.)—Well, Count Palatine, you know such men are to be found in every army. ‘Tis enough that you subdued us.—Who would have thought that instead of meeting in the field, we should encounter each other here?

Otto. True. The world is full of changes.

Wes. I shall now lose no more battles against you, but may hope soon to conquer with you.

Otto. I only beg you will not bring the blue knight with you. Our Bavarians know him.

Wes.—(*Aloud*.)—Know him!

Otto. Enough of this. Have you been long here?

Wes. My kinsman Ottocar deputed me to announce his alliance with the Emperor to Duke Lewis. In truth, no order could have been more welcome to me. All my trouble is thereby rewarded.

Otto. What trouble?

Wes. To obtain a victory is often not so difficult as to graft friendship on the tree of discord.—The Emperor knows who gained him Ottocar’s alliance.

Otto. Who?

Wes. Your kinsman’s wife and I.

Otto. And dare you vouch for the continuance of these sentiments?

Wes. That, Count Palatine, is at present the grand object. I daily expect orders to proceed to the Emperor’s court, where I shall tie the band of unity into a knot, which mortal hands can never loose.

Otto. That were a master-piece of policy.

Wes. Yet is it easily comprehended. Philip has two daughters.

One. Methinks your ideas make strange tinsel-
dresses. From the knot which no mortal hand can
loose to Philip's daughter!

Wes. Not so, Count Palatine. I just wanted to
show you the end of the thread, which is to form
the knot. You hold the highest place in the con-
fidence and favour of the Emperor. Doubtless,
therefore, you have been some time absent from
his court, as you seem ignorant of what I mean.
To be brief, the Emperor's eldest daughter, Cusi-
gunda, is to be married to Ottocar.

Otto. — *(Starts and looks at Wes.)* — Is to be?

Wes. You are right. As I might have said; for
nothing is wanting but the benediction of the priest.
The treaty is concluded.

Otto. Ha! Ha! — Is this another piece of your
policy?

Wes. Ask the Emperor, or believe me on my
word. I was present.

Otto. By my word yours is false.

Wes. Count Palatine!

Otto. Pshaw! How should you have looked at
me, when I called: "Huz knights, break a lance
with me."

Wes. Death and destruction!

Otto. Unaged! Well be it as you please. — Ha!
Ha! Ottocar's wife! Pray tell me the tale again
before your fury chokes you.

Wes. May my soul be damned if this insult shall
be unavenged!

Otto. Why talk of insult and revenge? I advise
you not to use such words—Your heat has made
me cool enough to perceive that your tale of Otta-
car's alliance was a mere joke. Now, Count Wes-
sel, if in your conscience you think I have said too
much, I crave your pardon. My brain was teem-
ing with ideas which would not let me relish any
joke.

Wen. I never joked with you, Count Palatine, and never will. Why am I thus insulted on account of things which concern neither of us? Why is my word disputed? It galls your haughty soul, perhaps, that Philip should bestow his daughter, or Ottocar accept her, without your consent.

Otto. Now, by the powers of heaven, this blue knight has wounded me so deeply that I feel it through my very marrow.—I must away.—'Tis incredible—Philip—Ott, 'tis most false—but I must away.—Blue knight, take my advice. Leave your sword at home, and go with your tongue into the field. If your aim be always as good as it has been just now, your female arse can never fail to vanquish hardy menhood. [Exit.

Wen. Have I then really hit the mark, without intending it?—Yes, yes. How long, when all my nerves are strung, trust me thou shalt feel the blue knight's lance. If I manly retreat to such an insult, may I—

Enter DUCHEN.

Duch. Well, Count! he just now left you.

Wen. Oh, mention it not, I beseech you.—Heaven and earth! Such an insult!

Duch. How?

Wen. It is more infamous than you can fancy.

Duch. What said he? Speak.

Wen. No. Let me be silent, I entreat.

Duch. If you intend me to remain your friend, speak.

Wen. I must, then—but let me, at least, think of words to shroud his diabolical ideas.—No, by Heaven, I cannot. You will be incensed at me, for being able to utter such an abominable falsehood.

Duch. Be it what it may, I will know it.

Wen. "She is a more lascivious strumpet, who

has tickled my kinsman's appetite with those carresses, or, perhaps, with love-inspiring pettings."

Duch. H!

Wes. Yes. The villain!

Duch. Villain, indeed! His ruin is resolved.

Wes. At the same time, he—

Duch. Enough! My heart will break.

Wes. And should I not think of vengeance?

Duch. Yes. Vengeance! Vengeance!

[Wes. Come into your chamber. There we will consider—

Duch. Consider! Oh, were I a man like you—did I but wear a sword like you—

Wes. You are right. I will pursue him, and demand satisfaction.—But may I rely on your protection?

Duch. All the blame shall rest on me.

Wes. 'Tis well.—I only request, then, till my return, you will not murder the subject to the Duke.

Duch. What have I done to the wretch, that he should thus load me with injury! Had he plunged a poniard into my heart, Heaven knows, I could have forgiven him.—But this insult! Oh my kinsman, avenge my wrongs. [Exit.

Scene, the Gates of the Castle.

Enter Otto.

OTTO, I have heard that a diadem will sometimes harden the heart and turn the brain. Oh! How sorry should I be were I obliged to bellow in the ears of Philip:—"Thou hast not kept thy promise."—Shame should choke me, could any man address me thus. Still can I hear him say to me: "Thou shalt have Conigunda;" and now he wants to sell her to Bohemia's Duke. Ottocar offers warring

friendship—Otto of Wittelsbach has paid with blood.
Why do I tarry here? Wolf, where art thou?—
Bastard may make a good pawn with me—perhaps,
more suitable to me. But why this secrecy?

Enter WOLF.

Wolf, where are the horses?

Wolf. There they stand, ready.

Hen.—(At a distance.)—Brother Otto!

Otto. Who calls?

Wolf. Your brothers are approaching. I'll go to
the horses, and wait your coming. [Exit.]

Enter HENRY and ROBERT.

Hen. Brother Whether go you?

Otto. Can you, at the distance of eighty miles,
see whether some villainy be not plotting, which
concerns you?

Rob. No. Why so?

Otto. Therefore I must away. Hasten be with
you!

Hen. What is your purpose?

Otto. As soon as I know it I will dispatch a mes-
senger to you. As yet I know nothing, except
that I must away. Farewell, brothers. Happy is
it for you, that you can thus spend your days in the
bosom of our native land.

Hen. Remain with us in Bavaria. Leave the
Emperor's court.

Otto. My duty and my word oblige me to dwell
there, among a crowd of servile parasites. There
the courtier smiles and prays, while villainy is busy
in his mind—kisses and greets his brother-courtier,
while malice rankles in his heart.

* One of these is equal to five or six English miles.

Egb. You have fulfilled your promise. Stay with us. Methinks some mighty deed awaits you.

Otto. Think'st thou so?—Then shall the mighty deed find Otto ready.—Remember me in your prayers, good Egbert.—Henry, you will merit my thanks by going to Wittelsbach, and looking after my two boys. I shall take the nearest road to court. On my arrival, I found Willibald not well.

Hen. Will you not pass bestow a mother on them?

Otto. Ha!—No more! I must away. Greet the Duke in my name, and assure the Duchess of my regard.—Farewell, Egbert!—Farewell, Henry! Heaven grant we may meet again at this place—or rather at Wittelsbach; for there I always feel as if the spirits of our princely ancestors dwelt in each gallery and room, where formerly they stood projecting mighty deeds, or happy in the conscious satisfaction of having achieved them. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT THE SECOND.

Scene, an Apartment in the Emperor's Palace at Aix.

Enter COUNTESS and BEATRICE. They stop and seem to be listening.

Con. Hark! The heavy portals turn upon their many hinges.—How I tremble!—Artenberg is conducting the messenger to my father. Oh! I dread the tidings which he brings.

Ber. Alas! No doubt you soon will be the wife of Ottocak,—then you must leave this castle.

Cas. Oh dearest Beatrice!

Ber. When I am left, how sad and desolate will every thing appear! Instead of enjoying a sister's society, I shall wander quite alone through the vaulted corridors, which echo with the din of arms. Oh! let me go with you to Bohemia.

Cas. Dearest sister, might I but be allowed to wander through these vaulted corridors, how happy should I be. But who can tell what fate awaits me? I do not know the man to whom I am to be united. Even my father, who has destined me to be his wife, has never seen him. He is, perhaps, rude as the manners of his native land.

Ber. On that account I will go with you: I will share your joys and sorrows.

Cas. If my father would consent, most willingly.

Ber. Ask him. I hope he will.

Cas. He is of late become so gloomy and morose, that I scarcely have courage to address him. Often have I endeavored to discover whence his discontent arises, but in vain. The Duke of Brunswick cannot now make any claim to the imperial crown, for Odoacer, his principal ally, has joined my father. Almost all Germany is on Philip's side, and victory seems bound to his banners.

Ber. Alas! my Conigunda! Would we were in our native Sackia! There our duties was always affectionate, and kind to us. But since the imperial destiny—

Cas. Some one approaches.

Enter PHILIP.

Phi. Are you here, children? Come hither! Give me a kiss.

THE IV.

Gen. It is long since you allowed us such a happiness.

Phoebe.—(To Beatrice.)—Why do you gaze upon me thus, as if it were a rarity to see me!

Bro. This gracious look, this kindness toward

PR. It's somewhat unusual, you would say. Why, yes. Anxiety disturbs my mind, and especially my conscience. Porting has never rightly settled upon me, but today she did so in a moment—(The Doctor.)—(W. emotional) Yes, yes, Doctor. You shall be much something to me. I have

“Carrigunda, I’ve got a little thing for you,” he said, handing the little bundle. “This carries ten little eggs, but I always thought he might enter the museum, so I’ve made the museum his bird me of this kind, and now it’s under your protection. What man!”

Ques. Mr. Father, How you spend your days?

Mr. L. I suspect it may be, but not untried. I recollect, indeed, that once, when I made mention of this matter, you entered some objection to it, but that will probably not be the case again, for I said a few words to you on that subject.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Father.—I will do my best to make you love me. I will try to be as good as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as kind as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as honest as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as brave as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as strong as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as wise as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as good as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as kind as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as honest as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as brave as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as strong as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect. I will try to be as wise as I can, but I cannot promise to be perfect.

declaring this to your husband: if you love yourself or me, be not rejoiced by Ottocar's carousal.

Con. I cannot do this, my father.

Phil. How?

Con. Is Ottocar still your foe, that you would even send a spy into his bedchamber?

Phil. This foolish language I expected not from Conigunda—but more on this subject anon. Meanwhile, devote your whole attention to your dress and ornaments, that you may appear before your husband in all things as one of an Emperor's daughter.

Con. My father's anger: your father will not grudge me my ornaments, and I will wear some pleasing tidings for my betrothed. I will be so, by his messenger, that he will not be angry with me. I will seem even an ambassador father, and then let fortune, think you?

Phil. To see the parties, perhaps, or a temporary cessation of hostilities.

Phil. To see for Beatrix in marriage.

Con. My sister!

Phil. Her dowry is to be my friendship, and on this condition he renounces all his claims to the imperial throne.

Con. Oh, Heavens!

Phil. Do you weep? I comprehend you not today.

Con. Be not angry, gracious father. I was distressed at the difference between my situation and my sister's. She remains in Germany, and has a German husband, while I am sent away, far from every one dear to me. Transplant a twig from any country to a wild and foreign soil—then see how soon it droops: No dew refreshes it, no sun-beams increase its growth—it droops and dies.

Phil. Pence!

Exit ANTONIO.

Arr. A knight is arrived from the Duke of Bruns-

wick, and humbly craves a private audience with your Majesty.

Phi. Conduct him, *hidden*—(*Exit Artenberg*)—
 Ottocar, you see, is a noble friend. With him the deed follows the word. Go my child, I love you, but be wise. Go. [*Exit Cunigunda*.

Enter pharrosman and Reuss.

[*Act*. Sir Frederick of Reuss, ambassador from Otto, Duke of Brunswick.

Phi. Speak, Sir Frederick.

Reu. Otto, the Holy Roman Emperor, sends greeting—

Phi. How! What? No more! Wert thou commanded to address me thus?

Reu. I beseech you—

Phi. Not another word! Our German empire is not a double-headed monster. A healthy well formed body has but one head. Otto of Brunswick would have been a profitable member; but as he now dares to act he may be compared to an excrescence, which deforms the whole, and which must be cut away. By my faith I could not have believed such arrogance. He assumes to himself the highest of all dignities, to which he has no further claim than by his youthful indiscretion, and the instigation of a few rebellious priories, who hope by discord to evade the punishment of their transgressions. Such are his dependents and counsellors. Do men like these form an imperial court? Would it not be better for him, were he to promote the welfare of our empire, and acquire the state's respect, than thus to draw upon himself a recompense, which he has not deserved! I thought he was reflecting upon this, and kept my forces back, (because I would not willingly stain German swords with German blood; but now, as his rank pride increases, as his insulting

arrogance resounds even in my own imperial residence—now, I will proceed as rigid justice dictates. Yet thou shalt see how well inclined I am to tread the path of kindness. Count Artenberg, I vest you with full power to hear him in my name; but at the first syllable which encroaches on my dignity, break off the conference, and give him safe conduct from our court without delay. [Exit.

Rex. Give me safe conduct, then, that I may leave your court without delay.

Art. Would you do this ere you have fulfilled y^r Prince's mandate?

Rex. I am old, and know the captions between Prince and Prince. I have often been employed in embassy, but never was I treated thus—even like an offensive letter, which you trample on, or tear. Give me safe conduct from your court.

Art. I pray you moderate your anger. Your business is perhaps of such a nature as to pacify the Emperor.

Rex. My business may be stated in a few words. Otto would willingly resign his claims, his just, well-merited claims to the imperial crown, on one condition. "Peace and concord," says he, "are better than dignity and power. The empires shall perceive that I deserve to be its head, because on its account I forfeit all my title to the dignity."

Art. That is noble. What is the condition which you mentioned?

Rex. The hand of Philip's younger daughter. To none but his father-in-law will Otto yield.

Art. I will instantly state this to the Emperor.

Rex. Do so. Tell me, dwells the Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach in the palace?

Art. He is in Bavaria.

Rex. No. He quitted the city with me but an hour ago.

Art. How! Is he here?

Ren. He overtook me near Cologne, and from that place we came together. He has had an infamous adventure on the journey. Have you heard no account of it?

Art. None.

Ren. Soon after he left Brunnau, he was attacked by a troop of armed horsemen: while defending himself against the villains, he repaid a knight, who from a distance viewed the battle. Otto, considering him to be the instigator, rushed toward him, and with a single blow dispatched the coward. He deserved not such a noble death. It was Count Wenzel, Ottocar's kinsman and ambassador to Louis. The pious scoundrel was the foe of every upright man, and hence we see the demon envy reign sometimes even in the blood of princes.

Art. This is a strange adventure. You did not tell Count Otto what was the nature of your embassy?

Ren. My embassy is a secret. I bear a seal upon my lips.

Art. 'Tis well. If I thought you would not treat a well-meant caution with contempt——

Ren. You must have a bad opinion of me, if you think I——

Art. Heaven forbid! But one may sometimes create suspicion with the best intention, especially when every circumstance cannot be explained.

Ren. Tell me but what it is, and I will make a proposition of it.

Art. Do not have much concern with the Count Palatine, if you wish to obtain the Emperor's good opinion.

Ren.—(*Sings her Polish national song, but repeats.*)—I thank you. [*Exit Arnsberg.*]

How! Can Philip of Basse care to regard Otto of Wittelsbach! That servile courtier! What would'st thou be without thy master! What thy

master without Otto? I will maintain and engrain it in my mind by repetition, that the traitor is not so dangerous to a monarch as the fawning courtier. The one merely aims at his life, while the other darkens his fame, can make him the abhorrence of mankind, and will do it, if he can thereby forward any project.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Well, fellow-traveller, how tastes the air }
the imperial court?

Ren. It smells a little of subtlety, against which
an honest man must be upon his guard.

Otto. Ay, a crafty old fox has his hole not far off.
Do you scent him? Have you seen the Emperor?

Ren. I have.

Otto. Looks he like a man or a woman?

Ren. Like a man.

Otto. 'Tis well!

Enter CUSCUMBURNA.

Cus. The Count Palatine returned! "Welcome,
my Lord!

Otto. I am like a shalm-piper, who wanders from
one wedding to another. My cousin's nuptials are
over, and having heard of yours, I am come hither
to amuse you with a tune.

Cus. You are ever jovial and cheerful. Tell
me something of *Susbia* and *Bavaria*, far dearer na-
tive countries.

Otto. There dwell men who keep their pleasures.
But I have not seen much of them since I saw you:
for I have travelled like a cloud upon the wind. My
great desire to hail you bride spurred me, and I my
stead,

Enter ARTIMUND.

Art. Sir Frederick of Reuss, the Emperor desires to see you.—Ha! Welcome, Count Palatine!

Otto. Heaven be with you, Artimund!

Art. You have travelled rapidly.

Otto. But have not kept pace with my wishes.—
 Fear me. I have been provoked as I came hither.
 I was wandering on the road, and at his side two
 dogs. One was a faithful watchful mastiff; the
 other was a dog of foreign breed. The man had a
 nap of bread, which he held to the good mastiff, as
 if it were intended for him, and at the same time
 waved his empty hand. The faithful mastiff flew
 where his master pointed, thinking that something
 had been cut thicker, and that by bringing it he
 should be still more entitled to a reward. Mean-
 while, the man bestowed the nap upon the dog of
 foreign breed.—I assure you this is not a fable. I
 witnessed it myself, and, as I told you, I was much
 provoked.

Ren. I should not like to be on friendly terms
 with such a man.

Art.—*(Aside.)*—How childish!—Come. The Em-
 peror expects you. [*Exeunt Art. and Ren.*]

Otto. Well! what think you of it?

Cam. I pity the poor animal.

Otto. Heaven bless you for it! A blessing unto
 you 'well, who're so shortly to be married.

Cam. Let us not talk of that.

Otto. Oh yes! I beseech you, let us have a little
 conversation on this subject. It is my dearest en-
 tertainment, and you were formerly so kind as to
 pay some attention to my unlearned words. Do you
 remember my talks with my father, while you dwelt
 in Salsin? I used to hear you to my father, in my
 arms—and you gave him a kiss—and me one.

Can. I was then but very young.

Otto. Is it then really true? Are you betrothed to Ottocar?

Can. —(*Sorrowfully*).—Yes.

Otto. Indeed!—Now, by Heaven, the more I think of this, the more am I incensed. Is this acting like a man?—I will not say like a prince; for a good man, who is not a prince, acts far more nobly than a prince, who is not a man.

Can. To what do you refer?

Otto. With permission, gracious lady, when do your nuptials take place?

Can. Alas! very soon.

Otto. Alas! How! Are you dissatisfied?

Can. —(*Looks at him in suspense for some time*).—

Noble, friendly Otto, will you not decide a poor girl's confidence?

Otto. Forbid it heaven!

Can. I must unburden my distress to some compassionate friend; for though my burden will not be lighter because another knows how much I bear, yet may he strengthen me by kind persuasion. Tell me—is it not dreadful that I am compelled to leave my native land, and live with a foreign Prince, who may, perhaps, consider me as the mere scourge of his existence!—(*Weeps*).—Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?

Otto. Thou sweet celestial being!—Nay, do not weep.—“Why am I not allowed to have a German husband?”—A noble declaration!—By the God of Heaven, a noble declaration.—Now, listen. I will return your confidence. Have you patience to listen to me?

Can. Proceed, I pray you.

Otto. You know I always was your father's friend.

Can. You were ignored. The whole world knows it. At the peril of your life you paved his way to the imperial throne.

OTTO. That is nothing. I was his friend before he thought of the imperial throne. While he was but the Duke of Saxia, he once said to me—it is, perhaps, three years ago:—"Otto, I am much indebted to you. Were I possessed of large domains, you should perceive that you have not belittled your friendship as an ingrate."—This was the answer I returned: "Fidelity, disinterested and principled, cannot repay my friendship. Affection can alone requite affections."

CARL. That was a noble thing, indeed, to say.

CARL. How could you have been so good?—And now, Otto, I am glad to see you are all my star-
 friend. My father and I are both much happier. You are a noble man, and I think you are not hard, and selfish, as some people say. I hope you may be my son."—*Exit CARL.*

OTTO. My father—

OTTO. Said those very words,—and sudden words they were. They inflamed my courage, and inspired me with delightful hope.

CARL. And now—

OTTO. I see that I was led by a mere ignis fatuus into a morass. I will not ask you what you think, for one of your duties must suppress your speech—truth, or filial affection. But what your father thinks I much should like to know—his knight, then wert not a liar, though thou wert a villain.—Tell me—should you have been sorry, had your father kept his promise?

CARL. No.

OTTO. No! Heaven bless the artless heart, which rejected this too!—Well, I am a man, and must not whisper like a child.—I will suppose your father made a mistake in the name. Beatrice is a good girl, too.

CARL. My sister

OTTO. See! There she comes.

Enter HEATROCK.

Bar. Welcome, Count Palatine! You must have ridden fast indeed. You scarcely can have seen Bavaria.

Otto. I could there just long enough to observe that controversy is a blessing. While at Wittelsbach I found that my two sons wanted a mother. I myself should like again to strike fire upon my hearth. You know my boys some time ago—they are now grown strong, brave. One is thus high, the other thus. They promise to be heroes, I assure you.

Bar. They are their father's children.

Otto. And she who is willing to become their mother, never will repent it. Do you believe that?

Bar. I do, indeed. Altho' I believe I should not wish to see my children.

Otto. That is a very good reason.

Bar. I have a great deal to say to you, but I have not time to say it now.

Otto. I have a great deal to say to you, but I have not time to say it now. I have a great deal to say to you, but I have not time to say it now.

[Exit.

Bar. What means the Count Palatine? His looks were so significant.—

Otto. I fear some difference will take place between our father and the Count—Since, three years ago, my father promised Otto that one of us should be his wife.

Bar. One of us!

Otto. So he says. It cannot be my lot, for Otto-car has sent a messenger to urge my speedy departure. You, too, will lose him, for the Duke of Brunswick has signified his wish to marry you. My father told me this, himself, and seemed most highly gratified.

Rea. Heavens! How dreadful, to bestow our hands on men we never saw!

Car. Dreadful indeed!

Rea. But will the Count Palatine so easily release my father from his promise? I do not think it.

Car. Say, rather, sister, that you do not hope it.

Rea. Well, if it were left to you to chase a husband from the man you know, whom would you chase?

Car. Otto of Wittelsbach.—But, dearest sister, let us consent no longer on this subject. The daughters of a humble knight are happier far than we are. They may console their hearts, while in us such conduct is a crime. Come! Let us walk into the garden, and relieve our minds.

Rea. Yes, and talk of that happiness, which we never shall enjoy. [Exeunt.]

Enter, the Emperor's Anti-chamberlain.

PHILIP, BERNARD, and ANTONIETTA, are discovered.

Phil. So Heaven be with you, good Sir Frederick! When my daughter shall become Duke Otto's bride, expect a valuable present from me.

Rea. I thank your Majesty.

Enter Otto.

Otto. Be not offended at my intrusion. My eagerness to see you, would not allow me to tarry in the anti-chamber.

Phil. Welcome, young Palatine!—*(To Rea.)*—Once more, assure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship, and farewell.

Rea. Heaven protect your Majesty!

[Exeunt Rea. and Ant.]

OTTO. Have I lost my annous? "Assure the Duke of Brunswick of my friendship." Tell me, I beseech you, whether I am dead.

PHI. No, Count. You exactly repeat what I said.

OTTO. Peace is concluded, then, between you and Brunswick's Otto?

PHI. Peace and friendship.

OTTO. I wish you joy. But it would have been as well, if you had given me notice of this union, which has been such a great step in the preparation for the next campaign.

PHI. I have not time to tell you more than that I am glad to hear of your recovery, and that I am at your service.

OTTO. I am glad to hear of your recovery, and that I am at your service. I have not time to tell you more than that I am glad to hear of your recovery, and that I am at your service.

PHI. These are the good effects of peace. I too will now devote my mind to them.

OTTO. And I, my Liege. I will convert my annous into ordinary speech. This helmet will make a goodly paper— but hold! I had forgotten there were all these holes in it. Well, well! My head has been pierced—why not my helmet? My household will, no doubt, be well conducted, for your Majesty has most bounteously provided towards it.

PHI. I!

OTTO. Yes, you. If I must remind you of it, you must allow Otto of Wittelsbach to converse with Philip of Soubia. Will you do that?

PHI. Yes.

OTTO. Enough! You no longer need my aid. Your throne is firm—your enemies are fallen. My men now claim the attention of their father. They are a band, by which I have engaged to give the

world two men. To perform this duty I will retire to Wittelsbach, but not without a companion. Since my eighteenth year I have been accustomed to this wandering restless life, and must have some one, whose society will make me relish home. You promised I should marry Curigunda. Give me her.

Phi. Are you serious?

Otto. In truth your question is the first joke, which has entered my mind. Shall I call your jester?

Phi. Well, Otto! I cannot give you Curigunda.

Otto. Why not?

Phi. She is betrothed to Ottomar.

Otto. And is that right? Why not fulfil your promise? Hine I devoted from mine! Have I not ever been your friend?

Phi. Yes, but all the conquests you have gained for me are not so conducive to the general welfare, as this union of my daughter with Duke Ottomar. You, who have so often risked your life for me, cannot think my happiness and a whole empire's peace too dearly bought by such a willing sacrifice.

Otto. I am not aching love-sick veins. Though it hurts me, I will be silent, and reckon among the wounds, which time and medicine have healed. But why was all this done unknown to me? Ah, who can reconcile this secrecy with any good intention, must be indeed a master of the black art—I hate smooth glossy speech. Good honest sentiments require no ornament. It is base metal only to which we strive by art to give the semblance of gold—the sterling gold we leave with its own colour.—No more of this, I beg no more! I'll try to erase it from my memory.

Phi. My friend? My noble Otto! I cannot reward you, but be assured I will be grateful.

Otto. 'Tis well. Refuse not, then, what I so much desire. I ask not for reward or proof of gratitude, but beg it as a pledge of your esteem and friendship.

Phil. What is your wish?

Otto. To be your son-in-law. Your promise justifies my wish. Give me your younger daughter.

Phil. How!—You are too late, my dearest Otto. Her hand is promised to the Duke of Brunswick, that his friendship may be firmly rooted.

Otto. Now, by the God of Heaven I would not feel as you feel now, if I could thereby gain a saint's preference. Oh, integrity, behold thy recompense!—Philip, trace back the last ten years.

Phil. You have been my friend and I yours, as I still am. Ask of me any thing within the scope of possibility—(Aside).—Where is Artensberg?

Otto. Why is it impossible to grant what I demand? I am a prince's son. Where is the German, who can say his race is nobler? Once more—trace back the last ten years.

Phil. It is too late. Nay, were my younger daughter disengaged, you could not marry her; for you have murdered a near relative of my son Ottocar.

Otto. True, true. I should have tamely suffered a villain to assassinate me, because that villain was—your kinsman.—Away with indignation and constraint! My heart and tongue can brook no fetters. For the sake of your own honour, I beseech you, keep your promise. I will strengthen your army with four thousand brave Bavarians. Despair not what I say. Act not thus towards me, but keep your promise.

Phil. You require impossibilities.

Otto. Keep your promise. I am a Bavarian,—a Count of Wittenbach, and advise you not to treat me thus.

Phil. You go too far. I will not bethink this—(Aside).—Where can Artensberg be?

Otto. Not hear it!—Where is Philip of Saxe, who a thousand times has pressed me to his heart—

a thousand times has called me his shield and his passover! I will impeach him as a perjured man in presence of the Emperor, and should the Emperor support him, I will sue them both before the throne of Equity; where, if their consciences be not completely callous, I will, with a single word, or with a single look, drive all their blood into their cheeks.

Phi. Recollect yourself, Count Palatine—then come to me again.—*(Exit.)*

Otto. Hold! Take this helmet. I make you a present of it.

Phi. What am I to do with it?

Otto. Hide an ungrateful heart with it!—You will not? Then thus I place it on my head again, and now—strike with your strongest force upon it.

Phi. Away with those flighty notions, Count, and listen to me.

Otto. You would not hurt me, Philip, for that requires the arm of a man. Your sword would glance down my helmet, leaving my head untouched—*po!* Philip, you have rent my heart in twain.

Phi. Hear me, hear your friend!

Otto. Which of you is my friend? Duke Philip or the Emperor.

Phi. Both, or you had not dared to say thus much.

Otto. Not dared? What! Would you bind my tongue? By Heaven, as long as I can think, I'll speak my thoughts! Truth is not to be silenced by an Emperor—nor am I. My tongue is subject only to the Almighty.

Phi. *Otto,* methinks it would be better if you would accept a recompense from me.

Otto. What recompense?

Phi. You have heard of the Duke of Poland's daughter. You must—for long has spread her rare accomplishments and beauty through the world, princes and nobles sue for her hand.

OTTO. What do you mean? I know it! She is mentioned as the emblem of perfection! I have often wished to see this paragon.

PHI. Only to see her! But to see her, is to love her.—How glorious would it be, if Otto of Wittelsbach, the first of German princes in renown and glory, were to bear away this costly prize from all his rivals—and he may.

OTTO.—(Sarcastically).—You would procure all the Duke of Poland's daughter too!

PHI. I can and do. You know her father's neighbourhoods are too turbulent; he scarcely can retain possession of his realm. My alliance would assist him much, and if you led his army, your very name would strike his foes with terror. If my proposal suit you, a letter from me shall procure for you a reception the most friendly at the Duke of Poland's court. I will request him to view you as myself, or as my son.

OTTO. All this, Philip, does not justify your conduct towards me. It is not right; it is—infamous. Thus much, and no more. I will away to Poland. Give me a part of your army, that I may not go like a knight-errant.

PHI. Part of my army you shall have.

OTTO. Prepare the letter to the Duke then, while I give orders for my departure. Forget not, I beg, to say what kind of man I am. Say that I have nothing of the fox in my nature, and that I have devotion. Say, too, I am not a puppet to be danced by wires, even though an Emperor be the stage-man.—In short say I am a man, sprung from the Princes of Burgundy. [Exit.

PHI. Thanks to my patience for having got so much from me. A single word would have aroused his fury to the utmost. I know his choleric temper.

Enter ARDENNES.

Where have you been?

Art. In the anti-chamber, my Liege.

Phi. Did you hear our conversation?

Art. If it be a crime, your Majesty may punish me. I endeavored to remove the centinels from the door, for the Count Palatine was to lead——

Phi. Ay, loud and turbulent.

Art. As usual.

Phi. And to my sorrow I must own he spoke like a man, who deeply felt that he was injured. I ought to have reflected sooner, for he deserves far better treatment. I am ashamed of my conduct towards him, for though my empire's welfare claimed my care, yet should my friend——

Art. The Emperor's dearest friend in his country.

Phi. And needs he not thanks, who saves this friend from ruin?

Art. Surely. Does not Count Otto lose all claim to gratitude, when he demands that for himself which can alone preserve the empire?—Did you execute him of Count Wenzel's murder?

Phi. I did, and am ashamed of having done it. We know that Wenzel fell upon him like a base assassin.

Art. I beseech your Majesty not to harbour any scruples on this subject. Could the Count Palatine have gained a peace like this by arms? Never. 'Tis true, your army conquered under him, and he subdued your enemies, but was not your strength thereby diminished? Did not the whole empire bleed? In short, if longer war would have been an evil to all except Count Otto, who would have written his exploits on the tablet of history, with the blood of your subjects. He is galled that his ambition should be checked in the midst of his ex-

ner.—My zeal for your Majesty's security and welfare may perhaps lead me beyond the bounds of reverence, but even your anger is not so dreadful to me as the danger which now threatens you.

Phi. What danger?

Art. Can your Majesty imagine that Otto will tamely submit to treatment which he thinks the greatest insult?—You know his haughty temper, and remember his last words, "I am not a puppet to be danced by wires, even though an Emperor be the show-man."

Phi. Can these words have the meaning which you give them?

Art. Say rather, can they have any other? I saw him before your conference with the Duke of Brunswick's ambassador! Nay, he travelled hither in company with him. Could this be merely by accident? I trembled at the door, when your majesty promised—

Phi. You are right, Arsenberg. Your fears are not unfounded. He spoke those words with a tone, which betrayed an inward thirst after vengeance. But what can I do? He expects the letter to the Duke of Poland.

Art. That letter is your only resource.

Phi. Resource! How so?

Art. Let it be couched in terms which will avert all danger.

Phi. Be more explicit.

Art. Request the Duke of Poldnj to relieve Count Otto most graciously.

Phi. Well?

Art. But at the same time warn him not to trust the Count with any great command, and by no means to bestow his daughter on him till he has thoroughly tried his disposition.

Phi. And then I can request him to satisfy the

Court in some other way. Go, Arimburg, go prepare the letter, as you mention. [Exit Art.]

My heart tells me that this conduct is not right, but policy commands it. Otto feels I have injured him, and it is dangerous to confide in an injured friend. His greatness, too, throws a shade upon my dignity. I must remove him from my court. The sight of him is irksome to me, for his every look seems to declare I was his debtor.

ACT THE THIRD.

Scene, an Apartment in Reina's Castle.

Enter STEWARD and WALLRICH.

Stew. But never mind that. Though Sir Frederick be from home, you and your horse shall not want accommodation till he arrives. We expect him every minute. If he come not soon, he will find two eyes closed for ever, which are dearer to him than his own, for our lady is dangerously ill. Sir Frederick is transacting some treaty between Otto of Brunswick and Philip of Saxia. I understand it relates to a peace.

Wall. Indeed!

Stew. Heaven grant a peace may take place! The empire has suffered more than enough by this contention for the crown. When the bear and the wolf dispute about the sheep,—who fares worst? The sheep. I should like to know which of the two

ACT II. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. 45

will give way, for one of them must. (*A cry of*
"Welcome! Welcome home!" is heard without.)

Enter KAUF.

Welcome home, sir knight. This stranger wishes to see you, before he proceeds on his journey.

Wal.—(*Presents his hand to Hugo.*)—Heaven bless Sir Frederick of Reuss! My name is Hans Waltrich. I am an imperial herold, and bring you tidings of your son from Palencia.

Kauf. My George! Is he well! Is he an honour to his country?

Wal. That is he, noble knight—in honour to his country and his father.

Kauf. My blessing be upon him! You have brought reviving news for my sick wife.—(*To the Steward.*)—Go and enquire whether she be asleep.

[*Exit Steward.*]

I sincerely thank you for these happy tidings.

Wal. Your son, sir knight, is much-beloved by all who know him, and his courage is proverbial.

Kauf. Heaven protect him.

Re-enter STEWARD.

Stew. The attendant thinks my lady ought not to be waked. She has not slept so soundly since you left us.—(*A bell is heard.*)

Kauf. See what that means!

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Five or six gentlemen are hastening hither.

Kauf. O, and enquire who they are, and if you know their names, admit them.

[*Re-enter Stew. and Serv.*]

Many a time have I stood at a window of my castle,

when a knight has been approaching, and always have I said: "Would it were my George, or at least some knight who brings me tidings of him!" Once more accept a father's thanks. You are most welcome.

Enter OTTO.

Otto. Good day to you, Sir Frederick! Will you admit a pilgrim?

Fre. Scarcely can I credit what I see! Count Palatine, how did you stumble on my hat?

Otto. I am a kind of riding vagrant. I hurry headlong through my life, and shall not find a resting place till death has hurled me from my saddle.

Fre. I am truly glad to see you. I will first make some enquiries after my sick wife, and then return to pledge you in a smiling goblet. Count Otto, I leave you with Hans Wallich, who has brought me tidings of my son from Palestine.

[Exit.

Otto. Come you straight from Palestine?

Wal. No. I have been two months in Poland.

Otto. How fares the Duke of Poland?

Wal. But ill, Count Palatine. The two Emperors of Sweden and Denmark harass him incessantly. Both sue for his daughter's hand, and each has exerted his utmost power to counteract his rival's wishes, till at length the Princess has discarded both, and now both have attacked the father, who cannot, without foreign aid, oppose them.

Otto. Foreign aid! Ha! But, tell me—is his daughter so beautiful as fame describes her?

Wal. Count Palatine, her charms and virtues baffle all description. What fancy says of her is a mere nothing. Alas! her gentle soul is sinking under the pressure of her father's lamentable situation. Happy is the man, who can relieve him from

it, for on him has she resolved to bestow her hand and heart.

OTTO. Ha! I rejoice to hear it. Who commands the Duke of Poland's army?

WIL. He himself. In courage and experience he is by no means wanting; but fortune ever flies his banner.

Enter REISS, followed by a boy, bearing silver goblets, and a large flask of wine.

REISS. Boy, fill a goblet to the brim. Welcome to my house, Count Otto of Wittelsbach!—*(Drinks.)*
—Welcome, Hans Wallich!—*(Drinks.)*

OTTO. Heaven bless you and yours!—*(Drinks.)*
WIL. Heaven bless you and yours, sir knight!—*(Drinks.)*—*(The boy fills the goblets, leaves them and the flask, and goes.)*

OTTO. Sir Frederick, I told you, while at Aix, what happened between Philip and myself.

REISS. Yes—that he broke his promise.

OTTO. You are right. He can have no sufficient apology for forfeiting his word, but we will try to make the deed not quite so bad, by saying I have been wronged, in order to promote the welfare of the empire. This will sound like useful coin, and every one will take it, because it is stamped with the image of the Emperor. Well! this worthy man has made me more satisfied with what has happened. I may, perhaps, succeed in relieving the Duke of Poland, and winning his fair daughter's hand and heart.

WIL. Suppose around you, noble Count! The enterprise is worthy of you.

REISS. What is the Princess's name?

WIL. Helion.

REISS.—*(Takes a goblet.)*—Otto and Helion! Long life and happiness to both!—*(Drinks.)*

WIL. With all my heart.—*(Drinks.)*

OTTO. Thanks, thanks, my friends. The Emperor has given me a letter, which will procure for me a reception the most friendly from the Duke of Poland.

REX. Rely not on his recommendation. Has he not deceived you once?

OTTO. He has; but Philip's sentiments are noble—they were, at least; and surely the imperial crown cannot have shorn them. What a miserable shuttcock were he, if his virtue depended on a spangle! I know a distemper does not snuff the warrior's sentiments, but why should it degrade them?—*(Takes a goblet.)*—To the health of the Emperor Philip!—*(Drinks.)*

WIL. I pledge you, Count Palatine.—*(Drinks.)*

REX. To the health of Lewis, Duke of Bavaria!—*(Drinks.)*

OTTO. That is not right, Sir Frederick. You ought to pay respect to him whose health I drink. What have you to urge against the Emperor?

REX. When I was sent by Brunswick's duch, he received me haughtily, and spoke with disrespect of his noble rival, whose birth and courage do not yield to his. Otto would not have done so, had I come from Philip. A German knight allows no emperor to treat him with contempt, for he is only superior, because it is our will he should be so. This, Count Palatine, I never shall forget till some credible act banishes it from my memory.

Enter WOLF.

WOLF. My noble Lord, the seal of the great letter you committed to my care at Aix has melted in my bosom. It is not my fault, but the fault of the warm weather.

OTTO. Give me the letter. It is open.

WOLF. Or the reverse, if no one opens it. I have had many a letter in my hand, but the seal was not the only reason why I did not read them.

ANA. What else?

WOLF. I can't read.

OTTO.—(Opens the letter).—Sir Frederick, as you doubt the good intentions of the Emperor, read that letter.

Enter STEPHAN.

SIR. Sir knight, a messenger is just arrived from Bamberg, who states that the Emperor Philip yesterday arrived there, and has appointed a tournament to-day.

WOLF. I must be gone then, that I may resume my office as a herald. Farewell Sir Frederick.

ANA. Farewell! once more I thank you.

WOLF. Count Palatine, success be with you in your undertaking!

OTTO. I thank you.

[Exit WOLF.]

This is strange. When I left Ana, and she had heard that Philip meant to visit Bamberg. Ana read, Sir Frederick.

[Re-enter WOLF and STEW.]

ANA.—(Reads).—"Philip, by the Grace of God Holy Roman Emperor sends greeting to the Duke of Poland. Whereas the Bavarian Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach has humbly petitioned his Imperial Majesty to introduce and recommend him to the Duke of Poland."—

OTTO. How! Humbly petitioned! The Emperor did not read it thus.

ANA. Count Palatine, if any thing further should occur, which the Emperor did not read to you, I beg you to believe that every word is as I read it.

OTTO. Enough! Proceed.

ANA. "And whereas the aforementioned Count Palatine Otto of Wittelsbach is a valiant warrior,

and has gained renown in various battles and sieges, his Imperial Majesty hereby requests the Duke of Poland to receive him kindly, and to use his valour and experience as may seem meet to his Royal Highness."

OTTO. What?—But proceed, proceed.

REX. "The Duke of Poland is, however, at the same time cautioned not to entrust any important command to the young Palatine, and by no means to bestow on him the hand of his accomplished daughter."

OTTO. Ha! Ha! Ha! Proceed.

REX. Hecrona!

OTTO. Read on, read on, read on!

REX. "Accomplished daughter, as the Count Palatine has a disposition much inclined to discord and rebellion,

OTTO. Damnation!

REX. "Yet it is advisable that the Duke should not at first seem inimical to the wishes of the Court, but awhile encourage them. The Duke is likewise hereby desired not to disclose the contents of this letter, as he values the friendship of his imperial majesty.—Given at our court at Aix. "Philip."

OTTO. Philip! Be Philip the triumphant cry to hell, when an ungrateful wretch is damned. Give me the letter. Oh, that I could write those words in fire upon the azure sky, that all mankind might read them, and the eternal curse of human nature brand the ingrate!—(Putting the letter in his bosom.)—I'll wear thee thus within my corselet, and my heart shall drink thy poison.

REX. Your rage is just. This conduct is most infamous. Towards you, too! Such a man and such a Prince! By heaven, it calls aloud for vengeance.

OTTO. Vengeance! Oh, every drop of blood now boiling in their veins would for the fume of apathy.

But, what can I do more than take his life! To the honest man there are many greater misfortunes than death, but to the villain none!—and what is death!

Ren. You may find other means of vengeance. Know you the Duke of Brunswick?

Otto. Would he have acted thus?

Ren. No, on my honour. Count Palatine, your acquaintance has been hitherto unblemish'd. That Philip, after promising to you his eldest daughter, should betroth her and her sister without your concurrence; that without your concurrence he should make peace with him, whom you alone have humbled, is treatment too contemptuous to be borne. What had Philip been without your aid? Did you not assist him with your kinsman's friendship, and Bavaria's strength? Have you not fought and bled for him? Your sword was glory and renown, and this reward excites his envy.

Otto. Ha! Now do I see the man in his true shape! Thou envious, double-tongued, ungrateful villain! Heaven and earth! When I think my undesigning nature has been thus abused, I could go mad. I have subdued my disposition, checked my pride and warmth, and taught myself to bear what, as I thought, was intended to promote my country's good. But now, thou wolfish monster,—now thou hast thyself cut off the sheep's skin, hast darted thy claws into my heart—into my honour.

Ren. Count Palatine, offer this injured heart to Brunswick's love. On my soul you will be more welcome far than Philip's daughter. The sceptinals are not celebrated.

Otto. No more, Sir Frederick! You too mistake Bavarian Otto. Shall my vengeance cowardly descend from her chamber, and expose the empire to new dangers? Heaven knows that when I helped to shed the blood of enemies, I thought not of myself or of renown, but the justice of the cause which

I defended. The empire has not injured me, but Philip. Friend, can you fit me with a suit of armour?

Ans. For what purpose?

Otto. I will away to Bamberg, and appeal the ingrate. Lend me a suit of armour.

Ans. You may chase me in my armoury. I would willingly accompany you, but my sick wife—

Otto. No more, I do beseech you. How far am I from Bamberg?

Ans. Four miles.

Otto. 'Tis well. Death and destruction! Am I thus rewarded? Otto inclined to discord and rebellion! Live! Live! Live! I defy the world to prove me guilty of one ignoble thought. Come, give me a suit of armour. [Exeunt.]

Scene, an Apartment in the old Palace at Bamberg.

Enter PHILIP with his wife. He sits himself in a chair of state beneath a canopy. ANTONIUS, and other nobles of the court stand on each side.

Voices.—[Approaches the Emperor.]—The King of Bohemia's ambassadors await your majesty's command.

Phi. Conduct them hither.

Enter two Ambassadors.

I should have been happy had I seen King Ottocar at my court, but I find the situation of his country will not allow his absence, and must therefore content myself with the hope of embracing him as my son-in-law at some future period. My daughter Conigarda is ready to depart with you, but you will, of course, remain at my court during the three days I have appointed for exercise in chivalry.—

ACT III. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH.



With regard to the other object of your mission, I sympathize in King Ottocar's distress at the death of his kinsman Count Wenzel; but it is not in my power to inflict any punishment on the perpetrator of the act, as the Dux of Bavaria, who is as nearly related to your sovereign as the deceased, assures me, by letter, that Count Wenzel attacked Count Otto in an unavoidable manner. You are now allowed to visit your Father Queen. Waldburg, conduct them to my daughter Cunigunde.

[*Exeunt Wald. and Albr.*]

Enter HASTY and EDWARD.

Hes. My gracious Liege, we beg leave to congratulate you on your arrival in this country.

Edw. And our Duke unites with us in this congratulation.

Phi. I thank both him and you. You are welcome, and I hope you will break a lance at the tournament.—[*Trumpets.*—] When the spectators are assembled, let the signal be given, and I will appear. Arterberg, remain. [*March off but Philip and Arr.* Oh, Arterberg, I never was so uneasy as I am to-day. Why comes not Ottocar in person for my daughter? The Duke of Brunswick, too, seems not to take any farther notice of me, though in order to effect an interview with him I removed hither. This coldness on the part of both the Princes irritates—

Arr. Excuse my interruption, but your Majesty may rest assured that the same police, which induced them to make overtures, will induce them also to retain your friendship.

Phi. Yes, as long as they perceive my forces are superior to their own; but should any of my princely defenders cease to support my interests,

they will be the first to turn their arms once more against me—and one of those princely warriors has forsaken me.

Art. How so, my Liège?

Phi. The Count Palatine has always been a bulwark to me. Oh, Artzberg, give me back the letter. Otto is my thought from morn to night. If I lose a word, a helmet, or any thing which wears a warlike appearance, I think of Otto. What has he done, that I should treat him thus? Why should I forsake him without a cause? Every thing occurred to me except his crime.

Art. And I cannot discover his punishment. You have but sent him to earn renown in Poland, and if it be his pleasure, can he not return? Disappointments will close his path. My Liège, the tournament is open.

Phi. What can I do there? It will offend me no delight.

Art. But what will the knights think if you refuse to attend a tournament, appointed by yourself?

Exit WALLRICH.

Wall. My Liège, an unknown knight has just appeared before the lists, and requested of the judges a lance and a sword. Your heralds demanded his name, but he refused to answer their enquiry. To Wallrich only he opened his vision, who immediately assured the judges on his life and honour that the stranger was of noble origin. The lists were then opened, and arms delivered to him according to the ritual. Twice he rode round, greeted the assembled knights, and touched with his spear the imperial scutcheon.

Phi. My conscience! Does he not thereby mean to challenge me?

Art. Not so, my Liege. As the tournament was appointed for amusement by your Majesty, he means thereby to challenge all your knights.

Wald. So think the judges.

Phil. Enough! I am sorry I cannot be there, for I really am not well, and dare not venture into the open air. My presence will not now be so much missed, as the stranger will occupy the attention of the spectators. When the tournament is closed, conduct the knights home, that the prize may be distributed.

Enter Wald.

Phil. I am glad to hear that the Count Palatine has been so successful in his journey. But what is the result of his mission?

Wald. I have returned, my Liege, and for I have not only duty, but also the expectation that when I had returned for my daughters I should have been at ease, but alas, I am far more disappointed than I was before. I have now nothing more to hope, and hope is to a man what a crutch is to a cripple. Artzberg, endeavours to gain the confidence of the Bohemian ambassadors. You may, perhaps, through them, become acquainted with the real sentiments of Ottocar. His near connexion with Bavarian Lewis is very suspicious. This Prince is now the most powerful in our empire. Should the Count Palatine have thought of being revenged—

Enter COUNTESS and DEBAGANT.

Both. My father!

Phil. What now? Why in this haste?

Con. Waldburg informed us you were unable to attend the tournament, having been attacked by sudden indisposition.

Phil. Waldburg has been attacked by sudden folly. Do I look ill?

Con. Dearest father, do not conceal any thing from us. Your looks indeed distress us.

Phi. Be at ease. I don't well in spite of my looks—only rather—Well, Beatrice, how do you like the tournament?

Bea. Oh, my father, I wish you had been there. I never saw any thing like it.

'Phi. How so?

Bea. An unknown adventurer bade defiance to our knights. He seemed to be a god, and broke a lance as easily as I can break a tulip's stalk. His sword seemed to shed fire at every stroke. All the knights fought bravely, but to him it seemed mere children's play.

Con. I do not know whether even the Count Palatine would be a match for him.

Phi. I shall be glad to know him.

Con. The judges must award the first prize to him; and when I present it, I will request him to declare his name. Will you allow this, my dear father?

Phi. Do so.—Methinks the knights approach. Can the tournament be closed so soon?

Bea. Oh yes! The stranger's valour shortened it.—(Philip stands before the chair of state under the canopy.—Cunigunda, Beatrice, and Artzenberg near him.)

Enter WALDBURG.

Wald. My Liege, they come.

Enter WALLRICH and other imperial heralds, followed by four judges of the tilt. The prizes, which consist of a golden surcil, helmet, spurs, coat of mail, and belt, are borne on cushions. The judges are followed by the knights and guests, among whom is OTTO.

Wal.—(*Approaches Philip.*)—Most gracious sovereign, the tournament appointed by your majesty for the weekly exercise of your knights is closed according to the cartel.

Ph. My worthy knights and nobles, I return you thanks. Herald, perform your office.—(*The emperor sends himself.*)—Two judges of the tilt approach Caniguala, with the golden helmet and sword. The one takes his place at her right, the other at her left hand. A round approach. *(Figured of drums and trumpets.)*

Her. The first person introduced is the valiant unknown knight in silver armour, *(Otto draws first sword.)*—The second is the Count Palatine, Otto of Wittelsbach, *(The emperor strikes the tilt.)*—The day's tournament, *(The emperor strikes the tilt.)*—Caniguala, in breaking the lance, has slain the Count Palatine. Caniguala will present to you the first reward of the lance.—(*Caniguala presents the Count Palatine's helmet, and proceeds it as usual.*)

Otto. Gracious Princess, I return you thanks.—(*The Emperor is alarmed at the sound of his voice.*)

Her. The judges have decreed that, to-day's tournament, you have likewise excelled all your competitors in the exercise of the sword, the gracious Princess will present to you the first reward of the sword.

Can. Noble knight, if you have made no vow to remain concealed, I pray you let me know to whom I now present the first reward of the sword.

Act.—(*Approaches.*)—That Emperor joins in the request.

Otto. I obey.—(*Opens his visor, and casts his first look on Philip.*)

Al. The Count Palatine? Otto!

Otto. Am I really the Count Palatine, Otto of Wittelsbach.—(*Philip turns pale, and tries in vain to suppress his alarm.* A sudden tremor seizes him, and

his daughters, who perceive it, run to him and embrace him.)

Con. My father!

Ben. Oh, you art very ill.

Phil. Away!—*(Springs up, and goes towards the door, led by his daughters.)*

Art. and Wald. Make way! Make way!

[Enter Phil. Con. Ben. Art. and Wald.]

Otto. Ay, run, run; thou dignified monster. Couldst thou hide thyself and all thy majesty within the compass of a nutshell, I would find thee.

Wald. Count Otto, what is your opinion of this sudden attack?

Otto. A brain, perhaps, has stung the Emperor's brain. Tell the knights that nothing further will be done to-day.—*(Waldrich converges with the knights, &c. who, by degrees, depart in groups. Otto walks to and fro, till the apartment is quite empty.)*—Villany is not in his nature, or he would not have been thus affected. The rack of conscience forced confession from him. But, if a look could thus disorder him, what will a word effect—a word spoken with the warm sensation of injured integrity—I will verify what thou hast written, ingrate. I will fill thy mind with discord and rebellion, stir up its faculties against each other, and turn thy utmost fury on thyself, by brandishing before thy eyes the flaming sword of truth.

Enter HARRY, hastily.

Hen.—*(Drops out the letter.)*—Brother! Brother! This is infamous.

Otto. Infamous! most infamous! Oh that I had the voice of thunder! All the world should know how Otto has been injured and insulted. Give me the letter. 'Tis a talisman, which routes my whole

being into fury. What am I doing here!—Fare-
well, brother.

Enter EGGHART.

Egg. Welcome, Otto! What is the matter?
Your voice, as I approached, resounded dreadfully.

Otto. At another time!—Let me pass.

Egg. Otto! My brother! Stay, for Heaven's
sake.—Wulf says you have been much insulted,
Who can have dared!—

Otto. Philip of Sambia.

Egg. The Emperor!

Otto. Philip of Sambia.

Egg. Say the Emperor, brother.

Otto. Offer up your prayers for the Emperor,—
and with maniable counters with Philip of Sambia.
Eggert, thou art a prophet. Dost thou recollect
thy words, when I took leave of thee at Brannau?
"Otto, methinks some mighty deed awaits thee."
Mighty the deed is not, but horrible.

Egg. What mean you, brother?

Otto. I have been deceived, imposed upon, in-
sulted.

Egg. By the Eternal, for whom so often he has
risked his life—by Philip.

Otto. My reward is calumny.

Egg. Calumny.

Otto. Foul calumny.

Egg. And contempt.

Otto. Read, brother.—(*Gives him the letter.*)—
My nature made it easy to impose on me. "I, like
a fool, trusted a man, who once had broken his
promise. How could I suspect treach'ry to him, for
whom my disinterested friendship has already done
so much, and was willing to do so much more!
Even my claims upon his daughter, which were
founded on a promise the most sacred, I renounced.

because his welfare was the nearer to my heart than was my own.

Egb.—(*After having read the letter.*)—Brother, this is an unheard-of insult.

Otto. Does it not cry aloud for vengeance?

Hrn. For blood.

Otto.—(*Starts.*)—Blood!

Egb. Pardon have money on thee, brother! Thou hast uttered a most dreadful word. Reflect—he is the Emperor, the sacred head of the holy Roman empire.

Hrn. Go to man Egbert, and pray for thee—

Otto. He is the Emperor? Dost thou mean thereby to remind me of my duty and respect. All Germany bears witness to my unshaken loyalty and active part in the prosecution of the imperial diadem.—But, is this an action which becomes an Emperor? To impose upon and basely injure his most faithful friend—Otto of Wittelsbach—a Count Palatine—Native Bavaria, I will bring no disgrace upon thy Princes.—Brothers, farewell. My injured heart demands redress. I go to place before the eyes of Philip his most ignominious conduct in its ugliest shape.

Hrn. He will not regard your words.

Otto. Thus will I appeal to the assembled Princes of the empire. My voice is of some consequence, and Germany never will allow her crown to be profaned by this deceitful, villainous, ungrateful man.

Hrn. Repulse, rely not upon that. Justice is not at all times a proof against a bribe.

Otto. Well, then—my last resource is left, my honest staunch Bavarians. I know they love me, and will cheerfully repay each drop of blood, which I have shed for them. They wanted the imperial crown from Brunswick's Otto, and placed it on the head of perjured Philip.—How, if they were now to turn their arms against him?—Philip, thou hast

languish the foundation of thy throne. Thou hast trodden on the lion, who has guarded thee, who so often has besmeared his mane with the blood of thy enemies. Fool! Fool! Fool!

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene, the Emperor's Apartment.

Philip is discovered on a couch, and Arctibong sitting near him.

PH. 'Tis well the surgeon thought it right to breathe a vein. It will now be generally believed that I was attacked by sudden indisposition. Do you think the guests observed I was alarmed at his appearance?

AR. It was evident to all that your majesty turned pale and trembled.—Your claim seemed to augment the pride of the Count Palatine more than a victory. "I am the man, who can appeal the Emperor with a single look." Thus boasts he now.

PH. Ha! Damnation! I will follow your advice, and oppose my dignity to his overbearing arrogance, which condescension but increases.—Go in search of him. Pry into his motive for returning, but be upon your guard, when you converse with him.—Send Waldburg hither.—[*Exit AR.*—Arctibong is right. I will no longer reply to his defiance with submission, to his pride with condescension—else will his haughty temper rise so high, that my imperial dignity will lose its consequence.

Enter WALDBURG.

Come hither, Waldburg. We will proceed in our game.—[*Seats themselves to play at chess.*—] I like my position. It was your turn.

WAL. That move relieves me.—There!

Phi. It does indeed.—What is the general opinion respecting the Count Palatine?—I move my bishop then.

Wald. The general opinion seems that he has lost your Majesty's favour.

Phi. And the reason?

Wald. How!—You have made a rapid progress in the last five moves.—Who causes that confusion in the antichamber?

Enter Otto, speaking to the courtiers.

Otto. Do you think your halberds shall oppose my entrance?

Phi. Proceed, *Waldberg*.—(*The Emperor continues to play, but in great confusion, while Otto approaches the table, and silently throws the board.*)

Wald. The game is mine. Your last move—

Otto. Yes, yes. Move your knight then, and it is checkmate to the Emperor.—(*He does this, and overturns the piece.*)

Phi. What do you mean?

Otto. That you are mated.

Phi. No. I might have been relieved by—

Otto. Impossible, unless you threw your antagonist and chess-board out of the window. You would then have won the game in a most creditable way.

Phi. This is childish, Count Palatine.

Otto. You are mated both in body and soul.

Phi. Who called you? What do you want?

Otto. To inquire after your health. I hear you have been bled. Where is the blood? I will soon tell you what is your disorder.

Phi. I have a surgeon.

Otto. He is a fool. Your confessor should have opened a vein of your conscience.

Phi. Count Palatine, remember with whom you are conversing.

OTTO. Let me exchange a few words with you in private. *(Wald. is going.)*

PHI. Waldburg, remain here. The Count Palatine and I have no secrets. What he has to say he may say in your presence, and let him at the same time not forget to whom he speaks.

OTTO. Do you, then, know who I am? No.—Majesty no longer bears in mind the death of Otto.

PHI. Why do you not proceed to Poland?

OTTO. Because that cold climate does not suit the warmth of my temperament.

PHI. Give me back my letter, then.

OTTO. Your letter! No.

PHI. How! I insist upon it.

OTTO. Here it is.—*(Holds it open before him.)*

PHI. Who dared to break my seal?

OTTO. God—God himself.

PHI. The touch is insufferable.

OTTO. Oh Patience, holy Patience, hold my heart-strings, lest they crack.

PHI. Count Palatine, do not forget yourself.

OTTO. Happy were it for me, if I could forget who I am.

PHI. Give me my letter?

OTTO. Thus I will not. Who are you? You say you are a man. I am not. Justice shall decide between us.—Philip, shall the duped friend, or injured Prince address you? But what is the term *sworn* to you—it was your own advantage, not your heart, which taught you the word.—Then perjured Duke, I require not gratitude, but justice I will never brook. Prove that I ever was the cause of discord and rebellion. Prove that I, was ever guilty of a crime against the empire or yourself. Prove this, I say, or write beneath this letter: "*Thine slave in faith.*"

PHI. Madman! This to thy Emperor!

OTTO. Cursed be he, who reveres not his Em-

person. But think you that you wear the sword of our great Charles to certify the sacred dignity of Princes? Think you that a diadem can screen a shameful action? Think you that the Imperial sceptre is a talisman, which can loose by its enchantment the faculties of all mankind? Write, write, Philip! Recall this falsehood! That were better, Otto, than that I should to the assembled empire, charge you with a crime so base.

Phil. Peace, audacious wretch! I will assign thee on the murder of Werner and slanderer of Myshay. The last word of my answer is—Fly! Now, leave my indignation if thou dar'st, degenerate as thou art.—(Exit with Waldburg into the adjoining room.)

Otto.—(Transported with fury, strikes his breast, and calls, as the Emperor goes.)—Duke Philip!—Why should the mastiff be content to bark?—(Drives his sword, and rushes into the adjoining room.)

Enter HENRY from the anti-chamber.

Hen. Brother! Where is he? I heard him speak with violence.—(Goes to the door of the next room.)—Great God of Heaven!

Enter OTTO, pale, trembling, and almost deprived of every faculty.

Otto. The Emp—ress's—(Shows his bloody sword.)

Hen.—Oh! Away! Away! Away!—(Drags him away.)

Wald.—(Shouting.)—Help! Help! Murder!—(The confus'd rush in with Arnsberg.)

Act. What now?

Wald. A surgeon! Haste! Thrice in the Emperor's breast, Count Otto—

ACT IV. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. 165

Art. Quick! Quick! Purge him.—I must send instant tidings to the Duke of Brunswick.—Pursue the murderer! Haste! [Exit.]

Enter CUNIGUNDA and BEATRICE.

Roth. Oh Heavens! My father.
(*The noise and the cries increase on every side. All crowd into the adjoining room.*)

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle of Wittelsbach.

Enter OTTO.

OTTO. Restore to me my peace of mind, Oh Wittelsbach. Thou didst witness the smiles of my brave father, when the nurse delivered me into his arms. Then should an earthquake have shattered these huge walls, and buried me beneath their ruins, that the worthy noble Berthold might not have been the father of a murderer—No, Wittelsbach. To me thou never shalt restore my peace of mind. Sink, sink, and hide thy lofty towers under the surface of the earth.

Enter WILHELM and EDGAR.

Wil. God bless you, father!

Edg. God bless you, father!

Wil. Father, where does Frankfurt lie?

Otto.—(*Points through the window*).—Far beyond
 yon hills to the north.

Wil. Give me a horse, and a 'squire that I may
 go thither.

Otto. For what purpose?

Wil. Wolf says there are many Princes assembled
 there to determine something against you. I'll say
 to them: "Princes, don't do that, for my father is
 wrong, and if you displease him, he will kill you.
 You know he killed the Emperor, who was stronger
 than you all, and if—"

Otto. Hold—Begone!

Wil. To Frankfurt!

Otto. Take thy bow, and shoot as many sparrows
 as thou canst.

Wil. I don't like to kill a creature no bigger than
 my hand.

Edg. I shot a sparrow in the wing this morning,
 and when I took it in my hand, it reminded me of
 you, father, for it chirped: Philip! Philip!

Otto. Away from me!

Wil. Father, give me a larger bow, that I may
 kill a buck.

Otto. Thou art not strong enough.

Wil. Oh yes, I am. Let me try whether I can
 raise your sword.—(*Attempts to draw it.*)

Otto. Be quiet, boy.

Wil.—(*Examining the sword*).—Father! Did you
 kill the Emperor with this sword?

Otto.—(*Starts up*).—Quit my sight, this moment,
 both of you! [*Exeunt Wil. and Edg.*]

Oh conscience, conscience!—Even the simplicity of
 these two boys is a reproach, a scourge to me—
 When in ripe years they find that I could leave
 them nothing but an empire's curse—Oh horrible!
 But I will rack my soul with thoughts like this,
 until it says to itself: "Thou hast endured enough."

Enter Wolf.

Wolf. Oh, my Lord! How do I dread the sight of any one from Frankfurt!

Otto. Well, what dost thou call this deed?

Wolf. Revenge.

Otto. Murder.—Wretched, wretched'st he, who comes into this world with strength of mind and ready fire. Oh Nature, if it be thy wish to merit the title of a good mother, form no more beings with the soul or body of a man. Such are got next for times like these—their lot can be but misery and ruin. If thou dost wish thy children's happiness, let their shores be void of strength, their veins of warmth, their brains of feeling. Scatter upon them subtlety; a double tongue, and ever smiling countenance—then wilt thou send a proper creature for this hospital—the world—but hark! who comes?

Enter Duchess.

Now, noble Duchess! Have you so little regard for your own dignity?

Duch. Do not, dear kinsman, be offended, that I thus surprise you; but I feel myself compelled to see you. Tell me, I beseech you—was Count Wenzel's death the cause of Philip's anger?

Otto. No. Philip availed himself this pretext to give his conduct some appearance of justice, but in fact, it was my integrity which made me lose his favour. Thus it is, noble Princess. I bore the ungrateful perjured man upon my shoulders to thy throne, and scarcely did he sit in state, ere he dismissed me from his side, that the world might think he had risen by his own exertions. Contempt for

my fidelity, and Irish for my waste of blood!—Such, such was Otto's recompense.

Duch. Shameful ingratitude! Count Palatine, it has laid heavy on my soul that I was the instigation of Count Wenzel's attack upon you.

Otto. You!

Duch. He roused my indignation against you by reporting that you had defamed my character. I was fool enough to credit his reports, and required him to revenge my wrongs. My husband convinced me of my mistake when it was too late, but, Heaven be praised, that I am not the cause of the misfortune, which have happened. Let me see your sons, dear kinsmen. Where are they!

Otto. Well, bring them hither.—*(Enter Wolf.)*—Well, noble Duchess, may Bavaria hope—

Duch. You ask the question, probably, because I wish to see your children.—*(With a smile of satisfaction.)*—Well, if you suspect it, let me have your blessing.

Otto. You are doubly welcome. Otto can still rejoice. Accept my warmest wishes for your welfare—you are applauded by Heaven the mother of Bavaria's welfare.

Duch. Count Palatine, your disposition is truly noble and generous. How many a man would wish that I might never be a mother, if he were, like you, the heir to this proud dukedom.

Otto. Shame on the wretch, whose growing soul could harbour such a thought!—See! There come my boys.

Enter WILHELM and EDGAR.

Duch. Hoor, hooley children!

Wil.—*(Goes to his Aunt.)*—Father, is this the mother you promised to bring us?

ACT IV. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH.

Edg.—(The same).—I hope it is.

Otto. Boys, you remind me of every thing which tortures me. This is the Duchess, your kinsman's wife.

Wil. I wish she had been our mother.

Edg. So do I.

Duch. I thank you, sweet children.—(Kisses them).—Count Palatine, I am going to receive my husband on his return from Frankfort, I have given orders for the erection of some seats upon the borders, where I mean to await his arrival. Will you allow me to take these children with me? You will oblige me by it, and in a few hours I will restore them to you.

Wil. and Edg. Oh, father, let us go.

Duch. Grant their petition, worthy Count.

Otto. Take them, I know they will be in good hands.

Duch. Farewell, then, and come soon to Braunswe.

Otto. To the christening. Angels guard our Duchess!

Wil. and Edg. Father, God be with you!

Otto. May he protect you, my children!

[Exeunt *Duch. and Boys.*]

Enter WOLF.

Wolf. Count, your brother Henry is arrived.

Otto. Where is he?

Wolf. He galloped into the court a few minutes since, but would not see you till the Duchess was gone. He and his horse are covered with dust and sweat as if he had just left the field of battle.

Otto. Call him.—

[Henry rushes into Otto's arms.]

Hen. Oh my brother!

Otto. What now, Henry?

Hen. My poor, proscribed, and unfortunate brother!

Welf. Proscribed! Oh, dreadful day!

Otto. Henry, is sentence passed upon me?

Hen. It is—a sentence the most horrible.

Otto. The imperial ban?

Hen. Alas!—Yes.

Otto.—*(After a pause of resignation.)*—I did not think that I was born to suffer this disgrace—what did they call my crime?

Hen. Regicide.

Otto. Well, the sentence is most just. My crime may be termed regicide on earth, but Heaven will not condemn me as a regicide. God knows, I only felt the touch of one man to another, and my duty told me that no judge should decide between man and man, but the sword.

Hen. And now?

Otto. Otto is fallen, like a broken lance. But no.—My manly courage never shall forsake me.

Hen. Manly courage brooks not injustice.

Otto. The Princes have passed sentence upon me according to the law, which considers the deed, the consequences, and the example. I have laboured to establish the dignity of that power, which now condemns me. Oh brother, wretched as I am, I still can feel some consolation, when I reflect to what a pitch our country may be raised by this spirit of justice, which refuses to be daunted by the splendour of high birth. My disposition is well known. My motive for this deed is also known. Many will pity, none condemn me. I know that the Princes would rather have forgiven me, but it was not in their power. The safety of the German states demanded vengeance on me. Oh! 'Twas an unshallow'd moment, when the corruption of man's natural freedom overpowered the duties of the friend, the citizen, and subject.—Judges, judges, your sentence is most just.

Hen. Is Otto's nature altered? Is Otto's spirit

quite subdued! Who made these men your judges? Have we ever said to any one of them: "Be thou our master!" Are we to bear the yoke which our fathers—

OTTO. Hald, brother. We enjoy the rights and privileges which this general union of the German states bestows on every individual of the empire.

HEN. You enjoy them no longer. The states have robbed you of those rights and privileges.

OTTO. No, Henry, I have robbed myself of them.

HEN. Brother, if you can satisfy yourself with such ideas it is well—but I cannot. What have I, and what has Egbert done, that we should be condemned?

OTTO. You! You!

HEN. Condemned as accomplices in your crime.

OTTO. Brother—yes!

HEN. "Be the law of the empire pronounced on Otto, Henry, and Egbert?"

OTTO. Henry and Egbert! Damnation! I scarcely can believe it.

HEN. Scarcely could I, when muffled in the habit of a pilgrim, I stood among the spectators at Frankfurt, and heard the herald thrice pronounce the law upon me. The words *regicide* and *traitor*, with which Otto's name was branded, still were sounding in my ears, when like an unexpected thunderbolt, sentence was also passed on Henry and on Egbert.—(OTTO seems to breathe with difficulty, and his eyes roll terrifically.)—Oh my brother, *what* you had been there!

OTTO. I am there! You condemned! Henry and Egbert condemned!—no drop of Philip's blood was shed by you, though yours was often shed for him. What is your crime?—Loyalty and *such*—Treason, ye Princes, for Otto, though proscribed, is Otto still.—How did Lewis act?

72 OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. ACT IV.

Hen. The Duke remembered that his grandfather was also young.

Otto. How did he act, I say?

Hen. He defended you with fervour, but finding no one to support him, in your cause, he acquiesced in the sentence.

Otto. And on you?

Hen. He thought our guilt not proved, and therefore left the court.

Otto. Where is Egbert?

Hen. I know not. He is probably gone to our sister in Hungary.

Otto. Henry, Henry, thou hast stung me to the soul. The tribunal calls me regicide—my conscience calls me fratricide. By all the powers of Heaven, I cannot, will not bear it. By one murder Otto fell—by a thousand shall his brethren rise. Away! quit your friends, and bring them hither, I will be their leader, and, as I hope for mercy, you shall be restored to all the rights of which you are deprived.—

Hen. Why not restore yourself to all those rights?

Otto. That must not be. Go, Henry, and return as soon as possible.

Hen. When the cannon upon the castle-turrets shall hear the din of arms and neigh of horses, Henry of Andechs and his friends approach.—Farewell.

Otto. Farewell. I will prepare a feast for them. The castle of the proscribed Count shall once more ring with revelry. Away! [Exit.

ACT IV. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH.

175

Scenes, a Tent in an open place near Alesia, and not far from Wittelsbach.

Edg. DUCHESSE, or GOVERNMENT, WITTELSBACH, and
LORDS, enter in great haste on the Tent.

Edg. Why, what is the matter, my lord? but this?

Edg. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,

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Enter Duke and Rival.

Duke. I thank you for this proof of your affection,
my Lady. — This is Sir Frederick of Rosen, who
is sent to me by the Duke of Brunswick.

Rival. Duke Otto craves your friendship, noble
lady.

Duke. I thank him. You are welcome, good Sir
Frederick.

Vol. IV.

Duke. My love, let us proceed to Brunswick.

Duch. How! Why in such haste? I have prepared refreshments for you.

Ren. What castle is that whose lofty turrets seem to touch the clouds?

Duke.—(Casting a melancholy glance towards it).—Wittelsbach. My love, let us proceed to Brunswick.

Duch. What means this look of sorrow. Is Otto's fate deemed?

Ren. It is, and if you know the heart of the Count Palatine, you will lament his fate sincerely. The ban of the empire is denounced against him, and every dastard is permitted to massacre him.

Duch. My dearest Lewis!

Duke. Oh, do not speak to me. My heart is quite oppressed.

Duch. Then good, thou excellent man! Is such thy fate, who but to-day bestowed thy blessing on my hopes, although they crushed thy own!—(Deeply affected).—Dreadful! Dreadful!

Ren. Noble Lady, how this tear becomes you!

Duke. Dear Ladyella, do not thus indulge in unavailing sorrow.

Duch. How could the Princess condemn so brave, so good a man?

Duke. It was not the Princess, but the law of God and man, which condemned him. To pardon such a crime were to be guilty of another.

Duch. And has he no resources?

Duke. None!

Duch. Might not your influence—

Duke. My influence shall never lend protection to the guilty. Otto was ever dear to me, and is so still. I call God to witness that I would shed my blood to efface his crime, but were it in my power to pardon him, I would not thus disgrace Bavaria.

Duch. Protect him, and his children, all ye guardian powers.
[Exit hastily.]

Duke. What return this? Sir Frederick, I beseech you go to Wittelsbach. Tell the unfortunate Count what has happened, and prevail upon him to fly without delay. Callheim and his troop must be already on their way to the castle. Greet him from me, and tell him I lament his fate.

Rex. Age and experience have steel'd my breast, but this is more than I can bear. Once more I tell you, Duke, you have condemned a noble, valiant man. God bestowed on him a ready soul, and fiery temperament. Through these he became a hero, and—a criminal.

Enter DUCHESS and the CHILDREN.

Duch. Know ye these boys?

Wtl. and Edg. Wilkense, kinsman Lewis.

Duke. How came they hither?

Wtl. The Duchess brought us from Wittelsbach.

Duke. They must away.

Duch. Do you know the way to Wittelsbach?

Both. Oh yes.

Duch. Hither, then, to your father.

Edg. Alas!

Wtl. For shame, brother. Why not alpine?

Duch. Right, Wilkeld. Alas! You are doomed to walk on a far more dangerous path without a guide.

Edg. But if we should lose our way—

Duch. Wretched outcasts! You cannot lose your way. You have no home—no hope—no father.

Wtl. No father? Have the Princes at Frankfurt taken him from us?—*(All are much affected.)*

Edg. Oh kinsman! You are our Duke. Urge the Princes to let us have our father again.

Rex. Do not be alarmed, dear children. You have still a father.

Duke. You—that you have, by all the saints of Heaven. Let this kiss confirm it!—(Kisses them.)

WIL. Come, brother.—(Takes Edgar's hand.)—Let us run home to our father.

Duke. Hold!—Sir Frederick, take them with you. I give you no instructions, for you know my sentiments. I expect you at Bavaria in the evening.

Mrs. I will be there!—Till then farewell. Come, children.

Duke. Sir Frederick, bring them to Bavaria with you.

Mrs. If it be possible, I will. Farewell, noble Lady.

Duke. God be with you all!

WIL, and EDG. Farewell! Farewell!

[Enter Mrs. and Boys.]

Duke. Let us be gone, my love.

Duke. Oh!

Duke. Your distress doubles my own. Remember, dear Lohseilla, remember that the milder brighten the ripening fruit. Come I betroth you.

Duke. No restraint for Otto?

Duke. None on earth.

Duke. Then be he watched here, to be hereafter blamed.

[Exeunt.]

Scene, an Apartment in the Castle of Wittenbach.

Enter Otto and Wess.

Otto. Who are these men, and how many are there?

Wess. Eighty, my Lord. They are Bavarians, and there is not one among them, who has not fought with you. On hearing what had happened, they forsook their homes, and are come to offer you their

ACT IV. OTTO OF WITTELSBACH. 77

arrest and hearts. They are resolved to wash away the ban with blood. Thus said Conrad in the name of all.

Otto. Conrad! Is he among them?—Open my cellar, Wolf, and give them every thing my castle can afford.—What noise is that?

[*Foiz*] Your brother comes.

Enter Henry.

Otto. So soon returned! Art thou a dove or raven?

Hen. A raven! All is lost. My followers crowd upon us. Troops are already on their march against the proscribed Count of Wittelsbach.—They are led by Charles of Calheim.

Otto. Let them come. They shall feel that Otto still can wield a sword. Have you observed my friends assembled in the court? Go, Wolf, and see they are provided with every thing they want.

[*Exit Wolf*]

Hen. Prepare for your defence. Calheim is not far distant with his troops.

Otto. 'Tis well. The smoky smoke of my chimney shall lure them so near that we may play them with our lances from the walls.

Hen. Your force is small, brethren. It consists of only eighty—

Otto. Now! Conrad of Aicha is among them, and if his companions bear any resemblance to him, we shall not long be caged within this cage. Then with my naked sword will I open the jaws of your judges, and compel them to swallow the sentence they have passed on you and Egbert.

Enter Conrad, and some of his comrades.

Con. Into the field, Count Palatine! Lead us

into the field. From the turret we discern some troops approaching.

Otto. Are you all Bavarians?

Con. To a man. There is not one among us, whom I should be ashamed to call my brother. "To battle" is the general cry of all.

Otto. Be not so hasty. We must know them, ere we march against them.

Enter WILHELM and ERICH.

ER. Father, are you there?

Otto. They are my sons, my Otto and Erich.

Otto. This is my brother, Duke Lewis of Burgundy. Had Wilhelm not been slain, he would have come!

Enter Duke Lewis.

Come, retire awhile with thy companions.

[Duke Lewis, Con. and Cora.]

Welcome a thousand times!

Now Duke Lewis greets you thus.—*[Gives him his hand.]*

Now, greets he thus the man, against whom he has denounced the empire's ban!—He slays his friends—then sends him hither.

Now, think you that I would accept employment so absurd? Lewis's heart is noble.

Otto. It is. He would not condemn my brothers.

Now, but he condemned you.

Now, Count Henry, I can witness that he did it with reluctance the most painful. Honour and a kinsman's love contended in his bosom. He defended the Court-Palace with ardour.

Otto. Defended me? But why did he say nothing in favour of my brothers?—For there alone is my nature roused. The voice of conscience and of every duty is silenced in my bosom. Sooner will I

heap murder upon murder—sooner will I bear the name of monster and assassin through the world than any one shall dare to lay a hand on Henry or on Egbert.—Damnation! Is it their wish to crush at one blow all the race of noble Berthold? By my soul I swear that shall not be.

Hen.—*Embraces him.*—bless'd brother!

Hen. Allow me to say a word upon this subject—Count Palatine! When did you know a crime committed in a moment of passion effaced again by passion?—Why did neither of your brothers come to prove your innocence? They would not have been refused safe conduct to the court.

Hen. None of our race has ever stood before a tribunal.

Hen. None ever was brought before a court at Andernach, you speak of a court, but the emperor's agents were sent to arrest your brothers and at Badinger on the Rhine they were seized. Your brother perished, and your brother lives. I am the only witness of the crime, I am witness, and I am prepared to take the oath of the emperor. If the emperor will, I will swear, I will give sworn testimony, I will give the word and honour of my life for the innocence of you and your brother against the emperor and the imperial law.

Pal.—You think you have witnessed what Countess de Rump has promised to the Count of Veldenz.

Hen. You think there was no malice, no deception? *Hen.* I swear and will maintain that there was none. Unwillingly the Princes passed the sentence, and in the eyes of Lewis stood a tear. Even the late Emperor's faithful servants wept, and pitied you, for they had heard their master's dying words.

Pal. He cursed me, no doubt.

Hen. No. He cursed the day on which he in-

jured you. He lamented your loss deeply, which had thus destroyed you both. "Was he to him," cried he, "who caused the difference between us?" He pardoned you sincerely, called you his noble friend, invoked a blessing on you, and expired.

Otto.—(*In most violent agitation.*)—Wretch that I am!—The murderer of my friend!—Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip!

Alc. Dear brother, whence this sudden agitation?

Otto. Ah, now do I feel the real sin. The enraged Almighty Ruler has denounced his sin against my soul. A thousand demons are at once awoken within me. My friend murdered by myself—my Philip—my Emperor, whose heart had never harboured any bad intention of me! Oh, day of horror! I am no longer Otto.

Alc. Foul that I was to leave you the rule of an army, and suffer you to leave my castle unaccompanied. But what avail my complaints? Let us now think of means——

Otto. Raise the murdered Philip from his grave, or think up some of me. I will think of nothing but the noble Philip. Sir Frederick, to you I recommend my brethren. Upon your honour I rely for their acquittal. And now, oh, God, assist me, while I touch upon the most painful part of my distress. Frederick, my children!

Alc. Lewis has sworn by all the saints of Heaven that he will be their father.

Otto.—(*After some reflection.*)—No. They will but remind him of their father. In the empire they cannot now remain. I will send them to a friend, who dwells in the woods of Arden.

Alc. I hear the shout of war.

Enter WOLF and CONRAD.

Wolf. My Lord, the castle is surrounded.

Con. Lead us out. Let us drive this Count of Culemburg hence again.

Ren. They are already come—also, before I have fulfilled the Duke's command.

Otto. Conrad, dost thou speak in the house of thy comrades?

Con. Yes. My words are theirs.

Otto. Let some of the eldest among them come hither, that they may hear my sentiments. Call them, Wolf. [Exit Wolf.]

Enter WILHELM and EDGAR.

Wil. Father! Father! There are many men come.

Edg. They want to catch you, father.—(Oth looks at his sons for some time—then turns away in great affliction.)

Enter WOLF and BAVARIANS.

Otto. Why are you come hither, that in arms, my countrymen?

Con. The empire's ban is denounced against you. We are come to protect you.

Otto. Know you what it is to do this? By opposing the decree of the empire, you make yourself participators in my guilt. Surely your hair must bristle towards Heaven, when I move my crime before you. I am the murderer of the Emperor. If your features be not moved by this, they still move like mine my friend—the injured one I grant—but he was my Emperor—my friend. Will you protect me?

Con. and All. We will.

Otto. If any one among you had been injured by your Duke, and were to murder him, would you protect that man? You are silent. Right! Such conduct would be treason in his silent shape. Regicide is pardonable, for princes are the fathers of their

subjects.—Baronius, will you protect me now! You are silent. Oh, return to your homes, I beseech you. I welcomed you at first, because I thought the conduct of the tribunal unjust towards my brethren. I find, however, it was not so. Innocence and truth will relieve them from the bur, but guilt hangs heavy upon me. No blind attachment should direct you. Justice alone should be your guide. Go home and pray for me.

Hen. Brother, whether so fast?

Otto. Follow me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Some, the Gates and Walls of Wittelsbach—Cathlein and his Troops have surrounded the Castle.

Cal.—(*Strikes the gates with his lance.*)—Yield, yield, then prostrated begicde. Give the signal.—(*Troopnote issued.*)—Otto of Wittelsbach, hear the command of Lewis, Duke of Bavaria.

[*Otto appears upon the walls.*]

Cal. What says my kinsman Lewis?

Cal. He commanded me to march against the murderers of our lawful Emperor, to take him prisoner, and raze his castle to the earth.

Otto. Are those the words of Lewis?

Cal. They are my words, and the meaning of Duke Lewis.

Otto. Thou prating hero!

Cal. Thou haughty pigicide! Dost thou mean to skulk within thy castle?

Otto. No.—(*Cal.*)—Open the gates. Conrad, withdraw, and take thy comrades to their homes. I return my heartfelt thanks to thee and thine for this mark of affection.—(*The gates are opened, and Conrad appears with the Bavarians.*)

Cal. Hold! who are you, and why are you in arms?

Com. Bavarians—friends of Otto, Count Palatine of Wittelsbach. Make way, and let us pass.

Col. Hold, I say! Why are you in arms?

Com. We intended to have stretched you, and all your followers in the dust, but Otto has commanded us to go in peace. Make way, or we must disobey him.—(Begin to force a passage.)

Col. Ha! Here comes the rebel!

Enter OTTO, leading WILHELM; and HENRY, leading RUDOLPH; followed by RUTH, WOLF, and Attendants.

Col. Seize him instantly!—(He approaches OTTO, and is met by—) Enter RUDOLPH. Conrad and the Rhenish army, and guard the Count Palatine with

his own household. I have not to lift a hand against my brother—Wittelsbach.

Col. How can you say so?—O! brother!

Col. How can it be that you obey your Duke's command? You have, perfidious, perjured crew!

OTTO. Bavarians, I thank you for my life, on account of my children. To myself it is a hateful burden. I have not raised my sword to protect myself from justice. If there be one among you, who requires my blood to pacify the shade of Philip, let him step forth. Welcome is death to me from the hand of a man, who demands it from a motive so exalted, and to his protection I will bequeath my children. Frederick of Kraus, once more I charge you to remember my brothers and your promise. Bear my last greeting to my kinsmen, Lewis, and recommend my brave defenders to his generous arms. Farewell, farewell, my brother—children, bid farewell to your countrymen and Wittelsbach.—(Takes the child in his arms—Henry the other.)

WIL and EDG. Farewell, countrymen! Farewell, Wittelsbach!— (*The Russians return thanks by dropping their hands.*)

OTTA. Thank them for your father.

WIL and EDG. We thank you for our father.

OTTA. And now let us begin. Come, my children! Another place, another castle—brothers—friends—
—countrymen—
—yes, and a king!— *Yield the children—*
—yes, a king!— *Welf, go—*
—*Welf, go—*

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scenes, the Ruins of Wittelsbach Castle. The country is covered with heaps of stone and rubbish. It is midnight.

Enter CONRAD, and another Inhabitant of Aicha—each with a spear and mallet.

CON. Conrad, the stars have compassion on our chime, for if it were not so light, I should never find my way, well as I know every part of this country.

OTH. Neighbour, is that Wittelsbach?

CON. Is was? Neighbour.

OTH. Alas! why is the shade of piety and virtue abandoned to the night-owls? This was once the refuge of every man in distress! How many thousands, who entered Wittelsbach with heavy hearts, have returned blithe and contented. He, whose language was not understood within a hundred miles, found Otta ready to receive him. Oh, should some stranger wander hither, who, when

at home, has heard of Otto's hospitality, what will he feel, when he beholds those ruins?—"Why was the castle of the noble Count demolished?" he will ask; then, leaning on his spear, he will listen to the mournful tale, and with a sigh pursue his way.

Isk. Neighbour, it is midnight, let us not return to our gear so late.

Con. This spectacle entitles every wish for gold.

Isk. Shall I begin to search among the rubbish?

Con. Ay, for what I care.—(*Isk. goes to the high ground, and begins his search.*)—His pains will be fruitless: for the Counts of Witelesbach were never wont to hoard their wealth.

Isk. Conrad!

Con. Have you found any thing?

Isk. Not yet. How silent and dreary it is all around!

Con. Amuse yourself by whistling or by singing, neighbour.

Isk. Hark!

Con. What now?

Isk. I heard a noise.

Con. A goblin in the neighbourhood, perhaps. When it comes so near as to be seen, tell me. Have you discovered any thing yet?

Isk. No. We have had luck, Conrad.

Con. I am not surprised at that.

Isk. Not surprised! Why, were not Otto's ancestors always accounted rich? Did they not give away their wealth by handfuls?

Con. That is the very reason why you find none.

Isk. Pshaw! They could not give it all away.

Con. Neighbour, let me advise you to give over your search. It is folly to seek gold in the shade of virtue.

Isk. Why, I came by your advice.

Con. True, and I own folly in having given you such advice. Neighbour, your wants distress me,

but time spent here is only lost. I should be thoroughly ashamed were any one to find us here, good as our intentions are. Every Bavarian ought to weep, when he beholds these ruins, for here dwelt the noblest of Bavaria's princes. I could talk to every stone which I behold, and weep.

Joh. I have so many sorrows of my own.—Hark! I heard something again.

Cos. Follow!

Joh. I can distinguish footsteps.

Cos. Footsteps! I would not be detected with this vile mantic. Let us conceal ourselves, and observe who passes.—*(Hide themselves in the ruins.)*

Enter OTTO, WOLF, WILHELM, and EDGAR.

Otto. Once more the swallow flutters around its nest, and chirps with gratitude, then—then, farewell for ever!—*(Steps and surveys the ruins.)*—Oh, Wittelsbach! Wittelsbach!

Wolf. My Lord, why are you come hither? This dismal spectacle will but increase your misery. Follow my advice, my Lord, and quit this dreary spot.

Wil. Father, who has destroyed our castle?

Edg. We have no home now.

Otto. Peace, peace, my children. The provid-digger will ere long procure us an asylum. While we can bear the load of life, we will share the habitation of the stag. There we can patiently await the hour, at which the Almighty shall season us away. Pray to him, children. Beseech him to bestow on you two feet instead of those two hands, that you may fly far from the haunts of men, and hark with the beasts of the forest. Poor luckless beings! The most wretched of mankind has still a name; but you, alas, have none! Oh! could I weep, I would baptize you with my tears, and call you *Children of Wittelsbach*. See! Wittelsbach is no

more. Fallen are her lofty towers, and the residence of princely warriors is become a nest for poisonous adders. And I—I am the accursed cause of all—I—the murderer of my kinsman—my friend.

WOLF. My Lord! My dearest Lord!

HE. Don't say those bad words again, father.

OTTO. Ye spirits of my ancestors, if ye did ever breathe the sighs of eternal bliss when I have been so pining away, spirit at the dead of night (and ye have, ye have, by your influence) doubtless ye would be proud of me, of your darling. Oh, my father, my father!

WOLF. My son, my son! Hush! Disturb not the spirits of the dead.

OTTO. Hush! Hush! They denounce their curses

on me, my father!—Hail to the noble Otto.

WOLF. Hail to the noble Otto!

OTTO. Hush! Hush! I would a voice say, "Hail to the noble Otto!"

OTTO. Hush! Hush! I would a voice say, "Hail to the noble Otto!"

OTTO. Oh, stay, my Lord!

OTTO. Oh, stay, my Lord!

OTTO. Oh, stay, my Lord!

OTTO. My lance this instant!—(Takes it, and goes among the ruins.)—Whoever thou mayst be, repeat thy words.

COO.—(From the place of his concealment.)—Hail to the noble Otto!

OTTO. Who art thou? answer me.

COO. and his Companion appear.

COO. Conrad of Aicha, your old servant! Once more hail to the noble Otto!

JAK. Hail to the noble Otto!

OTTO. What are you doing here?

Con. We are come upon a very foolish errand,
Count Palatine.

Otto. Folly will produce nothing but repentance.
What is your errand?

Con. My Lord, I will confess what it is, though
it is to my disgrace. My neighbour, here, has a
father ninety years of age, who is sick, and stretched
upon a bed of straw. He came to me, and begged
my assistance. Money I had none, for I had spent
my all in the late wars. What was to be done?
Suddenly it occurred to me that my neighbour
might, perhaps, find something of value buried in
these ruins.

Otto. Have you succeeded?

Con. We were fools to fancy that we ever should.

Otto. Why so? Do you think there is nothing of
value buried there? Do you remember, Count,
that my grandfather, Otto, supported from his pri-
vate coffers a whole army for Bavaria's defence?
Do you remember that my father, Beethold, during
the famine, set at his own table crates of bread
mashed in water, that he might support thousands
of his countrymen? Thinkest thou, they did not
thereby hoard a treasure?

Con. What treasure?

Otto. The blessing of Bavaria upon Wittelsbach.

Con. and his. True! True!

Otto. But I have shaken off this blessing, and
loaded myself with a curse. I was a good branch
of the old tree; but I bore destructive fruit, and it
was right to lop me off. May the tree remain!
May posterity repair beneath its shade of it, and
may no one ask—"Why was a branch of such a
valuable stem lopped off?" Lewis, then, hast con-
demned me. Lewis, then, hast my blessing.

Con. Say but one word, and you shall be restored
to all your former dignity.

OTTO. What word?

CON. War.

HIL and EDG. War.

OTTO.—(To the children.)—Ye thoughtless brats! Why do you echo such a word? Have I not shed the blood of him who ruled the empire? Shall I now open my eyes to a new direction through the empire? I would have seen his own feet in the dust of the empire, and I would have seen his own hands in the dust of the empire. I would have seen his own hands in the dust of the empire, and I would have seen his own hands in the dust of the empire. I would have seen his own hands in the dust of the empire, and I would have seen his own hands in the dust of the empire.

HIL. My Lord, I give you for his sake. The swelling starts me.

OTTO. Alas! Richard I journeyed by the light of day through many and costly, but with—peace, peace! I will afflict to the Holy Land. As for thee, take thy old father to the hospital of Munich, lately founded by the Duke.

HIL. No, my Lord.

OTTO. Why not?

HIL. I would rather stand for his support. Would it not be an everlasting shame upon me, if I were to let the Prince maintain him when it is my duty?

OTTO. Blessings on thee, good Bavarian! Well, but thou art money left?

HIL. Not more than you will absolutely want, my Lord.

OTTO. True. I do want it. Give it hither.—There! Shew that with Conrad.—(Gives it to the haberdash of Aids.)

CON. No, no, Count Palatine.

OTTO. Conrad, I have not given thee this without a motive. Take these two boys, and be their protector for a few days, when I shall send a man from the roads of Arden for them.

HIL. I'll stay with you, father.

EDG. So will I, father.

OTTO. Have you a father? No. I deprived you of him, by trying to bestow on you a mother. Go, children. Go with this man. You know him?

WIL. and EDG. Yes, we know Conrad, but—

OTTO. No more! Go with him. Conrad, take them away.

EDG. Why do you send us away?

WIL. Have we done any thing wrong?

OTTO. Hearer! Hearer! Oh, spare me, Conrad.—But yet another kiss—a father's kiss. Oh, God! How difficult it is to part with those we love—for *ever*! Farewell, my first-born—Wilhelm!—Farewell, my Edgar! The guardian saints of Heaven protect you!—Conrad, it was lucky that I found thee here. Go—go!—and greet my neighbours, the citizens of Aichen.

CHA. Blessings on you, noble Count! Had you not entrusted such a treasure to me, I would have wandered with you to the world's end.

WIL. Father, we shall soon meet again.

WIL. and EDG. Very soon, I hope.

OTTO. My heart-strings will crack. Away! Away!—(Enter CON. and BOYS.)—You, we shall meet again—and soon, perhaps, for soon my hapless infants will no longer have a natural protector.—(Exit *Edgar*—*and then*.)—I have often severely valued myself upon that steadfast manly spirit which never would allow misfortune to deprive it, but now—(Enter *his father*.)

WIL.—(Noting him for a moment.)—His eyes did seem to weep, although his heart is bleeding. This was Wittelsbach—and this was Otto.

OTTO. Let us quit this spot.

WIL. Ay, come, my Lord.

OTTO. Wait!

WIL. What now, my—

OTTO. How old art thou?

WIL. Sixty-five years.

OTTO. Go, then, to Brunswick. Tell the Duke thou art his kinsman's armour-bearer. Lewis will support thee.

Woff. Could you, then, discard me? May my soul wait mercy, if I ever leave you! I can drive your servants at least.

DATA: Come before, then, Apply thy business to
my heart, for that is why I do not sleep.

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Off. Comm. : _____

HfO₂: The thin film ($\sim 10\text{ nm}$) was prepared by sputtering.

days. The study also found that the more people who were involved in the decision-making process, the more likely they were to accept the decision. This suggests that involving people in the decision-making process can help to increase their commitment to the decision and reduce the risk of non-compliance.

[illegible]

Super, a New York City-based publisher of children's books, has been accused of plagiarizing the text of a book by a British author, who has now filed a lawsuit.

Author's Note: I thank the following people for their comments on earlier drafts of this article: David Griesbach, John H. Garvey, Jr., Robert A. Giacalone, Richard L. Kanfer, and two anonymous reviewers.

Egl. Have I not a justice, if I have, for some more
to embrace my brother Abel, and shall I not find
him?

Hrs. Find him we will, if even half consumed by worms. But no doubt he is wandering near Wintesthough, till he has found some situation for his children.

Eg8. Our sister in Hungary will be a good mother to them.

Hen. Let us then away to Wittenbach. Lewis, I hear, is gone from Brunswick to Neuburg.

Egh. For what reason?

Hen. He expects to meet Otto of Brunswick there, whom he means to accompany to Aix. Otto will doubtless now be chosen Emperor. This is a happy circumstance for us, if the ambassador, Sir Frederick of Rouss, keep his promise.

Egh. But our poor brother—

Hen. When we are again restored to our dignities, we shall have power enough to gain his pardon. Come! let us seek him.

Egh. I hear a noise.

Hen. True. Let us conceal ourselves. I can distinguish some one in armour. [*They retire.*]

Enter CALHEIM, with his troops.

Cal. The intelligence may be relied upon. He will pass through this wood. With such a host he can overtake the stream, and I will be there to intercept him. My duty commands me to do this. I will not shrink from it, for it would be an eternal stain on my name, were he to escape with life. I must do this. I will appoint to each his post in a regular line, so that he may be reached. Such men as he would the paths which others tread. Come! [*Exit with his troops.*]

HENRY and ROBERT appear.

Hen. There did I stalk unarmed, while fury boiled within my breast. Calheim! Calheim! Thou monster!

Egh. Oh, brother, let us fly to find him.

Hen. Away towards Wittenbach! I know the way. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter CALHEM, with some followers.

Cal. We will, as I told you, guard this bridge. The spy, whom I employed, has never yet received me, and, according to his account, Otto intends to pass through Hungary to Jerusalem.—*(Aside.)*—True, my good friend, Artzberg. Were this man to remain alive, and find that there went the cause of the Emperor's enemies toward him, the consequences might be fatal to thee. But thou shalt not repeat the confidence thou hast reposed in me. I hate this Otto, and will not have the death of my old patron, Philip, avenged. As for his bride, they may wander where they will. Let Otto fall, and Calhem's vengeance is complete.—*(Goes towards the bridge, where his followers have stretched themselves at their ease.)*

Enter OTTO and WOLF.

Wolf. I heard several voices distinctly behind the right and left. Oh, my Lord, beware lest thou fall into any snare laid for you by this Charles of Calhem.

Otto. Have we not then far pursued our way un-molested? But now—I am weary. I must repose beneath those mossy hills.

Wolf. You weary, my Lord! Alas! you are no more so longer. This last day, my Lord, do not hurry leave. I have a word to say to you. We do not hurry here.

Otto. The pain of my wound is the only enemy of my soul. The only enemy that I have engaged with to pursue me, till I have fallen in the dust. The hat flies past us, and the sword and the right already seems to claim us as its prey.

Wolf. I beseech you, let us proceed.

Cal. Holla!—Who goes there?

[His followers spring up.

Wolff. Away! Away!

Otto. Holla, friend! Come nearer. Who appointed thee toll-gatherer at this bridge! I will pay nothing. Let me pass.

Cal. That voice, and that person, if the twilight deceive me not, betray you are—

Wolff. Draw, my Lord.

Otto. A man. If thou dost doubt it, come nearer that I may rub my beard across thine eyes, and wake thee.

Cal.—[To his men.]—"Tis he.

Wolff. Oh, my Lord! Away! Away! 'Tis Calheim, your enemy. Away!

Otto. Ha!—Calheim, I am Otto. Heaven reward thee for the trouble thou hast had! No battery could have rased my castle so completely. No man's tool could have so perfectly disjoined it. Hast thou, then, changed thy trade! Art thou become a watchman—or what art thou?

Cal. I am the avenger of majesty and of the empire. Türl, regicide. No towers here do fipid thee, as at Wittenbach.

Wolff. Fly, my Lord, fly.

Otto. Otto never fled from man. Though no Bavarian hacon now defend me, still do I stand upon Bavarian soil. Firm as an oak I stand. Who will fell it?

Cal. I.—[Stabs him from behind.]

Wolff. Vikula!—[Attempts to draw his sword, but is disarmed.]

Otto. That was a dastardly attack.—[Falls.]—Ye, eggards!—Oh! Well aimed! Well aimed!

[Wolff supports him.

Cal. I am satisfied with this revenge.—He then as with the punishment. A regicide deserves far more.

OTTO. That is true,—therefore—I pardon thee.—
(Falls.)

WOLF. Oh do not fall, my Lord.

OTTO. Yes, Wolf. Life ebb's a pace. Farewell,
my trusty servant!—Farewell, my childhood! and
Bavaria! [Dies.]

WOLF. Oh day of horror!—(Tears his hair in
frantic agonies. Some of Calheim's followers stand
near Otto, and survey him with a look of mingled
awe and sorrow.)

Enter HENRY and EUGENE, conducted by some of
CALHEIM'S men.

Col. Who are you?

HEN. What do I see? My brother? Oh, Otto!
Otto!

EUG. God of Heaven!—(They fall at each side of
the body.)

WOLF. Away! Rob me not of my office. I am
his surgeon and his grave-digger.

HEN. Who committed this dreadful act?

Col. A, the avenger of majesty, and the empire,
the executor of the law, the punisher of treason—
Charles of Calheim!

(Henry and Eugene bend at each side of their
brother, Wolf at his head. The curtain slowly de-
scends.)

DAGOBERT,
KING OF THE FRANKS.

A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS

FROM
B A B O.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

DAGULF, *lawful King of the Franks.*
CHILDRENF, *Chamberlain of his Throne.*
GERMAIN, *Father of Childerf, and Prime Minister of the Kingdom.*
GUYON, *a Knight related to Dagulf.*
ROMAN, }
MORIS, } *Knights.*
RICHARD, }
OSMAN, }
CARPENTIER, }
CHRYSTEN,
HERALD.

WOMEN.

ALDOUVISE, *Wife of Dagulf.*
ADA, *Daughter of Dagulf and Aldouise.*

Knights—Soldiers—Peasants, &c.

DAGOBERT,
KING OF THE FRANKS.

ACT THE FIRST.

Scene, a Square, in which a great multitude is assembled. Dagobert, in the mean Habit of a Pilgrim, is sitting upon a Step at the Entrance of a House.

DAGOBERT surveying the Multitude.

Dag. How wonderful! Not a single eye is turned towards me.—Were I a trumpeter of some *ally* exhibition, instead of a poor man, thousands would look at me.—I know not one person in this crowd, and yet there are doctri^{ns} many, where I formerly lived.—(as an interval of ten years make so great an alteration in the features!)—How little, then, must I miserable King Dagobert, since distress and anguish have been my daily companions.—Alas! Must they be my companions in future too?

Trumpets announce a Herald's approach. The crowd turns to the quarter from which the sound is heard. —Enter a Herald, accompanied by Soldiers, of whom one bears the royal banner.

Herald. Childobert the Second, King of the Franks, announces to his people that he will this

day solemnize his marriage with the royal widow, Adalgunda. Be the day a day of joy! Long live the royal pair!

Some of the people. Long live King Childobert and Queen Adalgunda!—[The Herald proceeds to another street—the crowd follows.]

Dag. Damned be the worldly pair!

Gow.—[Approaches from the retreating crowd, and surveys Dag.]—Dost thou not rejoice at thy monarch's nuptials?

Dag. I am a foreigner.

Gow. Whence art thou come?

Dag. From Rome.—I have been a miserable sinner, and for the sake of gain once entered into the service of the Saxon heathens. With them I burnt and plundered many a cloister—many a church—till Heaven at length taught me to repent. I journeyed to Ireland, in hopes that the pious bishop Wilfrid would grant me absolution, but he sent me to Rome. I promised to deliver his greeting to some knights here, and for that purpose travel through this country on my return to Ireland.

Gow. To Ireland, sayst thou?

Dag. Yes.

Gow. To whom dost thou bring greeting, from the pious bishop Wilfrid?

Dag. To Clovis and one Gowar.

Gow. Dost thou know them?

Dag. I know the former. He gave me a friendly welcome last night when I arrived. The other has only resided here five years—I am I do not know.

Gow. I see he.

Dag. You!

Gow. Yes. I am Gowar.

Dag. That is possible. If it be true, expect me here—I shall soon return.

Gow. Hold! Answer me a question. If thou dost answer it according to my wish, my house

and home shall be thine, and thou shalt want no comfort in thy declining years.—(*Looks suspiciously round.*)—Didst thou never hear that some time ago a monarch sat upon this throne, called Dagobert?

Dag. Undoubtedly, but—peace be to his soul—it must now be ten years since he died.

Gom. Didst thou hear nothing more of him in Ireland?

Dag. As I tell you, I heard that Dagobert with his name, and—

Gom. Not that he was alive?

Dag. How! Alive!

Gom. It is said that he lives with the pious Wilfrid.

Dag. Indeed!—(*Aside.*)—Were this Gomar—but I dare not.—

Gom. What matterst thou respecting Gomar?

Dag. I wish much to see him, that I may be enabled to proceed on my journey.

Gom. By Heaven thou art the first who ever dared to doubt my name.

Dag. Pardon me, noble knight. I was not formerly suspicious, but many circumstances I have witnessed during my pilgrimage have made me so. It is said, too, that many villainous transactions have taken place at this court. Be not incensed at the freedom of my speech. If we knew each other, I might address you in a very different manner.

Gom. Thou art a strange elf.

Dag. Strange indeed in this ragged mantle.

Gom. Come with me to my house. I will give thee a hearty welcome.

Dag. I thank you, knight, but my way lies through that street. Farewell.

Gom. Stay. There comes Clovis. Thou wilt now hear who I am.

[Dag. retires.

Enter CLOVIS.

Clo. Oh Heaven, have I at last found you? Instantly accompany me. I will with a single word breathe fire into your every vein.—*(Whisper to his ear.)*

Gem. God of Heaven! Arrived!—Peace, friend.—*We are not alone.*—*(Points to Dag.)*

Dag. Clovis, knowest thou thy guest?

Clo. Heaven! 'Tis he himself—my research.—How dare you—*at such a time—in such a place.*

Dag. Be at ease. Who will think of seeing the deceased Dagobert in this mean habit! Even the perfidy of my people, who could so soon forget me, is a security against all dangers. Who will interest himself about a beggar?—*Even now, a herald was here, proclaiming the adhesion union.* Oh, Clovis, his words spell'd my soul like the name of the Almighty.

Gem.—*(Who has been lost in astonishment, throws himself at Dagobert's feet.)*—Blest be the hour at which I am again allowed to see my King. Behold a faithful subject at your feet. In this bosom beats the heart of an honest Frank. Think not you are forgotten. Time and deception have clouded the recollection of you in the minds of your people; but in every heart is lodged the thought that Dagobert is the last branch of the royal family. This thought will excite every one to noble deeds.—Let us rouse the latent spark.

Dag. That will we, by the Almighty. Rise, Frank, and come into the arms of a Frank.—*(Embraces him.)*—And now, friends, what think you of Adalgundis?—The faithless wench!

Clo. Tyranny, and the artifice of Grimoald have compelled her to take this step. Often have I heard

her toward your death with floods of tears. Oh, if she knew you were alive—

Dag. To you my friends, as well as to her, my fate was unknown. You were ignorant how I fell into the traitor's snare, how my subjects were deceived as to my death, and how vilely I was treated. You knew not that I was dragged by hired slaves into the remote deserts of Ireland, where I was doomed to undergo slavery and want. No. You thought me dead, yet still remained faithful to your sovereign and justice. But she—To-day we shall see whether virtue, or a shameful attachment to Childbert and regal pomp will guide her actions. Friends, I fear my wife is lost,—for a faithful wife would sooner throw herself into the arms of death than the arms of an usurper.—To-day I must see her—so-day I must be convinced.

Clu. Yet hazard not too much.

Dag. He, who has lost every thing but life, can hazard nothing—for death is a blessing to him.

Gow. But he who has friends, has not lost every thing.

Dag.—(*Buried in reflection.*)—Are a king's friends real friends?

Clu. How?

Gow.—(*Displeased.*)—I love the man who deserves it, whether he be king or slave.

Dag.—(*Still in deep meditation.*)—You—see her I want,—her and my Ada—this very day. Oh, if it be true, the thrones of the dastard are solitary compared to mine.

Clu. My Liege!

Dag. Do you know me?

Gow. You are our King. We acknowledge no other.

Dag. Do not fancy that my senses are bewildered. No, my friends. I mean to ask whether you know me in this habit.—Clovis, when I last night came to

your house, you did not know me—nor did you, Gormar, recognize me to-day. You thought me a poor foreign pilgrim.—'Tis well.—No one will discover who I am. Go home, or elsewhere, as your concerns may direct—but lay not your sword aside, nor sleep, for you might be suddenly awake. In an hour go to the palace.—See, see! Some one comes hastily this way.

Gorm. It is Clodomer.—Conceal yourself.

Clod. He has not perceived me. Withdraw with me.

Dag. I shall remain here.

Gorm. Then are you lost. He is Grimbold's slave.

Dag. He cannot know me.

Clod. But he knows us as he disaffected men, as he terms it, and attends to his master. The villain will become suspicious. Go, if you please. I will remain.—(Both appear anxious and distressed.)

Enter Clodomer.

Clod. Well, knights, why thus solitary?—Come to the nuptial banquet at the palace.—(To Dag.)—Who art thou?

Dag. A poor man, whose Heaven has allowed to penetrate into the secret mysteries of futurity.

Clod. A soothsayer,—a sort of prophet I suppose!

Dag. True—but not one of those, who are usually met with. My art has been acknowledged and admired in every country.

Clod. Then you have been telling those knights a few truths, I suppose—and very unpleasant truths they must be, if I may judge by their looks.—You, Mr. Soothsayer, come with me to the palace. I'll make your fortune—but you must banish all serious

matter, and prophecy nothing but happiness. Come.

—(To Clo. and Gem.)—Will you go with us?

Clo. Gladiolus, I shall not part with this stranger. I received him into my house, and hospitality demands that he should remain there.

Clof. Is he not safe in the palace?

Clo. He will be ridiculed.

Clof.—(To Dag.)—May we not joke with thee?

Dag. I am seriously inclined, but will accompany you. I may, perhaps, to-day afford some scraps ment to the courtiers.

Clof. There thou art right. But the stars say what they will—but be merry, be merry—for as one wishes to be told that he is to be well tomorrow, or murdered the next day. If I were in thy place, I would prophesy that thou shalt be killed to-morrow. This requires parry. I have a sword which I think befit and suit thee. I give it to thee. Thou look like mine unto the very hilt. But I am wasting time—though I am very fond of talking on subjects where skill and address are necessary. I feel at home on these subjects, as every one in the palace will tell you. Go thither with me.—Clovis, I will be answerable for his safety.

Clo. That will I myself. Come with me.—(Takes Dagobert's hand, and attempts to lead him away.)

Clof. Clovis you are too forward.

Clo. Clovis can never be too forward, when addressing Gladiolus.

Dag. Content you, knights, respecting me. Noble Clovis, I thank you for your hospitality.—(To Clof.)—Come, lead me to the palace.

Clof. For ten years, Clovis, I have warned you to speak more temperately—you cannot.

[Exit with Dag.

(Clo. attempts to follow, but is detained by Gem.)

Gen. Did you observe with what eagerness he availed himself of an apology for being admitted into the palace? His eye seemed to prognosticate some mighty deed. It burned with lustre indescribable.

Cla. Gomar, he shall mount the throne of his ancestors, if my body be the first step to it. Heaven knows that my intentions are pure, and that royal favour is not my object. But shall Franks be any longer ruled with a rod of iron? Oh, Gomar, posterity will not believe that a man of spirit existed among us—

Gen. Come, Clovis. Let us announce to our friends the longed-for King's return.

Cla. Right—then, observe his every step in the palace—defend him—and die for him.

Gen. Or protect him, and live for Ada.

Cla. Gomar, what mean you?

Gen. Do you no longer love her?

Cla. Friend, the question is a dagger to my heart.—Oh, Ada, Ada, thou art lost to me.

Gen. Lost! when you appear to have reached the goal of your wishes?

Cla. Lost, lost for ever.

Gen. Can Dagobert refuse to grant his friend and protector—

Cla. Instant the question. Would not the world say that Clovis was interested in the restoration of Dagobert? No. Never shall private advantage influence me. What I do for Dagobert, my conscience and my honour command me to do for my King. No one can bestow upon me the hand of Ada, but Ada herself. Clovis cannot be a hireling, and accept a recompense for his actions, but enough. Let us begin. Our monarch's situation demands our instant attendance. [Exeunt.

ACT THE SECOND.

Scores are Reported in the Future

Enter GUYANA and Guyanese.

[illegible]

CH. Oh, my father! joy comes not always when wished for. How if our good fortune were eventually to prove the reverse.

Girl: Thank you, thank you! (Muffled) — my King!

Chi. Oh what a real it is that I am a King, while
unimportant I am! I am not a King.

Ques—(In a disrespectful tone.)—Step?

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

Gr. Oh that I had not implanted royal notions in your mind! You diagnose a "Madness." I am the prop of your greatness, and my counsel supports you on the throne to which my cautions raised you. Without me you would be left no more of

GRÉ. Go, visit Adelpaëda, and beg her to fix an hour for the solemnization of your nuptials.

CHI. Allow me a few moments—let me reflect—

GRÉ. Reflect! This conduct is absurd.

CHI. Absurd, indeed, to be dazzled by the splendour of a crown, and hasty any peace of mind for regal pomp. Be not angry, my father. Allow me for a moment to be really a King and to speak frankly. You told me that I should find happiness on the throne, whereas ease has been my constant companion. I am the slave of a whole nation, and my smallest error is censured with severity by thousands. The world requires much of him, who steps forward from millions, and ventures on the government of millions.

GRÉ. Be you the King, and let the government rest with me.

CHI. Alas! shall I for once sacrifice my peace of mind—may even be deprived of what most dignifies a King—the power of doing good?

GRÉ. Who deprives you of this?

CHI. In fact the power itself, for the oppressed sufferer is so far removed from the throne, that his complaints cannot reach the monarch's ear.

GRÉ. The meanest slave could not harrow nations more degraded. I have raised you so high that your shallow brain rocks. Tired that I was!

Enter CLAUDE.

CLAU. A trifling circumstance may be productive of successful results.

GRÉ. Why this remark?

CLAU. You shall know. It is evident how difficult it is to persuade the Queen that her union with King Cléopâtre is proper. You know how she weeps, and talks of her dear Dagobert.

Chl. Is this all you have to say?

Clod. By no means, for what I have said is merely a prelude to what you shall now hear. I have remarked that all women have one weakness, and that is a sort of nervous susceptibility. An occurrence, to which a man would pay no attention, has often great effect upon a female mind. I see you are impatient. I now come to the point. About an hour ago, as I was coming towards the palace, I met with a southsayer, whom I have brought with me—a learned man, I assure you. He told me every circumstance that had happened to me since I lived at court.—How if you were to introduce this man to the Queen, and make him the vehicle of your wishes?

Grä. Right, Clodomir. He must say that this union is the decree of Heaven.

Clod. Such was my idea.

Grä. That the welfare of the kingdom, as well as her own, demands it.

Clod. Certainly.

Chl. What a paltry artifice!

Grä. Thanks, Clodomir! Adalgarde's sorrow, whether real or assumed, will be thereby moderated. You must give the man proper instructions.

Clod. To make the matter more probable, some other person must consult this man in the presence of the queen. For instance, you, Gracilda. Consult him respecting yourself.—

Grä. I—~~—~~—I don't wish that. King Dagobert, will you not go to Adalgarde?

Chl. Of course I must.

[Exit.

Grä. Hear me, Clodomir. I am by no means satisfied with my son's conduct. His mind is not superior to common prejudices. His heart is soft as wax. A deed, which he condemns as infamous, appears to him, when exhibited in another light, worthy of imitation. Paint the phantom, which he

calls Victor, in gloomy colours, and he will fly from it as if it were Vice. His affection for me has restrained him from many a silly action.

Clod. Very good qualities for a King, who is under your direction.

Gri. Clodomir, ask this soothsayer—but you must not suppose I pay any regard to such things, for that would be ridiculous—yet—perhaps—ask him if Dagobert be dead.—I must own this idea ‘now and then’—Clodomir, you were the cause of my *spoiling* his life.

Clod. I own ‘it, and am sorry for it. I was then weak, and selfish sensation of pity had a place in my bosom.—But be at ease. Dismiss, and your firmly-entrenched power make it of little consequence whether he be dead or not.—What were you about to say of your son?

Gri. I fear that when Adalgunda becomes acquainted with his weaknesses—

Clod. At all events, then, my advice, if at one time bad, was at another good. Did I not advise you to place the crown on your own head?

Gri. True. I ought to have done so.

Clod. And is it now too late?

Gri. Had I a younger son, he should be a godlike King. I would instil into his mind my firm and lofty sentiments.

Clod. And Childbert?

Gri. Childbert?—How can Clodomir ask such a question? Clodomir should be the first to answer it, were the case at hand.

Clod. I *belly* wished to see whether you had arrived so far in state-policy that even your own son—

Gri. Peace! Go and instruct the soothsayer.

Clod. Another word. You know my attachment to you, Grimbald. I have just had a dispute with Clota respecting this soothsayer, in the course of

which he called me the cowardly slave of an infamous serpent.

Ger. Ha! That was aimed at me, and I will aim a deadly blow at him in return. Cursed be thy love of the people—cursed be his hypocritical and calm demeanour, which counteracts all my attempts to destroy him. But the vengeance of Grimbald awaits him—he shall not escape it.

Clod. Shall I do what you desired?

Ger. Yes.—(Exit Clod.)—He shall not escape it, if even I tell myself protect him. Not one friend or relation of Dagobert will I spare. The sight of any one of them is torture to me. Hope cheerful and delighted was I, when this morning dawned—yet now my mind is again oppressed. But why? What do I fear?—Damnation! I'll find repose even if I purchase it with streams of blood. [Exit.

Scene, the Queen's Anti-chamber. Enter DAGOBERT, escorted by CLAUDIA.

Dag. Are these the Queen's apartments?

Clod. They are. The King is with her.

Dag. Ha! Childobert with her!

Clod. How can that concern thee? Nor hear what it is necessary thou shouldst know? Thou hast, without doubt, been told that Childobert is about to marry Adalgunda.

Dag. Happy may they be! They are worthy of each other.

Clod. Adalgunda is, nevertheless, sad, and incessantly laments the loss of her husband. For ten years have we urged every soul and spacious argument in favour of this union, but in vain. Yesterday we at length prevailed upon her to alter her resolution, though it is evident she does it more from despair than inclination. Thou shalt tell her

that this alliance is decreed by Heaven—that the welfare of the state requires it, and so forth. Thou knowest the influence which the declaration of a seerthruwer has upon the mind of women. Shouldst thou pityest so far as to ally her struggles and remove her sorrow, thou wilt have cause to regret a monarch's penitence throughout thy life.

Dag. It will not be difficult to dry her tears.

Chief. Think'st thou her sorrow is feared?

Dag. Were it not, she never would have consented to become the wife of Childsbort.

Chief. So thou'gt I. Where is the woman, who after a lapse of ten years, needs consolation for the loss of her husband?

Dag. True.

Chief. And such a handsome monarch as Childsbort, might console many a one before the death of her husband.

Dag. Hst! Hst! You are wise, I perceive.

Chief. And she had been married to Dagobert seven years when he died.

Dag. Died!

Chief.—*(Aside.)*—How? What mean'st thou?

Dag.—*(Aside.)*—I shall betray myself.

Chief. Is he, then, not dead?

Dag. Awakened he is. Theden me. I am always alarmed when I hear of death. I was many years absent from my native home. I was thought to be dead. My paternal inheritance was seized by others, and on my return, several people thought me a spectre, and died through alarm.

Chief. Now, there is something so dreadful in thy look—

Dag. You make a poor pilgrim.

Chief. Thou art not a common seerthruwer. Canst thou predict my future destiny?

Dag. The book of fate is open to me. Of thee nothing is written but—"He was the confidential

adviser of Grimbold, and therefore the doer of his deeds."

Clo.—[*Aside.*]—He almost starts me. Cannot thou not interpret this?

Dag. No. It is the will of the Almighty that Dagobert shall do the rest. Were I to interpret the words of fate, I must write them with thy heart's blood.

Clo.—[*Aside.*]—This man must be disposed of. Hear me.—The Queen will soon be here. Come with me, and station thyself at the door, till I send Bruno, who will introduce thee to her. Thou hast not forgotten my instructions?

Dag. Forgetfulness is not one of my faults. I will do every thing in my power.

Clo. Come, then. [Exeunt.]

Enter ADELONDA and ANA.

Adel. Alas, my poor girl, the misfortunes of your mother destroy the pleasures which life would otherwise afford you. But try to be more cheerful. Look calmly into futurity, for you are free from any hard lot. Fate does not unite you to a man whom you abhor. Willingly my Ada, would I have concealed my sorrows in my own bosom, but the time is arrived when I must disclose them to you. When your noble father Dagobert was living, Grimbold already fixed his hopes upon the crown. My husband was young, and was too easily misled by Grimbold, whose counsel often caused rebellion. Cold Clorinda was your father's guardian angel. Often did he denounce the treacherous conduct of the minister, but in vain. The villain had too firmly ingrained himself, and when old Clorinda fell in battle, he smiled with satisfaction, for he knew Grimbold had now no opponent—Dagobert no friend. All who were honest

were dismissed from court, and fasting syrophants supplied their places. When you were about six years of age, Dagobert permitted me to take you with me on a visit to my father. Scarcely had we passed one day with him, ere a messenger announced to me my husband's death. We instantly returned, and found Childobert on the throne. Oh, my Ada, a dreadful suspicion took root in my soul. Every night my sleep was disturbed by horrid dreams, and the pale form of Dagobert appeared to me, claiming revenge on Grimbald and Childobert.

Ada. Revenge!

Adel. Oh, Ada, you are not yet acquainted with the villany of which mankind is capable. Young Clovis was the last male branch of Dagobert's race. His claims to the crown were indisputable, yet Childobert still wears it. Clovis is hated and persecuted, and nothing but the love of a whole nation protracts his life. And now Ada, the usurper marries me, that I may protect him from your father's friends—from justice—from myself.

Adel. Will you bestow your hand for such a purpose?

Ada. My hand is all he requires—he shall have it, and then—but you are too young to comprehend the lofty project. Ada, then will I behold upon the throne, with Clovis at thy side. The duty which I owe to the nation and to the blood of Dagobert, compels me to take this step.—Clovis is a man of magnanimity and honour. He is worthy of my daughter and the crown.

Ada. Oh, my mother! you shall not sacrifice your happiness to passionate men.

Adel. Shall Grimbald's house rule over Franks? Shall Dagobert's descendants obey? Who comes there!

Enter BRUNO.

Bru. A man of most singular appearance requests an audience of your Majesty.

Adel. What does he want?

Bru. I found him at the door, and as far as I could judge, he was in conversation with himself; soon as he espied me, he requested I would introduce him to your Majesty.

Adel. Conduct him hither.

Adl. I dare say it is that stranger, who came to the palace a few hours since. He is a soothsayer.

Adel. We will hear what he has to say.

Bruno introduces DAGONET, who enters slowly and with his face half covered.

Dag. Heaven bless you, gracious Queen—and you, fair Princess!

Adl. How dreadful is the sound of his voice! Let him not proceed, dear mother.

Adel. Of what are you afraid? Be at ease. You are a soothsayer, I understand?

Dag. I am.—(*Adel.*)—The sight of her almost overpowers me.—(*Adel.*)—My art has been acknowledged in many lands.

Adel. Do you know my future destiny?

Dag. Most perfectly. Let this knight withdraw.—(*Adel.* gives a hint to *Bru.* who gives.)—Shall I proceed?

Adel. Do so.

Dag. 'Tis well. Then hear me.—Loonly are all the horrors of nature—lovely is the penitence which saves the hopeful youth from the arms of his old helpless father—lovely is death, when it overtakes the suckling on the cold bosom of its dead mother—lovely is the tempest which rages through the

acorns and swallow thousands—lovely are all the horrors of nature when compared to the heart of a woman, who has forsaken the path of virtue, and nourishes a sinful passion.

Ada. Oh! dearest mother, command him to be silent.

Adel. His raving concerns not us.—I desired you would disclose to me my destiny. Do so if you can, and speak mildly.

Dag. Require you mild and gentle terms of me? No, wife of Dagobert, my words shall be thunder-bolts to thy soul. Then didst once wear the semblance of innocence,—from thy lips proceeded the words of virtue—then wert to thy Dagobert every thing—he every thing to thee. Then didst vow to him eternal fidelity and love—and now art about to disgrace his memory by giving thy hand to an usurper—to the usurper who robbed thee of thy husband.

Adel. Hold! Robbed me of my husband!

Dag.—(*Aside.*)—Oh, I can refrain no longer.—(*Aloud.*)—Robbed thee of me, Adelgunda.

Adel. You!

Dag. Woman, this dagger can wound none but the guilty. If Adelgunda be innocent, let her approach.

Adel.—(*Approaches him.*)—I am innocent.

Dag.—(*Throws his hat away and opens his mantle.*)—Adelgunda!

Adel. Gracious Heavens! Oh? beloved shade, take me to thee.

Dag. Dost thou still love me?

Adel. Ever ever! For ever!—(*Slides senseless into his arms.*)

CLODOMER rushes in.

Cld. Wretch, I have heard all.

Step. Then have thou heard too much.—(Strike him.)—Hearst to tell who I am.

(*And. Help! Oh!—(Steps a few steps, falls and expires. Adelgunda sinks into the arms of Arta, who conducts her to a couch, and talks her with grief.)*)

Phys.—(Krebs).—Just Judge of all unskilled, thou hast not here from my bosom was from every sympathetic intention. The love of my people, of my wife, and of me which have taught me to distrust the the heavens, and give me on the earth, the world is the only one that I can trust.

mother.

Day 1 and 2: ... for ...
 Day 3 and 4: ... for ...

1. *Abstract* (No. 1) 1
 2. *Journal* (No. 2) 2

[illegible]

Age Group	Percentage
18-24	~10%
25-34	~25%
35-44	~45%
45-54	~65%
55-64	~85%
65+	~95%

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 284: 2689-2695.

14 Why does the black pirate not wait then threatening look? He gives the dagger against me.

What are you reading, now?

And a dreadful dream appears me. I see
the father—he wanted to murder me.

John: Murder you? No, dear mother. He was kind towards you.

What kind? Did you ever like one?

Ada. Surely I did. I saw him on his knees, praying to Heaven—

1000

Ada. You, and he then pressed me close to his beating heart, and gave me a kiss for you.

Adel. And left me without saying farewell—me—his Adalgonda!

Ada. He kissed you, and wept over you, as you lay senseless on the couch. But not, mother! Thine son Clodomir, whom he killed.

Adel. Heaven! Who killed him?

Ada. The man—my father.

Adel. I was not deceived then? His lion—my Dagobert still lives. Pursue him, guardian angels! But will he not, must he not, fall a victim to the grass.—(*Edwin Grimbold.*)—Oh, God!

Enter GUENALD and BRUNO.

Gri. You start at my approach, Queen: what a weight of sorrow hangs upon your brow! Why thus waste in sighs and lamentations the best part of your life? Is there on earth any thing which has been denied you? Is not every one eager to anticipate your wishes?

Bru.—(*Espeying Clodomir.*)—What do I see? Clodomir mangled!

Gri. Murdered! Clodomir! My friend! Who has been here? Haste, Bruno, try to discover the author of this bloody deed, and bring him hither instantly.—(*Exit Bruno.*)—Queen, this disordered look—pardon me, if my just indignation leads me too far—but on your glossy brow I read—tell me, who murdered Clodomir?—You must know.

Adel. 'Twas I.

Gri. You! Know you the consequence? Who gave you power over his life? But how can I for a moment think the gentle Adalgonda capable of such a deed! Queen, I once more beseech you to confess who is the murderer.

Adel. He fell by the hand of his judge—who is thy judge also. [*Exeunt Adel. and Ada.*]

Gri.—(*Looking after her with an astonished smile.*)—How can I order those mysterious words? She was the murderer! 'Tis well. If it be true, she shall pay dearly for the loss which I sustain.—(*Turns to Clodomir.*)—Poor boy! Thou hast raised thyself to my horror by a chain of crimes, and now—I did not wish to part with thee so soon, for thou wert certainly an useful slave. First should thy hand have dispatched Clovis, then mine had sent thee after him. But another instrument of vengeance may be found. Guards! Bear that body away.

Enter Brunon.

Bru. The murderer of Clodomir is in your power.

Gri. You are mistaken. Adalgunda herself inflicted the deadly blow.

Bru. She? Impossible! I have secured the assassin, and he will soon be here.

Gri. Who is he?

Bru. The seethayer, whom Clodomir himself brought to the palace. I introduced him to the Queen in this room by Clodomir's desire, and no one else had entered it. I found him with Clovis.

Gri. With Clovis!

Bru. Yes. I took some of the guards with me, who secured him. As soon as I accused him of the murder, he and Clovis turned pale, and both, forgetting themselves, exclaimed: "We are lost." Clovis then attempted to deny the fact, but I declared that the Queen had accused the seethayer.

Gri. 'Tis well. Did you secure Clovis also?

Bru. My orders did not extend so far.

Gri. Is this the effect of my reliance on you? Was not treachery manifest? Is it not evident that the seethayer is an assassin hired by Clovis—and

that his dagger was directed against me—against the King?—Bravo, as you value your life let Clotilde be secured.

Mrs. Haston.—

Gri. Hold! I have my reasons—you must bring Clotilde hither by the most private way. Now go.—*(Exit Brava.)*—It is evident that he intended the blow for me, and that this viper the Queen was party to the plot. Thanks be to God, for inspiring her with such an idea. Clotilde, thy death is of more service to me than was thy whole life. She shall not escape tho' let my policy has fixed for her. To my son will I commit her—then may she wrap till her right choke her. And thou, Clotilde! We will see whether thou can'st escape me?

Enter Dagobert, Grimbald.

Gri. How hast thou succeeded in thy mission to Clotilde?

Dag. Perfectly successful. I have secured every villain.

Gri. What is the reward thou hast?

Dag. Good! I have none. His appreciation is my reward.

Gri. Who art thou, wretch?

Dag. Who am I? Oh, wert thou free as angels from *ever*, other crime, my name would be thy condemnation.

Gri.—*(Aside.)*—This voice thrills through my veins. Does my coward heart deceive me? By Heaven, I'll dive into the mystery.—*(Approaches Dagobert.)*—Thou miserable hirling, who—*(Starts back unable to proceed.)*—Ha! Away with him! Confine him in the deepest dungeon. All your lives are answerable for his safety.

Dag. Once more, Grimbald, I warn thee that punishment sooner or later overtakes every villain.
[Exit guarded.]

[illegible]

Future Work The authors plan to continue to investigate the effects of the proposed system on the performance of the operators. The authors also plan to investigate the effects of the proposed system on the workload of the operators.

Bro. Edgar—Bro. Edgar, according to the scriptures,

Mrs. King, I hope you will be reported to find in you that best attribute of man which is capable of treason and re-education. But you see the hand of God protects the King.

of the. I wish not to associate with them. I detest them.

girl. The consciousness of thy infancy binds thy tongue.

Oh, Peace, obtain! Thy very looks declare thy
infancy.

1. **Identify the problem.** The first step in the design process is to identify the problem. This involves understanding the user's needs and the context in which the product will be used.

Hander says, "I've been told that I'm not the only one who's been in the same boat."

Gen. Yr.
 Spec. Yr.
 Vol. 18.

the castle. *Asses*, you shall receive further orders from me.

Bos. Follow me.

(Exeunt Bosca, Clotilda, and guards.)

Gril. Now, *Fortune*, aid me in the execution of the work, which, by thy assistance, I have so happily begun.

ACT THE THIRD.

(Scene, a garden. Enter GOMAR, conducted by an attendant.)

Gom. I have been told that you are a learned man, and that you are a good man.

Gril. I am a good man, and a learned man. Every man is good who is truly employed, and every man is learned who is truly employed.

Sol. Harren bids you, noble knight! But see, the Queen approaches. *(Exit.)*

Enter ANACREON.

Gril. It is so long since I beheld you, Gomar, that I scarcely recollect you. My eye is quite unused to the sight of worthy men. Welcome.—*(Perceives her hand to him.)*—You live comfortably, I hope.

Gom. I live ever ready to sacrifice my existence for your welfare.

Gril. I thank you, faithful Gomar. You are not in your proper sphere. A camp was always more

agreeable to your feelings than a coast. You live retired, no doubt?

Queen. I do, gracious Queen—retired, unregarded,
—by many despised. Yet—(with energy)—would
it not be a disgrace to my house and ancestors if
I lived otherwise in these times?

added. You are the man I expected Gornar would remain. The times have not altered you.

from. In truth, as little as I have altered the lines. When I have resolved on a particular journey, I do not turn and shudder at my purpose, because the cold north wind blows in my face. But may I request to know without delay why you have not done so?

Proof.—If $\text{diag}(\mathbf{y}) \in \mathcal{D}_{n,d}$ then any thing of interest

Dr. A. K. Kharadke (IIT Bombay) presented a paper on the use of the finite element method in the analysis of the stress distribution in the welds of a ship hull. The paper was presented in the form of a paper and a poster.

...that preaching has
...that death pays him.

...ed with him to-day, as the
... returned, poor nuptial-

He was a man of great strength and courage, and he was a man of great faith. He was a man of great love, and he was a man of great hope. He was a man of great wisdom, and he was a man of great power. He was a man of great grace, and he was a man of great glory. He was a man of great honor, and he was a man of great respect. He was a man of great dignity, and he was a man of great authority. He was a man of great influence, and he was a man of great impact. He was a man of great legacy, and he was a man of great fame. He was a man of great reputation, and he was a man of great renown. He was a man of great honor, and he was a man of great respect. He was a man of great dignity, and he was a man of great authority. He was a man of great influence, and he was a man of great impact. He was a man of great legacy, and he was a man of great fame. He was a man of great reputation, and he was a man of great renown.

Add. No, Gomar! You do not know all. I too saw him. Chloëmar surprised him in my arms, and he drew the villain that he might not be betrayed.

Gom. You saw him!

Add. Oh, Gomar, I cannot describe to you how his look pierced to my soul. Joy and fear assailed my heart so violently that my senses fled.

Gom. But what will be the end of those preparations for the nuptial feast?

Add.—*(Gives him a parchment.)*—Read that.—*(Gomar reads.)*—Oh God, thou didst inspire my soul with the thought grant me strength to execute it, when the destined hour arrives.—*(Gomar has perused the parchment, and gazes at her with astonishment and admiration.)*—Oh what are you meditating?

Gom. Great woman! Heaven will not allow the guilty to triumph, but—*(Pointing to the parchment.)*—your life is in wildest danger.

Add. Oh, let me talk if I be in danger.

Gom. Can I be said to save a man, if, in order to guard him against poison, I plunge a poniard in his heart? No, therefore, I cannot allow this.

Add. Where will you find assistance?

Gom.—*(Drawing his sword.)*—Here. There are many, who will be ready to support our cause. Before the outset of the task will I describe your virtues and exalted resolution. I will speak to them as brothers this man, who is speaking for his King and native land.

Add. Oh, may Heaven add strength to your words!

Gom. Doubt it not. But one thing more would I know and I leave the palace.

Add. What is it?

Gom. I must speak to my Monarch and to Cloria. Know you who guards the dungeon?

Adel. Alas, Gomar! I too have, for an hour, been devising means of gaining admittance to the dungeon. Now if I were, in person, to request of Childbert an interview with Charles. If I beg, this as his first favour to his bride, he will not deny it, especially as he has no suspicion but that my husband is a stranger—and a murderer. I know that Bruno was commissioned by Grimbold to conduct the two prisoners towards evening into one dungeon.

Gom. Into one dungeon. There, then, it is intended to execute them.

Adel. Oh, Gomar!

Gom. Believe me, Grimbold has recognised him.

Adel. No, dear Gomar, he cannot have recognised him, or he would not otherwise towards me.

Gom. Be that as it may, we must attempt his rescue immediately.

Adel. Hark! I thought I heard some one. Heaven! how much more had I to say! But I must withdraw. My friend, bear in mind the fate of your unfortunate March. Be the protector of virtue, and animate your friends—oh, could my tears accompany your words—Gomar, tell them that I thus implore their aid—*(Knocking.)*—Let me—let me—noble Gomar! Behold a weeping wife—oh, save my husband, and to thee will I eternally acknowledge my obligations for happiness and life.

Gom.—*(Knocking her.)*—Queen, you have filled my soul with anguish. Conspect ye! My soul for your welfare and the welfare of my King—cannot be inflamed. Am I not bound to ever every nerve by all that is most sacred to me?

Adel. Farewell, then, worthy man. May thy words be as irresistible, and thy deeds as successful as thy enterprise is great and noble. Farewell.

[Exit.]

Gom. Heaven be thanked for having sent us this angel in our distress!—*(Re-peruses the parchment.)*—

Fin! What must a man do in such a case.—*(Hears footsteps, and hastily conceals the parchment.)*

Enter BRUNA.

Bra. Ha! You really here, Gomar?

Gom. You, Bruna.

Bra. I thought I saw you in the court of the palace, and the sight was so extraordinary that I resolved to see whether it was true or not. I was looking for you——

Gom. And have found me here. Why, truly, Bruna, I myself scarcely know how I found my way hither. I believe ten years have elapsed since I was under this roof.

Bra. And for what reason are you come to-day. May I know it?

Gom. No.

Bra. Why?

Gom. Because you are a courtier.

Bra. Gomar, I know what this word implies, when you use it. I feel the reproach—but it is well that I have an opportunity of conversing with you. Why do you always treat me with mortifying contempt? I have often called at your house, but you had always instructed your servants not to admit me. This hurt me. Why did you act thus towards me?

Gom. I was afraid that you might not agree with me as to the proper title of your King, in which case I should have set fire to my own house, which so much belongs to me as this palace—does not belong to your King.

Bra. I do not comprehend a word of this!

Gom. So much the better, for I said it a day too soon. But say more! Farewell.

Bra. Gomar, you shall not leave me with hatred or contempt. Hear me; do you think I am a cour-

her by choice? That am I not. You know that I was educated by your father. He adopted me as his child, and was to me more than a father.—*(Much affected.)*—Many a tear do I shed when I recollect his kindness. My happiness and hopes were buried with him. Forsaken and without help, necessity compelled me to enter into the service of the great.

Goss. Forsaken and without help?

Rev. What resource was open to me?

Goss. Resources!—Bravo, what was my father's name?

Rev. Gossart.

Goss. And what is mine?

Rev.—(Starts.)—Oh, I understand you. Gossart, your name, how shall I thank you? Behold me as your son.—*(Kneels.)*

Goss. Having so that country's example! Degraded and human nature. Why did you form an wrong an opinion of me as to duty that I inherited nothing from my father but his name and property? Why did you leave my house? Was it not your house? Did I not call you my brother?

Rev.—(Rushes into his arms.)—Thank Heaven, my heart once more beats against the bosom of a worthy man. I myself now feel better than I was. Farewell, splendid palace, thou grave of liberty, thou cradle of vice. Oh, Gossart, I beseech you, lead me away.

Goss. No, Bravo. You must remain here.

Rev. Remain!

Goss. The duty of a worthy man is to prove his native land and justice. Will you do this?

Rev. How humiliating is the question!

Goss. Stay where you are, then—and now tell me where Clève and the stranger who killed Clodomir are?

Rev. Both in prison.

Goss. Can you conduct me to them?

Bra. Come!

Gen. Can you do this, I say?

Bra. Dare I if I can?

Gen. How!

*Bra. I have sworn to be faithful and silent—
Should I be worthy of your friendship, if I—*

*Gen. To whom did you swear fidelity?—To an infamous traitor.—You, Bruno—why shall I check the sentiments of my overflowing heart? Why, like a slave, close my lips, and confine my turbulent thoughts within this prison? I tell thee, Bruno, thou hast combined with vice to oppress every thing great and noble under the sun. Thy oath is a crime. Among honest men oaths are unnecessary, and he who is not bound by an inward sanction of duty, will never be bound by a word. The villain, who required an oath of thee, thought thee a villain like himself, and if thou didst swear, thou—
I am ashamed of finishing the sentence.*

Bra. Did you come hither to insult me?

Gen. Thus I may not insult you, I will go.

Bra. Come—your virtues are surely that you require nothing of me which is wrong—I will conduct you to the prisoners.

Gen. When?

Bra. In two hours I shall bring them both into our dungeon.

Gen. I cannot come so soon. I do not know how long business may detain me with some friends.

Bra. You will find me ready at any time.

Gen. Enough! Farewell. I hear some one.

[Exit.]

Bra. I fear the warmth of grateful friendship has led me too far. Every thing to-day appears to me dark and mysterious, as if some great event were about to happen. But what Gomar undertakes cannot—

References

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[About Us](#)
[Products](#)
[Services](#)
[Contact Us](#)

Figure 1 consists of two bar charts. The left chart is titled 'All respondents' and the right chart is titled 'Respondents who have been personally affected by the economic crisis'. Both charts show the percentage of respondents for three levels of agreement: 'Strongly agree' (black bars), 'Somewhat agree' (grey bars), and 'Disagree' (white bars). The y-axis represents the percentage from 0 to 100. The x-axis represents the level of agreement.

Level of Agreement	All respondents (%)	Respondents who have been personally affected by the economic crisis (%)
Strongly agree	~45	~65
Somewhat agree	~45	~30
Disagree	~10	~5

girl. Then it was a shadow which fled from the
palace.

Abstract

Gov. George: What brought him hither? What would he?

Ans. He will have no interest.

Gov. I am sorry I did not meet him. He is a
worthwhile man.

1. **Abstract**
 2. **Introduction**
 3. **Methods**
 4. **Results**
 5. **Discussion**
 6. **Conclusion**
 7. **References**
 8. **Appendix**
 9. **Table 1**
 10. **Table 2**
 11. **Table 3**
 12. **Table 4**
 13. **Table 5**
 14. **Table 6**
 15. **Table 7**
 16. **Table 8**
 17. **Table 9**
 18. **Table 10**
 19. **Table 11**
 20. **Table 12**
 21. **Table 13**
 22. **Table 14**
 23. **Table 15**
 24. **Table 16**
 25. **Table 17**
 26. **Table 18**
 27. **Table 19**
 28. **Table 20**
 29. **Table 21**
 30. **Table 22**
 31. **Table 23**
 32. **Table 24**
 33. **Table 25**
 34. **Table 26**
 35. **Table 27**
 36. **Table 28**
 37. **Table 29**
 38. **Table 30**
 39. **Table 31**
 40. **Table 32**
 41. **Table 33**
 42. **Table 34**
 43. **Table 35**
 44. **Table 36**
 45. **Table 37**
 46. **Table 38**
 47. **Table 39**
 48. **Table 40**
 49. **Table 41**
 50. **Table 42**
 51. **Table 43**
 52. **Table 44**
 53. **Table 45**
 54. **Table 46**
 55. **Table 47**
 56. **Table 48**
 57. **Table 49**
 58. **Table 50**
 59. **Table 51**
 60. **Table 52**
 61. **Table 53**
 62. **Table 54**
 63. **Table 55**
 64. **Table 56**
 65. **Table 57**
 66. **Table 58**
 67. **Table 59**
 68. **Table 60**
 69. **Table 61**
 70. **Table 62**
 71. **Table 63**
 72. **Table 64**
 73. **Table 65**
 74. **Table 66**
 75. **Table 67**
 76. **Table 68**
 77. **Table 69**
 78. **Table 70**
 79. **Table 71**
 80. **Table 72**
 81. **Table 73**
 82. **Table 74**
 83. **Table 75**
 84. **Table 76**
 85. **Table 77**
 86. **Table 78**
 87. **Table 79**
 88. **Table 80**
 89. **Table 81**
 90. **Table 82**
 91. **Table 83**
 92. **Table 84**
 93. **Table 85**
 94. **Table 86**
 95. **Table 87**
 96. **Table 88**
 97. **Table 89**
 98. **Table 90**
 99. **Table 91**
 100. **Table 92**
 101. **Table 93**
 102. **Table 94**
 103. **Table 95**
 104. **Table 96**
 105. **Table 97**
 106. **Table 98**
 107. **Table 99**
 108. **Table 100**
 109. **Table 101**
 110. **Table 102**
 111. **Table 103**
 112. **Table 104**
 113. **Table 105**
 114. **Table 106**
 115. **Table 107**
 116. **Table 108**
 117. **Table 109**
 118. **Table 110**
 119. **Table 111**
 120. **Table 112**
 121. **Table 113**
 122. **Table 114**
 123. **Table 115**
 124. **Table 116**
 125. **Table 117**
 126. **Table 118**
 127. **Table 119**
 128. **Table 120**
 129. **Table 121**
 130. **Table 122**
 131. **Table 123**
 132. **Table 124**
 133. **Table 125**
 134. **Table 126**
 135. **Table 127**
 136. **Table 128**
 137. **Table 129**
 138. **Table 130**
 139. **Table 131**
 140. **Table 132**
 141. **Table 133**
 142. **Table 134**
 143. **Table 135**
 144. **Table 136**
 145. **Table 137**
 146. **Table 138**
 147. **Table 139**
 148. **Table 140**
 149. **Table 141**
 150. **Table 142**
 151. **Table 143**
 152. **Table 144**
 153. **Table 145**
 154. **Table 146**
 155. **Table 147**
 156. **Table 148**
 157. **Table 149**
 158. **Table 150**
 159. **Table 151**
 160. **Table 152**
 161. **Table 153**
 162. **Table 154**
 163. **Table 155**
 164. **Table 156**
 165. **Table 157**
 166. **Table 158**
 167. **Table 159**
 168. **Table 160**
 169. **Table 161**
 170. **Table 162**
 171. **Table 163**
 172. **Table 164**
 173. **Table 165**
 174. **Table 166**
 175. **Table 167**
 176. **Table 168**
 177. **Table 169**
 178. **Table 170**
 179. **Table 171**
 180. **Table 172**
 181. **Table 173**
 182. **Table 174**
 183. **Table 175**
 184. **Table 176**
 185. **Table 177**
 186. **Table 178**
 187. **Table 179**
 188. **Table 180**
 189. **Table 181**
 190. **Table 182**
 191. **Table 183**
 192. **Table 184**
 193. **Table 185**
 194. **Table 186**
 195. **Table 187**
 196. **Table 188**
 197. **Table 189**
 198. **Table 190**
 199. **Table 191**
 200. **Table 192**
 201. **Table 193**
 202. **Table 194**
 203. **Table 195**
 204. **Table 196**
 205. **Table 197**
 206. **Table 198**
 207. **Table 199**
 208. **Table 200**
 209. **Table 201**
 210. **Table 202**
 211. **Table 203**
 212. **Table 204**
 213. **Table 205**
 214. **Table 206**
 215. **Table 207**
 216. **Table 208**
 217. **Table 209**

Ques: What are some aspects of Charles?

There's no need for any special conditions.

Gen. The King comes.—Gen.—(Exit Dign.)—Oh, that I could shake the weight of twenty years from me! Matters should then wear a very different aspect.

Future Considerations

What are the **main** **features** of the **new** **model**?

OK, I correct. Does not my duty require that I should report it, as well as for I explain?

Q. Now, you say that the question is not
my money, but the money of the Government. Must I
prove that the money is the Government's money, then
to consider it wrong, as you say it is my duty,
then, to not let that money go to build this school?
A. Yes.

Clot. Tell me—am I a mere shadow, even being?
Are you the King, and do I cheat the empty name?
Judge, then—*tyricide*—murder—on your soul rest the
sentence, not on mine. Is Clotius not a Frank?
The readiness of every Frank—

Chris: Contact me at another time, same telephone

—at present, answer me—shall Clovis die with the traitor?

Clé. Pardon the latter as he deserves—but Clovis is a Frank. He must be heard, and if he be guilty, he shall also suffer.—

Gré. Guilty! He is guilty of high treason.* Witnesses are ready to prove it. Of course, therefore, he has no farther privilege as a Frank.

Clé. Oh, I beseech you, my father, do not distress the nation the day of its misfortune.

Gré. I will not, unless I see by her determination.

Clé. She has just said she has recognised him, then.

Gré. Yes, she has recognised him.

Clé. I have just said she has denied her intention.—

Gré. I should not have been surprised, for circumstances are shown so materially fact—but believe me the foundation of her conduct was artifice. She yielded by opposition to enhance the value of the sacrifice. The sacred pride of *valoir* is the strongest passion of which a woman is susceptible. Adalgarda has been a Queen, and she will do any thing rather than cease to be a Queen. Yet if it be true that you have an utter aversion to this alliance, why, then—

Clé. What then, my father?

Gré. If I have thought your union with Adalgarda absolutely necessary, it was because I wished your throne and life protected from the power of Clovis. In the scale of our fortunes nothing was wanting—but the destruction of that man.

Clé. Who, nevertheless, is not a villain, if I know him.

* This was the only crime for which a Frank could be executed. Hence the scruples of Childbert.

Gri. You know him? how is that possible, when you do not know yourself. Your eye is dimmed by prejudice, and is misled by the varnish, which most men draw over their characters. Age and experience will teach you the truth of my doctrine. The heart of man is the shade of vice. Virtue is but the mask which covers it. You will, therefore, never be happy and secure but by possessing power—you will never be powerful but by knowing the weaknesses of mankind. Learn the art of dissimulation. It serves to conceal your own defects, and pry into those of others. Never appear what you are—you will thereby pay measure for measure. Feel that you are a King, and act as lord over all. Endeavour to bend the rodmen beneath your sceptre—they, in return, will teach the lower ranks submission, and in this protect them: for, of course, you must feel that you never can be greater than when every one else is far beneath you. In short, that I may return to our former subject—when Clovis is no more, you may choose a partner of your throne. I repeat that his blood was wanting in the scale of your fortune, and justice often it.

Ed. Has he really deserved death?

Gri. Dost thou think thy father—?

Ed. You are the judge—remember that—you are the judge.

Gri. Enough! I shall bring the sentence to your private room for signature. [Exit.

Ed. I'll follow you—Oh, how do I shudder this eagerness to shed the blood of unfortunate fellow-creatures! Even now I tremble at the thought of signing the sentence.—Wretched, wretched is he who is obliged to condemn, whilst he himself has reason to dread the condemnation of an All-knowing Judge. [Going.

Enter BRU.

Bru. My hope!

Chi. What mean you, Bruan?

Bru. I have a message, which I wish to converse with you upon, before I go.

Chi. I am at your service. I will return immediately, if you will wait a few moments when she sent me.

Bru. I will wait, if you will. [*Chi.* thought in *Chi.*'] I will wait, if you will.

Chi. I will.

Bru. I will wait, if you will.

Chi. I will wait, if you will. Again he has to go, and I have to wait. I will wait, if you will. [*Chi.* thought in *Chi.*']—Tell her I shall wait here. [*Exit.*]

Enter ADA.

Ada.—[*Thinking.*]*—*Where is he?

Bru. He will return in a few minutes. He did not expect you so immediately.

Ada. I thank you, Bruan. Let me wait his return, alone.—[*Exit Bru.*]*—*Oh, God, who didst inspire me with these feelings, lend me thy aid. I will wash the dagger from my mother's hand that vengeance may not overtake her.—Can such an act be wrong.—No. A voice within me declares it otherwise. Oh, Childsbert, I feel that I could hazard far more. Much as this step costs me, I could to save thee—yet wretch that I am!—I may not declare what I feel—I may not hope.

Enter CHILDSBERT.

Chi. Ada already here! Is it in my power to serve you? Speak! Command.

Ada.—[*Confused, and for some time in vain attempting to speak.*]—Oh, Heavens!—[*Sinks herself and hides her face.*]

Chi. What means this?—I own that I have ever thought your looks dejected, but never was the sorrow of your heart so evident as now. Tell me, I beseech you, the cause of your distress.—You are alone. Oh, recall the picture of our childhood, when friendship bound us to each other, when hand in hand we passed whole days in careless pleasure! Had Ada then a thought which was not known by Childsbart—and now suspicious, observed towards him?—Unhappy change!

Ada. Alas!—Childsbart became a King—and I—I was doomed to weep—

Chi. And to hate me.

Ada.—[*Starts.*]—Hate me, Childsbart!—Oh, pardon me—I was dreaming of our earlier years.

Chi.—[*Kneeling and with fervour.*]—Dream on, dream on, lovely Ada. Oh, am I the Childsbart, whom formerly—

Ada. What mean you—King? Release me—let me go to my mother.

Chi. Pardon me. I forgot myself—forgot the curse of Heaven which rests upon me, and makes me in Ada's eyes detestable.—But Bruno told me that you wished to see me!

Ada.—[*Aside.*]—Oh, that I durst speak of my father!—[*Aloud.*]—My mother requests you will permit her to have a conversation with Clovis in his prison.

Chi.—[*Starts, and is thoughtful for a few moments.*]—The Queen's wishes are my law. I will instruct an unknown but faithful man to be her guide.—[*Aside.*]—And that man shall be myself.

Ada. Will you allow me to accompany her?

Chi.—[*Embarassed.*]—H.—[*Aside.*]—What meanest

this? Ada wishes to see Clivia.—Happy man—happy men at the brink of the grave?

Ada. Oh, Heavens! What say you?

Chi. I was—no—fear not, for—why are you thus alarmed?

Ada. Childsbart, if I might ask another favour—

Chi. What!—Ask any thing—every thing—what I would most willingly grant in—my life.—Oh, speak!

Ada. Do not—do not solemnize your marriage with my mother—at least do not to-day—I conjure you by the joys and friendship of our earlier years—I cannot, dare not say more. *(Exit hastily.)*

Chi. Never, never, never!—Oh that I were but allowed to see through the glass which an every side surrounds me! Can an innocent affection have crept into her heart?—Oh why dost thou stand on thy guard.—Why do I shun this poor girl with horror? Would not Adabrand's long since extinguish every spark of affection for me which she might observe in her bosom? I'll speak to her—my heart shall speak to her, and were I see her heart cannot be silent. What anguish had I spared, what happiness had been my lot, if—Oh, God, God that I was, to be dazzled by the arts and boundless ambition of my father!—I am now a victim incapable of making my choice but by plunging into an abyss of infamy.—Yes. When have I thought that he who raises himself by artifice and villainy must support himself by the same disgraceful means, or sink lower than the rank from which he rose.

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, a subterraneous Dungeon. DAGOBERT is stretched on the Floor, and rests his Head upon a Stone.

Dag. In vain!—(*Alone.*)—The orgatrum which incessantly torments me, makes me the most wretched of mankind. They banish every ray of consolation from my mind. To fall from a throne to a prison is hard—harder than from a throne to the grave—Happy is he, who has never been visited by Fate, for the presence of all misfortunes is the recollection of former prosperity.—(*The door opens.*)—Welcome, whoever thou art. Doubtless thou art the messenger of death.

Enter Clovis, conducted by Rayno.

Whom do I see? Clovis!

Clo. At your Majesty's feet.

Dag.—(*Aside.*)—Inconceivable man!

Fra. Majesty!

Dag. You see his arms are disordered.

Clo. That are they not. Fear shall not urge me to deny my sovereignty.—(*Takes Dagobert's hand.*)—Now, if thou hast sincerely sold thyself to the usurper, I will with a single word speak damnation to thy soul. Behold before thee Wacconast, King of the Franks.

Fra. Damned be the man, who would put die for him.—But on this my shoulder rested the bier which held his remains. I will remember it was borne to the grave by eight knights. Every one

Enter an OFFICER.

Off. I give you both notice to prepare for death in half an hour. From respect towards you, Clovis, the execution will take place in this dungeon. This is the King's command. [*Exit.*]

Dag. Clovis—you tremble.

Clo. With fury. The King's command! At the nod of a traitor falls Dagobert, King of the Franks.—Oh, that my tongue could describe what is passing in my breast! Heaven, earth, and even hell would tremble at my words.

Dag. Why so violent!

Clo. Did you not hear it is the King's command—King Childeric's command—that you shall die?

Dag. I did, I did—but no more of that, Clovis. Nature herself has made us dread the sight of death. How, therefore, can we help it? I own, when our execution was just now announced, a tremor swept through my frame. Even a valiant man is alarmed when an unseen friend strikes him on the shoulder from behind. He turns and embraces him. Thus it was with me. Death is my friend.

Clo. But the King commands your death.—Who see you?—Who commands?—Who can—who dares command!

Dag. Clovis, disturb not me with reflections like these. The few remaining moments of my life are of consequence to my soul. I stand on the brink of eternity—but a few steps from the presence of the All-Just.—Oh, my soul, transport thyself thither.—*[Kneels, and rests his head upon the stone.]*

Clo. Oh, providence, how wonderful and inscrutable to the mind of man are the ways in which thou leadest us to our glorious destiny.—Villany triumphs in the fall of the good.

Dag.—*[Looks towards Heaven and seems much agitated.]*—Oh, God!

Clo. What then disturbs my Monarch?

Dag. But one recollection. I was thinking of my child, whom, in the blossom of her youth, I leave to the care of her perfidious mother.—Alas, Clovis—my Ada!—Could I but once more see her! What rapture should I feel were I to find her virtuous.

Clo. Oh, by Heaven, I'll pledge my honour and my soul for the virtue of your daughter. Believe me she is worthy of her noble father. If nature were dissatisfied and sorrowful at the imperfections of other human beings, she needed but to look at Ada, and such a counter-pleas would wipe her for the defects of her other works. Never did external charms promise more inherent goodness, and never did the mind accord with appearances more than the mind of Ada. All the virtues have fled into the persecution of vice to the heart, that their influence might be stronger under the protection of unaltered innocence, and through the power of matchless beauty. Oh, Dagobert, were I Monarch of the world, my dominions would not be worth a wish—

Dag. Well, Clovis?—What hesitate!—How thy cheek glows!—What I conclude that they have spoken the truth, my eyes make me feel!—Why are thine eyes wet?

Clo. I am not weeping, my father. I explore your past, and I find that you have not been so kind as to tell me the truth. I have compared my heart to yours, and I am disappointed and surprised at the sight of perfection!—The old ingratitude still breathes, but by sacred truth I swear it never should have proceeded from my lips, if—But why this glowing look?—Oh, that my tongue had denied its office ere I spoke!

Dag. Clovis, Clovis, thou dost bind my soul again to earthly objects. The idea, which was once transporting, is now tormenting to me. What happy prospects cheered me, when in former days I beheld

the opening charms and growing virtues of my Ada. For thee, Clovis, for thee I destined her.

Clo. For me! Oh, insupportable delight! I worthy of Ada! Death, thou canst not rob me of this blissful thought.

Enter ANDELONDA and ANA, conducted by CHILMENT, disguised as a Confess, who remains unobserved at the door.

Dag. Hal! See, see! They come to glory in our fall. Oh, shameless creatures!

Clo. Heaven! What means this?

And. — (*Runs swiftly with Ada towards Dagobert.*) — Beloved husband! He avails me. Is contempt the reward of my affection? Is the wife, who has so long sustained your absence, spurned from you? Oh, insupportable! — *Following him.* — My husband, my husband! Turn, turn, and come into my arms, that I may press you to my heart.

Dag. Wretch, I wish not to know thee. Thou art sent by hell. Hence! Leave my soul in peace. Friend, what a dreadful hour! Help me to bear this trial. — *He draws on the chain and takes Clovis's hand.*

And. Can I believe the testimony of my ears? My husband, Andelonda speaks to you.

Dag. — (*With averted face, and looking at Clovis.*) — Yes. Such was the name of the viper, which once twined its folds around my heart. Oh, she scorned the yoke of fidelity and virtue—decided me for whole years with assumed affection, and impoised upon me by specious tenderness, while treachery inhabited her heart. She has now gained her end. To the husband whom she has betrayed and sold, dissimulation is no longer necessary.

And. Enough! I now will speak.

Dag. Be silent, and begone. Pollute not my last breath. Perfidious wretch, thou hast sold me to

Ginnyball, and they set it as his own. Away from me! I
toward you! And we shall see the enjoyment of the will
me, and that's part of the reason why they
all the things that are in the world, they
presented to us, and we have seen them all
Foggy.

"After the
 up-growth, the
 your sub-
 ing that I
 and that
 help—
 growth I
 me. We

I am cleared
 to you allow
 founded on
 increased
 tion of the
 as I try to
 will not hear

Abstract. The purpose of this study was to determine if there were differences in the prevalence of risk factors between two groups of adolescents who had been sexually abused and those who had not. A total of 106 adolescents participated in the study. Results showed that there were no significant differences between the two groups in terms of demographic variables, exposure to violence, or mental health symptoms. However, there were significant differences in the prevalence of risk factors related to sexual abuse, such as knowledge of anatomy, understanding of consent, and experience with sexual activity. These findings suggest that interventions aimed at reducing the prevalence of risk factors may be beneficial for adolescents who have been sexually abused.

Figure 1. The effect of the concentration of the solution on the adsorption of the dye. The concentration of the solution was 0.01, 0.02, 0.03, 0.04, 0.05, 0.06, 0.07, 0.08, 0.09, 0.1, 0.2, 0.3, 0.4, 0.5, 0.6, 0.7, 0.8, 0.9, 1.0, 1.5, 2.0, 3.0, 4.0, 5.0, 6.0, 7.0, 8.0, 9.0, 10.0, 15.0, 20.0, 30.0, 40.0, 50.0, 60.0, 70.0, 80.0, 90.0, 100.0, 150.0, 200.0, 300.0, 400.0, 500.0, 600.0, 700.0, 800.0, 900.0, 1000.0, 1500.0, 2000.0, 3000.0, 4000.0, 5000.0, 6000.0, 7000.0, 8000.0, 9000.0, 10000.0, 15000.0, 20000.0, 30000.0, 40000.0, 50000.0, 60000.0, 70000.0, 80000.0, 90000.0, 100000.0, 150000.0, 200000.0, 300000.0, 400000.0, 500000.0, 600000.0, 700000.0, 800000.0, 900000.0, 1000000.0, 1500000.0, 2000000.0, 3000000.0, 4000000.0, 5000000.0, 6000000.0, 7000000.0, 8000000.0, 9000000.0, 10000000.0, 15000000.0, 20000000.0, 30000000.0, 40000000.0, 50000000.0, 60000000.0, 70000000.0, 80000000.0, 90000000.0, 100000000.0, 150000000.0, 200000000.0, 300000000.0, 400000000.0, 500000000.0, 600000000.0, 700000000.0, 800000000.0, 900000000.0, 1000000000.0, 1500000000.0, 2000000000.0, 3000000000.0, 4000000000.0, 5000000000.0, 6000000000.0, 7000000000.0, 8000000000.0, 9000000000.0, 10000000000.0, 15000000000.0, 20000000000.0, 30000000000.0, 40000000000.0, 50000000000.0, 60000000000.0, 70000000000.0, 80000000000.0, 90000000000.0, 100000000000.0, 150000000000.0, 200000000000.0, 300000000000.0, 400000000000.0, 500000000000.0, 600000000000.0, 700000000000.0, 800000000000.0, 900000000000.0, 1000000000000.0, 1500000000000.0, 2000000000000.0, 3000000000000.0, 4000000000000.0, 5000000000000.0, 6000000000000.0, 7000000000000.0, 8000000000000.0, 9000000000000.0, 10000000000000.0, 15000000000000.0, 20000000000000.0, 30000000000000.0, 40000000000000.0, 50000000000000.0, 60000000000000.0, 70000000000000.0, 80000000000000.0, 90000000000000.0, 100000000000000.0, 150000000000000.0, 200000000000000.0, 300000000000000.0, 400000000000000.0, 500000000000000.0, 600000000000000.0, 700000000000000.0, 800000000000000.0, 900000000000000.0, 1000000000000000.0, 1500000000000000.0, 2000000000000000.0, 3000000000000000.0, 4000000000000000.0, 5000000000000000.0, 6000000000000000.0, 7000000000000000.0, 8000000000000000.0, 9000000000000000.0, 10000000000000000.0, 15000000000000000.0, 20000000000000000.0, 30000000000000000.0, 40000000000000000.0, 50000000000000000.0, 60000000000000000.0, 70000000000000000.0, 80000000000000000.0, 90000000000000000.0, 100000000000000000.0, 150000000000000000.0, 200000000000000000.0, 300000000000000000.0, 400000000000000000.0, 500000000000000000.0, 600000000000000000.0, 700000000000000000.0, 800000000000000000.0, 900000000000000000.0, 1000000000000000000.0, 1500000000000000000.0, 2000000000000000000.0, 3000000000000000000.0, 4000000000000000000.0, 5000000000000000000.0, 6000000000000000000.0, 7000000000000000000.0, 8000000000000000000.0, 9000000000000000000.0, 10000000000000000000.0, 15000000000000000000.0, 20000000000000000000.0, 30000000000000000000.0, 40000000000000000000.0, 50000000000000000000.0, 60000000000000000000.0, 70000000000000000000.0, 80000000000000000000.0, 90000000000000000000.0, 100000000000000000000.0, 150000000000000000000.0, 200000000000000000000.0, 300000000000000000000.0, 400000000000000000000.0, 500000000000000000000.0, 600000000000000000000.0, 700000000000000000000.0, 800000000000000000000.0, 900000000000000000000.0, 1000000000000000000000.0, 1500000000000000000000.0, 2000000000000000000000.0, 3000000000000000000000.0, 4000000000000000000000.0, 5000000000000000000000.0, 6000000000000000000000.0, 7000000000000000000000.0, 8000000000000000000000.0, 9000000000000000000000.0, 10000000000000000000000.0, 15000000000000000000000.0, 20000000000000000000000.0, 30000000000000000000000.0, 40000000000000000000000.0, 50000000000000000000000.0, 60000000000000000000000.0, 70000000000000000000000.0, 80000000000000000000000.0, 90000000000000000000000.0, 100000000000000000000000.0, 150000000000000000000000.0, 200000000000000000000000.0, 300000000000000000000000.0, 400000000000000000000000.0, 500000000000000000000000.0, 600000000000000000000000.0, 700000000000000000000000.0, 800000000000000000000000.0, 900000000000000000000000.0, 10000000

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and herself
very brave men

Alas, I have no way to prove that I am. May it deny me mercy, if I ever believed any thought respecting you which was not dictated by duty and affection.—But my dear mother—

Ally: Would you love the man, too, who would rescue your father?

Adm. I should love him and rescue him as a
poet.

Dag, good child! And if this worthy man, by endeavouring to save me, were to fall with me—?

Alas! Oh, my father, then would compassion—
but we—how distressed is my sister!

Ally. Yes, that is your mother, but this is the man, of a kind order.

Should I be worried if I have a high cholesterol level?

Co. By thinking me—by thinking me worthy of King David's treachery. It is the death which

won'ts me is a reward; for I know that I bear to the grass the favour of my sovereign.

Dag.—(*Looks at him with a smile—after a pause.*) Oh, omnipotent God, graciously look down upon us.—*Ada,* give me your hand, and if your father be as true to you as you have declared, swear to me by my blood, which will soon flow upon the place where you now stand, swear to me by your soul, and all your hopes of salvation, that you will fulfil my last wish.

Ada. Every thing, my father, any thing.

Dag. Swear, then.

Ada. I do swear. Alas, my poor mother!

Dag. Will you not listen to me?

Ada. I obey.

Dag. 'Tis well. Hear, then, my heart's last wish. I have lived to see that there is not a Frank deserving of my daughter's hand, except one upright faithful man. That only man is Clovis. Give him your hand, and in the presence of the All-seeing Judge, vow to be faithful to him for ever—vow never to become the wife of another, but to pass your days in holy retirement.

Ada. My father!

Dag. Ha! Thus dost withdraw thy trembling hand from mine.

Ada. Oh, my mother, my mother!

Dag. Ada, thy father is here.

Ada.—(*Falls at his feet.*)—*Parthos*—he not in-crown'd—I die.

Chor.—(*Who has hitherto stood unseen at the entrance of the prison, and by his words has betrayed the various emotions produced by the silent conversation, approaches.*)—*Alas!*

Dag. Who speaks that word?

Ada. Oh, we are betrayed.

Ada.—(*Striding into her mother's arms.*)—*Hear—*—*hear!* That voice—

Dog. Who set them? Approach. If that monster, thy King, send thee hither to listen, I will discover more to thee—I will discover what thy slavish tongue will not dare to name.

Chloride Taken of Air Induct. from Tail

1997

about the same time, he has improved upon the

John C. H. Wu, Editor

Day, Gloria, you see they have conspired with him to make me look like a fool. I don't go around

(3) Trainees have no direct contact with the public, and the lack of public contact is a

Chc.—(To the President.) I have been inspired by the President's words. I am not a prophet, but I believe that the future is bright.

[illegible]

where he is. Nothing is so attractive to me at this price. As then to thy power, and glory in the possession of the crown, which thou hast stolen but was he on thy head, if thy power cannot annihilate hell, or thy consciousness the conscience.

“*Day. Friend, if those words proceeded from her heart—*

Further Information and Services

GRI.—(astonished at seeing the Queen)—Ha!—
Who has dared to enter this prison? Queen, who
brought you hither?

Chs.—(Coming forward.)—I myself. Father, look there, and be astonished. The man, whom you mistook for an assassin is Desobert.

Girl: Thou hast too? Thou among those, who

Ask: 'Or, rather wonder me.'

4% Let no one dare to oppose. Back soldiers

Ald. Villain, whom dost thou wish to murder?
Can regicide be wanting to find the treasure of thy
crimes? No. Thou'st lost already committed more
than can be atoned for by an eternity of punishment.
And you, soldiers, who are you? Are you Franks?
Can Franks call themselves to a tyrant? Would
you murder your lawful sovereign—Dunbart, whom
you have sworn to defend? Have ye fighting and
bleeding for him, and he will turn his back on you?
Did he ever give you a law? Did he ever take from
any man his rights? Has he ever taken from you
your children? Has he ever made your children
wield chains or shackles? Has he ever sold a
Frankishman's soul, and the bloodless church,
—[*The Soldiers throw their arms away.*]

Gre.—Aha!—My Heaven the woman's whining rhetoric shows their covered hearts. Adalgonda, but you will burn this place.

Chief. Sooner will I lose my life, and renounce my harvest against thee, tribes.

But, by all the powers of hell, this is too much. You have entered into a conspiracy with this impostor, and your crime makes you an enemy of my nation. I command you to withdraw, or I will order you to be shot on the spot. You consent, if—

—If you do not wish to be
in this plot, drag her away.

dear Mrs. Maria, — I beg you will not oblige me to say better. I would have said to sister from the report I find in the paper as the widow of my beloved friend and martyr. Go to the palace.

Adm. That thou may'st commit murder un-
 forgiven.

Q. He is now on that account. As I remember

like this, who has attempted to deceive a whole nation, ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. The prisoners shall be publicly executed. Soldiers, attend the Queen to her apartment.

Alto.—*(Apert to Aida.)*—Let us hasten to save him. Guoner stays too long. Dagobert, may Heaven acknowledge thy virtues, though thou hast refused to acknowledge the fidelity of thy wife!—*(To Grimbold.)*—Tyrant, hear me. An impostor who has deceived a whole nation ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. Let this sentence be executed on whom it may—it is just, and believe me every thing which is just in the eyes of our Judge above—will be fulfilled.

(Enter Adelgrada and Aida, attended by Soldiers.)

Grim.—*(Aida.)*—Ha! Now will she listen to abolition assistance—let her temptations shall be frustrated.—*(To Childbert.)*—Her crimes make her unworthy of your hand. She must be ruled by the council of bishops. She is a reptile which poisons the happiness of your Majesty and the peace of the empire. Leave this impostor to my care. My officer unlocks the his judges.—*(Goes to Dagobert.)*—Wretch, curse the moment when thou wert persecuted by thy evil genius to direct thy steps hither. Thy doom is fixed. *Enter King.*

(Enter Grimbold and Childbert.)

Dag. Gr. There are unworthy of my indignation. Friend, ~~that~~ means this gloomy look! Why must you thus stupified and speechless! Cloris Cloris, what means this?

Gr. Ha! Ha! Ha! Yes, dream of judges are of hell, ye fools.

Dag. Horrible! What say you, my son?

Gr. Son? Oh, torment! Did I not see her too with roses at me—with tenderness at Childbert?

Dag. At Childbert!

Gr. Did you not perceive it? Well, no, ye

please. She did not look at Childsborn. I am cured—and know you by what means? A grim infernal monster has destroyed my heart. I have no longer any heart or blood. (Clara is no more.)

Day. How! May Clara no heart for his friend Dagobert!—(Clara points at him, and is silent.)

Enter GEMAN and DRUON.

Day. Welcome, friends. When speak you?

Gem. Our King, and with his death.

Day. 'Tis well. Death and Dagobert are nearly allied. Oh, rise. Be not ashamed of embracing me.

Gm. Druon—no reserve—no reserve!

Gem. Die, friend, unless you would live among chains. On my soul I would not save you were it in my power. The Franks are a degenerate race. The great spirit of our fathers is extinguished. It were idle folly to expect a nation not from a nation, which has submitted to the yoke of a tyrannical usurper. It is a disgrace—only that I am obliged to my sword to a disgrace to be a Frank.

Day. Speak not of such things, my friends. I have seen you all too often.

Gem. They have seen me.

Day. No, no, no.

Gem. I saw you at the banquet, the banquet of the Franks when I saw the banquet of the Franks, the even Dagobert, and their friends. My sword, I related your fortunes and return. They laughed at me, and treated me as if I were insane. I then produced this writing of the Queen, after perusing which, they stood gazing at each other in silent astonishment.

Day. Let me see that writing.

Gem.—(Presents the parchment.)—The Queen some hours ago commanded me to lay it before the nobles of the realm.

like this, who has attempted to deceive a whole nation, ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. The prisoner shall be publicly executed. Soldiers, attend the Queen to her apartment.

Exit.—*(Appear to Ada.)*—Let us hasten to save him. Genua stays too long. Dagobert, may Heaven acknowledge thy virtues, though thou hast refused to acknowledge the fidelity of thy wife!—*(To Grimsdell.)*—Tyrant, hear me. An impostor who has deceived a whole nation ought to die in the presence of a whole nation. Let this sentence be executed on whom it may—it is just, and believe me every thing which is just in the eyes of our Judges shall be fulfilled.

(Enter Adelgunda and Ada, attended by Soldiers.)
Gen.—*(Aside.)*—Ha! Now will she hasten to obtain assistance—but her intentions shall be frustrated.—*To Childsburt.*—Her crimes make her unworthy of your hand. She must be tried by the counsel of bishops. She is a reptile which poisons on the happiness of your Majesty and the peace of the empire. Leave this impostor to my care. My office makes me his judge.—*(Goes to Dagobert.)*—Wretch, curse the moment when thou wast persuaded by thy evil genius to direct thy steps hither. Thy doom is fixed. Come, King.

(Enter Grimsdell and Childsburt.)

Dag. Gen.—Thou art unworthy of my indignation. Friend, ~~what~~ means this gloomy look? Why grow you thus stupified and speechless! Clamor, Clamor, what means this?

Gen. Ha! Ha! Ha!—Yes, dream of judges and of hell, ye fools.

Dag. Horrible! What say you, my son?

Gen. Son! Oh, torment! Did I not see her look with scorn at me—with tenderness at Childsburt?

Dag. As Childsburt!

Gen. Did you not perceive it? Well, as you

please. She did not look at Childobert. I am cured—and know you by what means? A grim imperial monster has devoured my heart. I have no longer any heart or blood. Clovis is no more.

Dag. How? Has Clovis no heart for his friend Dagobert?—(Clovis turns at him, and is struck.)

Enter GOMAN and HAUSO.

Dag. Welcome, friends. Whom seek you?

Gom. Our King, and with him death.

Dag. 'Tis well. Death and Dagobert are nearly allied. Oh, rise. Be not ashamed of embracing me.

(The two men advance, and embrace.)

Gom. I have long sought you, and have found you among the Franks. I have sought you, and have found you in the arms of the Franks. I have sought you, and have found you in the arms of the Franks. I have sought you, and have found you in the arms of the Franks.

Hauso. I have sought you, and have found you in the arms of the Franks. I have sought you, and have found you in the arms of the Franks. I have sought you, and have found you in the arms of the Franks. I have sought you, and have found you in the arms of the Franks.

Dag. Speak not in such terms of my people, I beseech you. I love them still.

Gom. Then let me be silent.

Dag. No. Proceed.

Gom. I went in search of the noblest and bravest Franks whom I knew—the valiant Queen, the stern Ragond, and their friends. To them I related your fortunes and return. They laughed at me, and treated me as if I were insane. I then produced this writing of the Queen, after perusing which, they stood gazing at each other in silent astonishment.

Dag. Let me see that writing.

Gom.—(Presents the parchment).—The Queen some hours ago commanded me to lay it before the nobles of the realm.

Dag.—(*Aside.*)—"Ye faithful nobles, let your hearts be open to the tears and complaints of the forsaken Adalgunda. She implores your assistance in behalf of King Dagobert. The invisible servants of the all-just God have brought him from the deserts of Ireland, to which the faithless Grimbald banished him ten years ago. In the deepest dangers of the battle he expects immediate death from the hands of the traitor. The valiant Clotis is a witness and sharer of his wretched fate. Till now he remains unknown to his foes, and is ready to die for him, without the villain Clotenio. I myself will pave the way to his release. Clotobert believes he will this day obtain my hand; but at the altar and in your presence will I pledge a portion in his breast, that Heaven may see how sacred was the vow of chastity which I pledged to Dagobert."

"*ANTAGONA.*"

[*Enter her near.*]*—*Good angels, hear this kiss to him. Oh, faithful Adalgunda, forgive my suspicions. Friend, we have wronged her much. Deceived by appearances, I was stout to her sincere protestations. Well, Gumar, what said they, when they had perused this?

Gum. While they stood in silent wonder, till Gumar said—"Were Dagobert alive he would have disclosed it to his friends, or have come with a foreign army to oppose his enemies. Who can be sure that even the Queen herself is not deceived?"

Dag. The cowardly slave!

Gum. Conversation of this nature occupied some time, till Bruno came, despatched by the Queen to apprise us of your immediate danger.

Dag. And when you left the assembly?

Gum. "Let us but see him," said they, "and he shall find that he has friends."

Dag. Enough! They shall see him. My soul

burns with anger.—*(Throws off his pilgrim's habit.)*—Friends, know you this armour? Why then—*(detached.)*

Bra. Oh, what Frank does not know it!

Gom. You wore it when you vanquished Clotham.

Dag. Ay, and I wore it on the day that I was proclaimed King of the Franks. I wore it too when Girschald's hirelings dragged me from my country. Wilfried clasped it with a blessing when I left Ireland. Friends, let us embrace each other—perhaps for the last time. Gomar, give me thy sword and thy hand. Clovis, take thou Bruno's sword and hand. Now follow me.

Gom. I understand you well. Take not my sword, but let me be your shield.

Dag. Friend, if I be doomed to fall, I'll fall as the defender of my faithful subjects, the last duty which, as a King, I wish to fulfil.

Cla. Oh, my King, let me on my knees, perhaps for the last time—

Gom. Do not despise my fidelity—

Bra. Nor my tears—*(All kneel.)*

Dag. My friends, my friends! Alas! God, if thou callst me to thee, protect those worthy men, that they may be the defenders of virtue, and their native land. What a sight!—*(Breaks towards the earth.)*—In God we trust. Now come.

Bra. Alas, you face inevitable death. A hundred centinels guard this prison.

Cla. Let thousands guard it. The appearance of us good and great a King will inspire each man with reverential awe.

Dag. If death oppose me, be not afraid, for they have no courage—if valiant men, they must be noble, and will, therefore, be our friends. Follow me. I am still a King.

[Takes Gomar's sword and sword.

ACT THE FIFTH.

Scene, a Saloon in the Palace. Enter GRIMBALD hastily, accompanied by Soldiers.

Gri. Well, men, do you thoroughly understand me?

Sol. We do.—(They produce daggers.)

Gri. Right. I rely on you. If you value your own fortunes, you will minutely follow my directions. After you have done the deed, mingle with the multitude. I pledge to you my word that you shall be rewarded beyond your expectations—and what risk do you run? See, there is my son, the King, with two thousand Franks, and I shall station myself in another part of the city with a thousand steady veterans. I take no awful fight for them, in half an hour the accused race shall be extinct. The woman, who has dared to oppose my power, shall give notice to hell of its approaching booty.—Take your stations. She comes.

Enter Adelgunda and ADA.

Adelgunda, you see the consequences of your rash conduct. Your life is in imminent danger. The people curse you, and require that you shall be sacrificed to their fury. How absurd was it by such conduct to make yourself unworthy a monarch's hand!

Adel. How has Heaven deluded me by giving a Grimbald power to address me thus.

Gri. I should address you otherwise, were I to

speak as you deserve. The people say you misled the guards that the escape of the traitor might make it more difficult to prove the falsehood of your infernal assertions. Indeed, by what other means could they escape?

Adel. They have escaped then?

Gri. No. Their hour is come. By Heaven, their death is as certain as their crime. Osmar, Ragond, Gomar, and about four hundred more have joined the pretender. They have taken refuge in the house of Cloris from the indignation of the populace—but look—there stands King Childshott with three thousand men, and two thousand more are ready to follow me against this impostor. You may remain here, and await the account of his death. I have appointed these men to protect you, since it is evident that the people thirst for your blood. Farewell.—[*To the Sol.*—Keep a watchful eye upon both of them, and when you hear my command from a distance, act as I have directed.

Adel. Stay, stay, Grimbald. Hear me. Must all the insurgents die—all?

Gri. By Heaven they must and shall.

Adel. How weak am I, that I cannot execute so good a deed!—Grimbald, you are right. Every villain ought to perish.—[*Suddenly draws a dagger from her bosom.*—*Condemned of Heaven, die.*

Adel.—[*Holds her arm.*—Oh, my mother!—[*Adel. retreats and covers her face with both hands.*]

Gri. Ha! traitress! This was thy last attempt.—Did you see this, men! Witness, the avenger's hand is stretched forth to punish thee. I go to exterminate thy adherents. If thou wouldst come—come Heaven for having given thee being—if thou wouldst pray—pray to hell that it may swallow thee.—[*To the Sol.*—Once more remember my commands. [Exit.

Adel. No longer, then, does Heaven provide over

the human race. Triumphant villainy has heard the Judge's son. Why did my hand tremble? Why did my soul revolt at the idea of murder? Will Grishald tremble too? Alas, no.—(To Ada.)—Who will ward the blow aimed at thy father?

Ada. Heaven will protect him.

Adel. Foolish girl! What cares Heaven for the fate of man? I too once hoped for his aid, but that hope I now no longer cherish. Oh, they will murder him, and thou, poor child, wilt lose at one blow a father and a mother.

Ada. Horrible! Dost mother, that very thought would kill me; did not hope animate my heart.

Adel. Do not deceive thyself, Ada. Rather expect the worst—then will the stroke be less severe.—Hark! What shout was that—what a tempest courses through my veins!—Oh, God, forgive me, if I have remained against thy Providence. Yea—still do I find consolation by relying on thy goodness.—Ha! See, the people are in motion.

Ada. Oh, my father, surely thou wilt not condemn the affection of thy daughter, if it be the means of thy deliverance.

Adel. See! There goes a small band of warriors. 'Tis he, 'tis he.—'Tis Dagobert, who leads them. How proudly does he march in the very armour which he wore upon the day of our marriage. Oh, how dreadfully his sword glitters in the air.—And see, Childbert approach him.

Ada. Heaven! Should he have imposed upon my unsuspecting heart—

Adel. Gracious God! May I believe my eyes? Childbert falls at his feet.

Ada. At his feet!—Oh!—(Swoons.)

Adel. Ada! Why this deadly paleness? Feels she so much for her father's foe? Can her heart—Ada, hear me. He sunk on his knee, as if he meant to entreat forgiveness.

Ada. Forgiveness! Oh, yes, he deserves to be forgiven. I too, my mother.—*(Kneels.)*—I too deserve to be forgiven. His heart is devoid of guilt. He swore by his affection for me that he would spare my father.

Adel. Unhappy girl, couldst thou confide in a man sprung from the villain Gotsbald?

Ada. I confide in Heaven, in honest nature, and in love.

Adel. Oh, may thy innocence find mercy in the eyes of God. But fearful portages overpower my soul. Do I not hear the name of Dagobert? Yes, yes, it is the shout of victory. Oh, I must fly to meet him. To me—to his wife belongs his first.—*(As she is going, two of the soldiers detain her.)*

Sol. Hold!

Adel. Shown down you—*(A shout of victory; victory is heard.)*

Nel. Now die.—*(A soldier slays the Queen, and while two others are rushing towards the Princess Bruno enters and intercepts their passage.)*

Bru. Unparalleled villany!

Adel. Oh, Bruno—blood—blood.—*(Falls to the earth. The soldiers escape.)*

Bru. Help! Help!—*(Hails her.)*

Ada. Oh, my mother! Alas! Where shall I seek help!

Bru. Gracious Queen!

Adel. I thank thee, Bruno; my husband and I shall now be united in death.

Bru. No, no. Virtue is triumphant; Dagobert, King of the Franks, lives, beloved by his subjects.

Adel. Say'st thou so?—Oh, I no longer feel my wound. Conduct me to him!

Bru. Wait till we obtain some assistance.

Adel. From thy words I shall be best assisted. Tell me, tell me all.

Bru. The noble Dagobert, full of reliance on his

courage and the goodness of his cause, boldly left his prison, followed by Clerk, Gomer, and myself. At sight of him the constable fled, like the damned when an angel appears to them. Thus we reached Osmar, at whose house our marcher's friends were assembled. Grinhold summoned his followers, and the people attached themselves to him and Childebert. He threatened to burn the house unless we would instantly surrender. Clovis advanced beyond all bounds rushed against him, and Grinhold fell. Our forces were four hundred men, who had to scatter at the sight of his fall. Dagobert led us through the forest, and he exhorted him, several times, to follow him. "To be—and now, follow me," he said, "I am Frank," cried he, "I am Frank, I am your King. There is Dagobert!" "Dagobert? He is now fled with a flock of geese, far from Dagobert!"

Adm. 4th. Bravo, how have you transported me! Come, come. I need no assistance. I feel no wound. Were death already creeping through every vein, it could not reach my heart, for anxiety would bar its progress.

[Exit supported by Bro. and Adm.]

Scene, a square square. Dagobert, Gomer, Raoul, Osmar, and other knights are discovered, surrounded by the populace.

Dag. Yes, my friends and much loved subjects, thus did your marcher drag on a wretched existence, condemned at home, and despised abroad. But dreadful as was my fate, I knew no greater sorrow than when I thought of you—than when I reflected that you groined beneath the yoke of tyranny, and had no protector of your honour, no defender of your rights. Oh, believe me, your fate

[illegible]

U.S. Army Fort King Singapore

First Curve

Ch.—(Kneeling.)—Long live my King! May Heaven reward his virtues! There must be the bravest of mankind.

Qing—(to Qing) I am your friend, where have you been?—You are still in the same old form, but,

was conducting a search for the murderer through the city the night of the murder. When I came to the place where the murder had been, he was still stretched upon the earth, and his dying gasp leaned over him. "I stopped during the murder's horror affected me deeply—when the" words rushed forward, tore the corpse's placard, scattered the mingled blood, and with frantic fury raised their bloody hands. In vain did I call to them. Their plumes knew no bounds. Childlike such to the earth, raised his eyes towards Heaven, then twisted them upon me. I took him in my arms—but he tore

himself from my grasp, and rushed towards the palace.

Dag. Horrible, horrible! Triumph not, oh villain, in the enjoyment of thy crimes. The delay of punishment doubles its severity. But where are my wife and child? Why must my eagerness to clasp them in my arms be so long ungratified?

Gom. I listen to them.

Dag. Right, Gomar.—(Exit Gom.)—Alas, my friends, should such a happy day—Hope retracted my late sufferings, and now fear embitters my happiness.—(A cry of "Oh, she is dying, she is dying," is heard.)—What cry of horror is that? Who is dying?

Enter ADALGUNDA, supported by ANA and BAURO, followed by GOMAR, with a crowd.

Alas! My Queen! My Adalgunda!

Adl. Dagobert!—(Releaves herself and rushes a few steps towards him, but sinks back into the arms of Gom. and Bro.)

Ada. My father!—(Flies into his arms.)—Oh, my mother!

Bro. This was Grimbald's last act of cruelty.

Dag. Barbarian that he was! My wife, my Adalgunda! Is this the day that I so long have wished for?—Friends, friends, I feel I shall sink under this calamity. What is my being, but the sensation of agony? What years have I shed at moments, when my sorrow was far less—yet now, I cannot weep.—Yes—O! God, I do not complain—but—the trial is severe.—(Sinks into the arms of Clara.)

Clu. Oh, that I could plunge my sword into the murderer's heart again!

Gom. The Queen revives.

Adl. Dagobert!

Dag. My love!

Ada. Mother!

Ada. Woe am I, that my hand will grow cold while clasped by thine—that when I am dead, a tear will trickle from thy cheek upon mine.—Bosom more than thy breast—yet still remember me.—Dagobert, reward thy friends reward Childobert too. His heart is virtuous, for he loves the virtues of our daughter.—Make Ada happy—for she loves him—only thine—thy eye may father make me, when I am old, as thou hast done.

Ada. O, my dear mother, I am miserable, let me know thy wishes, and I will I fly, weep in thy arms, and when I am old, and with many more tears, I will be thy father.

Dag. How can I be thy father?—Thou hast said enough for me, my dear daughter.

Ada. He is my father, my dear Dagobert,—you see that I am his daughter.—Where the strongest ties of blood nature has made him my son. He is my father, my dear Dagobert, by the wishes of my mother, who has adopted him, that the Angel may protect his daughter.

Dag. Princes, then are greater than the King, for whom thou wouldst have died.—Now! Her eyes break, and death quivers on her lips.—(Falls on Adelgunda's bosom.)

Ada. Where is Ada?—Thy hand too—I feel—oh—Dagobert—Ada—live—walk.—(Dies.)

Dag. Oh, my Adelgunda!

Ada. Beloved mother!

Gum. What a dreadful hour!

Dag.—(Remains some time with his arms round Ada, while Ada looks at her side. He now suddenly walks forward.)—Thy death.—She has executed the hardest task of human nature.—Break not, my heart. Keep thy sorrows closely lodged, lest the air should dissipate them.—Come, my friends.

Give me your hand in the presence of this assemblage.

Oh, Oh, lead me away.—The consciousness of my crime makes my kindness a most painful punishment.—There will be blood hence treatment against my blood. When I look on the corpse of the dead, while he is still breathing, I am reminded of the perpetration.

Days like this are the days of our life, and if on such a day we are not in a good place in your mind, we are not in a good place in your heart. I am not a man of words, which makes you understand why I do not preach of that Deity, who ordered that we should live to see this awful day. I will recount my cross like the hands of the Frank, surrounded men have made the burden too heavy for me. Today I have drunk the last drop of the cup of misery, which will embitter my remaining days. Yet will I be a father to my people. My counsels shall be united to the Monarch's power, and from this union, with Heaven's assistance, shall our native land find happiness and peace.

ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN.

A TRAGEDY,

IN FOUR ACTS;

[REPRESENTING THE ROMANIST MONK REINHOLD AGAINST THE
CHRISTIANITY CENTURY.]

FROM

KOTZEBU.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

SIR HUGH DE WALTONHAM, a Knight of the Holy Cross against the Saracens.

SIR THOMAS DE WALTONHAM, a Knight of the Holy Cross against the Pagans and Infidels—Son of Sir Hugh.

WILMADE, (Brother of Sir Theobald, six and seven years OTTOMAN, 5. *aid.*

HERMAN, an *ad. Boy.*

CYRILLUS, an *Aldar of the Persecutors.*

HERYNG, Chief of a Heathen Tribe.

A Monk.

A Clerk.

WOMAN.

ANGLADE, Wife of Sir Theobald.

Squires, Followers, &c. &c.

ACT I. ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. 103

is courage, if a whining child can thus unnerve a hero's arm? My knees totter when I catch a fading eye, and the groans of the dying make a very woman of me. 'Tis well the battle is over. I could not fight now.

Re-enter Squire.

Squire. All is silence. The streets are covered with carcasses of men, women, and children. The honour of the Almighty is avenged. The sanctuaries of the idols are demolished. The holy cross is seen on every side. But few heathens have escaped: some hundreds, with the chief of their tribe, are our prisoners. Our band returns in triumph, and laden with rich booty.

Thredwell. Hoag! what then call it? "Call it pillage—pillage which I do not wish to share."

Squire. Not far from the village, too, I found the Monk, who accompanied us upon our expedition. I could not but laugh at the good man. In the heat of battle he had climbed the highest oak, and was idly peeping through the branches, till I told him that the danger was over, when he descended from his covert, and is following close at my heels.

Thredwell. There is a way to blow the blaze, and fearful as it is to stalk into a corner where it spreads around, has ever been their way. How strange are my sensations! An invisible hand tears away the cloud of mist, and truth 'dreadfully' dawns in the business. Would I were at home with the partner of my soul!

Enter Monk.

Monk. Praise be unto God! Hail noble Knight! The Lord was with your sword. Fallen are the proud heathens, and demolished their abominable

246 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT I.

Halo. My eye is moistened with a pious tear—a tear of heavenly joy, when I behold the embers of the holy cross, erected by your valiant arm.

Thenbald. Give me then your testimony that I have honourably fulfilled my vow. You well know how your abbot, by the pious men which flowed from his lips, by papal bulls, by excommunication, and promises of blessings, persuaded me to this extension. Give me your testimony, in his presence, that I have fulfilled the word of a knight.

Musk. That will I. I will relate to him what miracles of valor you performed in our holy cause before my eyes.

Thenbald.—(In a tone of derision.)—Pardon me, good father! 'Twas beneath your eyes.

Musk. And he shall double your stipend, shall extend it to your children, and bless you through a thousand generations.

Thenbald. 'Tis well. Then I shall be blest enough. Now, with the hand of a knight, take the irrevocable oath, that, as long as this arm can wield a sword or lance, it never shall again contend for the church, or for God, as you call it.

Musk. Sir Knight, Sir Knight, you forget yourself.

Thenbald. I do not—but as I ever shall be able to forget the services of baron, which last night I witnessed. I hold you at your word. Did you not give your testimony that I had fulfilled my vow? Have not I, have not my ancestors yet done enough? Have you forgotten that, for three and twenty years, I have been fatherless?—that Hugo of Wuldingen went to the Holy Land, against the Saracens, and there, probably, found his grave?

Musk. A blessed martyr, if his blood flowed for the glory of God!

Thenbald. Yet my tears, and the tears of my mother, flowed for him.

Musk. Pearls in the crown of the just.

Throdolt. Fine words you have at command, good father.

Musk. The words of the church's servant, his confidence and his blessing bear the soul aloft, as upon the beams of light, to heavenly bliss. Stokked by them, no angel will obstruct your way. But if your cholerick valour cannot brook empty words—'tis well, Sir Knight, to you belong deeds. 'Tis well! Fight for the honour of our God! Is your arm already weary? Is your sword already porged? Behold, all the tribes which dwell upon the coast, are lost in careless indolence, and where perchance one fugitive escaped your arms, he has peered dismay and terror into every trailing bosom. Arise! Rally your followers! Away to fresh victories!

Throdolt. Spare your lungs, good father! I abide by my oath. Of what avail can there have champions be to God, to you, my country or myself? God needs no champion. I could once have reckoned among my followers, today a valiant warrior to wield the sword or battle-axe. What are they now? Robbers, who spare neither age nor sex, and then wait here for plunder.

Enter a Messenger from the Camp.

Messenger. A messenger from the camp reports your presence there, and that the camp has been conquered. Here is the captive. He is a young knight on the point of which is offered the sword of a knight—a proud and stubborn man.

Musk. Has he blasphemed?

Messenger. Not so. He speaks but little, yet each word is a command. His impressive tone, his heavy looks, and his dignified mien, constrain the most stubborn to submission. He shuns

Enter MISTRESS, guarded, and in chains.

Mistress. Whither will you lead me? Why do you drag me over the bodies of my brethren, and the smoking ruins of my former dwellings? Is it not alike to you where I die? Stay me. I'll go no further.

Guard. Bend thy knee before that cross.

Mistress. Never!

Monk. How! Darest thou insult our God?

Mistress. Never did I insult your God, nor should I, had I been your conqueror. Never did I bend my knee before your God, nor will I, though I am your slave.

Monk. Fear, Sir Knight! He attacks the honour of God. As the foot of the holy cross, let his blood, drop by drop—

Theobald. Reverend father, I heard no attack.—
(*Half aside.*)—Old man, I venerate thy pride.

Monk. Sir Knight, I command you in the name of God—

Mistress. Is this your knight? Is this he, who, like a dastard, falls, when it is dark, on a defenceless tribe? Is this your knight? Is this he, who only draws his sword to plunge it in the hearts of infants?

Theobald.—(*Gauging his sword.*)—Man! But thy chains protect thee.

Mistress. Why hesitate? 'Tis but one murder more. Or dost thou think it a less honourable deed to butcher an infirm old man, than a poor helpless babe?

Theobald. Hush, sister, thou dost mistake me.

Mistress. Oh! I know thee well. The groans of the dying too plainly told me who thou art. How they all stare at me! Some with scorn, others with compassion. Stare at me still, but with scorn,

not compassed.—Scorn I can return: compassion
hurts me.

Thorpold. Take off his chains, and leave us.—
(Gentle sob.)

Alfreda. I know not, Knight, is this base-revenge! Have you thus rid me of my fathers, that I may die at liberty? Then, take my thanks. Or is it mockery! With thee make me feel, that, even when free from chains, my arm can do no more. Then was he on thy head! The first free-brand, which I seize, shall seal thee to destruction.

Flacold. I meant to dive into thy soul. I wished to converse coolly with thee -I wanted to find means to calm thy boiling blood. For this I took away thy chains.

Mistress Cooley! Art thou mad? I had seven sons—they are all fallen. I had three daughters—the villains have defiled and murdered them. I had a wife—a wife who, for forty years had shared my joys and sorrows—there she lies, withering in her blood. **Cooley! Cooley!** I was chief of this tribe, revered and loved. Young and old assembled round me on festivals, and called me father. Even in battle, I stood in the shade of my deeds, and led the young men. Why I shall never live—why I shall never see my children again! **Cooley! Cooley!**

Dr. Graham Taylor, *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*

Amphitruo.—(After a pause, during which he consults his clock.)—Young man! Thy outward fashion seems assumed; it is, perhaps, imposed. What had I done to thee? We had never seen each other. I had never injured thee. Why dost thou fall on me and injure, when we had but our eyes in sleep?

Hast thou ten children? Hast thou too a heart?—
(*Theobald is shocked and silent.*)

Mark. We took arms by command of our God, to erect his holy cross among the heathen, to conduct the blind into the path of light, to convert wolves into lambs, and unite them to the flock of the Lord.

Mafred. Then should ye have approached our lonely huts, with the palm of peace in your hands, and the honey of persuasion on your lips. Then should you have preached the word of truth, and sent consolation to our hearts. Had you done this, perhaps we had willingly followed your instructions.

Mark. Dost thou not acknowledge, then, our God's omnipotence, and your idol's nothingness? Behold! There in the dust it lies! The holy cross is raised on high.

Mafred. Shallow monster! Mortal hands have formed that image. Mortal hands have formed this cross. Mortal hands have levelled that with the earth, and planted this upon the hill. Why talk of thy God and of our God? We have but one God. And must the blood of hundreds then be shed, because one claims a cross, another a lion's face, as the symbol of the Invisible?

Mark. Hear, Sir Knight! His blasphemies.

Theobald. Peace, Mark! Heave his eyes.

Mark. If thy heart pay less regard to God's honour than to his, 'tis well. Think then, at least, of all the dreadful ravages, which for a long train of years, have been committed on our lands, by these rude barbarians, ever since Henry the Lion, and Bernard of Saxonia, upon us were. Think of the poor christians, who have been forced by them to bear the galling yoke of slavery. Think of the women and children whom they have made widows and orphans.

‘‘*man of thy heart. I understand thee. This was not thy cruelty.—(With a glance towards the Monk.)—Thou wert but the instrument.—(Pressing his hand.)—I forgive thee. The blood of the slain be not on thee nor on thy children. I take back the staff, snatched in the gore of my friends. I take it, to do good, while my weary feet still rest upon the brink of the yawning grave. But my faith I never will renounce. I am old. My days can be but few. Already is the gutter kindling the clay, from which my urn is to be formed. In the faith of my fathers have I lived: in the faith of my fathers will I die . . .*

Monk. Hear, Sir Knight! He blasphemes.

Mistral. But to thee be full permission granted to send men into my territories, who may peaceably announce those doctrines, of which they affirm themselves possessed. To my people, too, be full permission granted, to adopt those doctrines. If they but fulfil their duty towards me and my brethren, I shall be silent.

Threshold. I am satisfied. But one condition more. Thou hast mentioned the purchase of a christian slave. My duty, as a knight, forbids me to leave him among heathens.

Mistral. I go in search of him. But ere I leave thee, stranger, give me thy name.

Threshold. Threshold of Wulfgren.

Mistral. And he with whom thou speakest is old Mistral, and as a proof that he no longer feels resentment, he divides this ring.—*(Draws a ring from his finger, breaks it, and gives half of it to Threshold.)—Take this, and if ever thou again approach these dwellings, thou, or thy son, or thy grandson, let him send it to me. Then will I acknowledge the bond of hospitality now made between us, and receive him in my hut—when I again possess one.—(After a pause of heartfelt sensibility.)—Farewell!*

Threshold. Thy name?

Bertown. Bertown.

Threshold.—(Starts.)—Bertown! Heavens! Hadst thou a daughter?

Bertown.—(Alarmed.)—A daughter! No—Yes—

Threshold. Is Adelaide thy child?

Bertown.—(Extremely agitated.)—Adelaide! Yes—
—that is my daughter's name. Is she alive?

Threshold.—(Clings him in his arms.)—Adelaide
is my wife!

Bertown.—and Thou art my wife's true friend!

Threshold.—(With a sigh.)—Thou art my wife!

Bertown.—(With a sigh.)—Is that possible?

Threshold.—(With a sigh.)—It is possible.

"I, who die, and who have been dead not long
after the death of my dear wife! She was
weeping, I only wept for her, in her grief, "I
am an orphan," we would say, "I am an orphan."
I lost my mother, and, for a while, I was the
Vandals robbed and every day, I was the
hours, sunk deep into my grief, and I was
sunk. I saw her and I was the only one
My uncle had died upon the day of the
my wife, but she is not, I am the only one
the best choice of love, I am the only one
led my Aunt to the altar. I am the only one
you, I am the only one, I am the only one
chance, I am the only one, I am the only one
our love, I am the only one, I am the only one

Adelaide.—(With a sigh.)—Thou art my wife!

Threshold.—(With a sigh.)—Thou art my wife!
"I, who die, and who have been dead not long
after the death of my dear wife! She was
weeping, I only wept for her, in her grief, "I
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chance, I am the only one, I am the only one
our love, I am the only one, I am the only one

them. My children will revenge them. Thou shalt pass the remainder of thy days in undisturbed tranquillity.

Bertram. I thank you, Sir Knight. Allow another question.

Theobald. Call me son.

Bertram. Is your father yet returned from Palestine?

Theobald. Alas! No. Why dost thou dash this wormwood in my cup of joy? For twenty years I have had no account of him. Doubtless he fell a sacrifice to the fury of the infidels, with many more than knights, who went into the Holy Land. Thousand of tears have I shed for him, now child, on the lap of my mother: as a youth, on the grave of my mother: and as a man, on the bosom of thy daughter.—Let us quit the subject, for the rest of this day dedicated to joy. Hark! What a full measure of delight awaits my Adelaide! How wretch was she deceived by all her frightful omens! I go to sound an immediate retreat. Hold thyself in readiness. In a few minutes we head homeward.

[*Enter with the Monk.*]

Bertram. What have I heard?—Wretch that I am!—Shall I, then, be repudiated to my brethren, only to plunge an affectionate couple into irreparable misery? Has God prolonged my days, only to involve me in a contest the most horrible, between religion and humanity? With a single word, I crush four innocent fellow-creatures, drive them into wretchedness, and bring down the ban upon their heads.—No.—I will be true. I'll tear my tongue from my mouth.—Adelaide! My dear good Adelaide!—Oh! Why was I not allowed to die here in peace!—(The sound of a trumpet is heard at a distance.)—The signal of retreat! But ere I go, another tear upon the neck of generous Minerva! Would it were the last that I am doomed to shed on earth!

[*Staggering over the rails, leaning on his stick.*]

ACT I. ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. 179

Carlota. I thank you, children. Where is your mother?

Adelaide. I have not seen her.

Offspring. I have not seen her either.

Carlota. Where has she gone to, my children?

Offspring. I do not know, mother.

Carlota. How can you be so stupid? How can you be so stupid, my children?

Offspring. I have not seen her either.

Carlota. How can you be so stupid? How can you be so stupid, my children?

Offspring. I have not seen her either.

Carlota. How can you be so stupid? How can you be so stupid, my children?

Offspring. I have not seen her either.

Carlota. How can you be so stupid? How can you be so stupid, my children?

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Offspring. I have not seen her either.

Carlota. How can you be so stupid? How can you be so stupid, my children?

Offspring. I have not seen her either.

Carlota. How can you be so stupid? How can you be so stupid, my children?

Enter ANGLADE, with two water pichers.

Heaven bless you, noble lady!

Adelaide. And you, reverend abbot.

Cyprian. It is, then, true? I thought that Otto ~~was~~ had told me a falsehood.

Adelaide. That he dare not, even though is just. What was it that you would not credit?

Cyprian.—(*Pointing at the pichers.*)—Your descent to the employment of a mortal.

Adelaide. Does this surprise you, reverend abbot? You may, perhaps, mistake it for ostentation, since I have so many servants; and an industrious wife may be employed to better purpose, than in bringing water from the well. I will explain it. To you my kind is not a secret. Eight years are on this day elapsed, since I went down with these same pichers to yonder well. My tears were mingled with the water; for, you may remember, at that time the Vandals had just robbed me of my father, the only prop of my poor helpless youth. Sir Thorold saw me, heard me, and made me the happiest of women. Shall I not celebrate this day? Long as I live, those pichers shall retain their place beside me in my chamber. Never do I fail, upon

the anniversary, to drink my morning draught from the well. My reason tells me that I am thus doing my fervent kindness. My heart tells me, that I do call to my remembrance the first words, the first looks, of my dear Thorold.

Cyprian. This is commendable, noble lady. But beware lest your affection should become idolatry.

Adelaide. Oh, that my affection were capable of increase!—Am I not indebted to him for every thing? Without him what had I been? A deserted orphan, turned out into the wide world, and exposed to every violence. The tears of sorrow flowed

into these pitchers, and for eight years I have shed
 none but tears of joy. Oh, that my affection were
 capable of increase! Oh, that this heart could love
 more fervently.

Cyriac.—(*Aside.*)—Torture!

Adelaide.—(*Depressed.*)—For the first time, in all
 these happy years, he is absent on this day. But,
 he is fighting for our holy church, and therefore I
 submit. What think you, reverend father? May he
 soon return from this excursion?

Cyriac. As it happens, quite likely. He swears
 to me that he would level to the earth the heathen
 villages which lay beyond the Rhine, and destroy the
 inhabitants with fire and sword. If he should find
 the weather unpropitious, he may with ease at once
 annihilate them. If not, the days may be prolonged
 to weeks.

Adelaide.—(*Raising her hands and eyes.*)—Pro-
 tect him, God of battles! 'Tis thy holy name for
 which he fights. Cover him, ye angels, with your
 wings. Conduct him back victorious, to the bosom
 of his affectionate wife, to the arms of his children.

Cyriac.—(*Aside.*)—How can I suffer alone with
 her, and not in some symbolic manner both at my
 command.

Hilmar. Mother! the postmaster's boy has
 blown his horn.

OTTHAR *appears.*

Ottmar. Mother! What a army men on horse-
 back! They make a dreadful dust.

Adelaide. Has not the sentinel discovered who
 they are?

Vol. IV.

Willibald. They're too far off.

Adelaide. Go then, children, climb upon the towers, and when they are nearer, come to set again. [The boys run away.]

Cyrillus.—(*Somewhat afraid.*)—'Tis not—our would hope—any hostile surprise.

Adelaide. Oh, fear is not, reverend abbot. My husband has no quarrels with his neighbours. Perhaps they may be guests; then I am only sorry Sir Theobald is absent. Perhaps, too, they may pass on the left to Emswold.

Re-enter WILLIBALD and OTTOMAR, with a shout of joy.

Bark. Mother! Mother! My father's coming! My father's coming.

Adelaide. My Theobald!—(*Flashes out, followed by WILLIBALD and OTTOMAR.*)

Cyrillus.—(*As if thunderstruck.*)—Ten thousand devils!—Father Benjamin! Father Benjamin! This is unpardonable.

ACT THE SECOND.

The Stage represents a place in front of the Castle of Wuldingen. In the back-ground is a part of the Castle, surrounded by a moat, over which is a draw-bridge that falls when the moats rise.

ADELAIDE, CYRILLUS, WILHELM¹ and OTTOMAR,
pass rapidly from the castle gate, over the bridge.

Adelaide. Oh, that I may not be deceived!

Wilhelm. No, mother, no! The guard on the tower knew my father's armour perfectly, and the white cross upon his helmet: and Father Benjamin was waiting behind him on the scale.

Cyrillus. I congratulate you, noble lady.

Adelaide. Reverend abbot, I thank you. Run children. Climb up the hill, and tell me when they approach.

Both.—(*Running up the hill.*)—Huzza! My father's coming! My father's coming!

Cyrillus.—(*Consulting his watch on beneath a smile.*)

—What transport these children find.

Adelaide. Oh! Mine is not more sedate. Wilhelmy would I run with them over every stone, were it but becoming in a wife. And why should it not? Custom and Fashion are fell tyrants, and they impose their bondage even upon love and tenderness. Children, cannot distinguish nothing!

Wilhelm.—(*Holding his hand about his eyes.*)—

The sun dazzles me.

Ottomar.—(*Raising himself upon his toes.*)—Ottomar's so little, mother.

Cyrillus.—(In a tone of derision.)—It would seem as if the Knight had but been paying a familiar visit.

Adelaide.—(Expletively.)—He has, I cannot doubt it, done his duty, and that he has done it in so short a time, deserves your thanks as the author of the expedition, and mine as the expectant wife. Willhald, can you see nothing?

Willhald. Dost, dear mother, a great deal of dust, and amongst it something glittering like arms.

Cyrillus.—*(In a tone of derision.)*—If they raise so much dust as their return, as at their departure, 'tis a happy sign that no one can have lost his life in the encounter.

Adelaide. I know not, reverend abbot, what influence I am to draw from your remarks. Do you mean to attack the honour of Sir Theobald? or, why do you laugh my ear with such discourse?

Cyrillus. Not so, noble lady—

Adelaide. Not so, reverend abbot. I am not disposed strongly interruption to my joy. Willhald, can you still discover nothing?

Willhald.—*(Kisses his hands.)*—Huzza, dear mother! It is my father! It is my father! I know his gait, his voice; and great Harry is riding behind him, and together they are upon the road.

Adelaide.—*(To the abbot and the monk.)*

Abbot.—I thank thee, old friend, that thou hast not forgotten to pray, and thrown my dark prophesy to the winds.

Monk.—Pardon, noble lady! Have you ever felt their influence?

Adelaide. Pangs, or nervous terror—call the sensation what you will. With fearful heart I always have surveyed the steel, which was to bear my husband to the heat of battle. But never have I felt what yesterday oppressed me. Mistrust!

a world was laid upon me! Methought a gulf divided me from my beloved Theobald! Heaven be praised! 'Twas but ideal. My imagination catches such quick alarm.

Cyrrilla. Be not so quick in your conclusions. Promises are the warnings of the Almighty. 'Tis true your husband now returns in health. For this we render thanks to God and to Saint Nebert. Yet is there nothing but life, for which you trembled I knew, full well, fair lady, that strict fidelity lies nearer to the heart of man, who loves like you. How if—(which Heaven forbid, but our tempter is ever on the watch)—how if Satan, in an enticing moon-light night, should have assailed himself of some fair leathers, to emulate the pious knight. I have seen those fiery darts. Lost is their idol. Modesty can find no sanctuary with Ogd; and Sir Theobald, as they say, inherited warm blood from old Sir Hugo.

Adelaide.—(Smiling.)—Remember abbot, if you would not mistake the jest, I should fain tell you, that you bear poison on your tongue. — But hark! I hear the sound of harness' hoofs gleady echo through the valley. Come, children! Quick to to meet your father!—(Rings with Willbald and Ottomar, to the side where Theobald approaches.)

Cyrrilla.—(Aside.)—Damnation! Storms armed on every side.

Enter Sir THEOBALD, the Monk, BERNARD,
&c. &c.

Adelaide.—(Throwing her arms round Theobald's neck.)—My husband! So soon returned!

Theobald.—(Rejoicing.)—Not too soon, I hope?

Adelaide. Bearerer! I could almost answer, yes.

Cyrrilla.—(Aside.)—And I could almost burst with vexation.

Thanks'd. Never have I made so good an expedition!—Heaven bless you, revered abbot!—I bring thee, Adelaide, a present, more valuable far than all thy jewels.

Adelaide. Yourself.

Therwald. Wouldst thou make me vain? I have long been thine. No, I venture to thee a stolen treasure, which has cost thee many a tear. May that and I for ever share thy love! Look around. Does thy heart prove nothing?

Adelaide.—(*Looks Bertram, who still now has been standing, full of sorrow, among the attendants, and flies into his arms.*)—My father!

Bertram.—(*Bertram has embraced, but sorrow and confusion overpowered his countenance.*)—My dear daughter!

Adelaide. Oh! This is more than all my warmest hopes. Almighty Providence! I have no words to thank thee. Grant me tears! Oh, grant me tears! And is it really you, whom I thus fold in my arms? Alas! I feared that you had long since sunk beneath the weight of age and grief. I cannot look at you enough. You are just the same, except that your hair is somewhat more gray. Oh, God! I have no words. My thanks are swimming in those tears. Dear father, I am married. These are my children. Come hither, Willwald and Osmund. This is your grandfather. Embrace his knees and beg his blessings.—(*Willwald and Osmund kneel before Bertram.*)

Bertram.—(*Correcting them by name, and raising them.*)—Rise! Rise!—If the blessing of an old man—who loves you as his children—can have any influence with the Almighty—I bless you.—God shield you from every misfortune—or give you strength to bear it!

Adelaide. How can misfortune enter into your

thoughts at such a happy hour? All my wishes are fulfilled.

Alfred. These grandfathers, kiss me.

Alonso. And me too, dear grandfather.

Bartram. — {Kissing them.} — Sweet boys! — {*Alfred falls.*} — Poor good children!

Alfred. Why this tone, heaven Bartram! What is wanting to their happiness? Reverend abbot, such a scene as this might draw down angels from the throne of God.

Cyrillus. Fie, Sir Knight! To compare such earthly joys to the blissful contemplation of the Highest.

Alfred. Pardon a boyman, to whom the enthusiasm of religion has not yet lent wings to soar into the third Heaven.

Cyrillus. Epithetism, do you call it? You heap luxury on luxury. But I pardon you, for the sake of that good word, which you have uttered. Your return was very good. — {*Alfred rises.*} — I record not the heathen gods, but the Christian God, who punished their idols, and made the heathen gods to clear churches for the service of the true God.

Alfred. I thank you, Father. But should I have done more than I ought. Sir monk, as a knight, bound me, with fire and sword to exterminate the heathen idols, and erect the holy cross among them. Father Benjamin can testify I have fulfilled my oath.

Cyrillus. 'Tis well. But is the signal of the Lord naturally war with your arms, why did you not proceed to all the neighbouring tribes, spreading destruction throughout the heathen territories?

Alfred. Because—bear it once for all, reverend abbot—because my sword shall never fall again on those, who never injured me. If they be sheep, which wander in the desert, let the right path be pointed out to them, but let them not be led to

daughter. I, at least, have no desire to be the butcher.

Cyrillus. Knight!

Theobald. Abbot!

Cyrillus. Do you pretend to donate to the church?

Theobald. Oh, no, reverend abbot! I know my duties, and fulfil them. But, will you not participate our joy! Look round, and read, in every eye, the wish to spend in pure tranquillity a day, which Heaven has so singularly marked.

Adelaide. What can be the matter, my dear father! You speak unreasonably.

Bertram. I am not well.

Adelaide. Come in. Yet want rest? To-day, so many different sensations have crowded on each other——

Bertram. True! True!

Adelaide. Come, then. Less on me, that I may take you to a quiet chamber.

Bertram. Not in this castle, my dear Adelaide. I am not used to live within huge walls and towers. Let me return to my old hut.

Adelaide. Your hut is in ruins, uninhabited, and exposed to every blast. Allow me the pleasure of attending on you.

Bertram.—(With forced acknowledgment.)—I must be left alone—or I shall die at your feet. I will have no other dwelling than my former hut.

Theobald. Your will is to your children a command. I will instantly dispatch my people to repair your hut, and provide it with every convenience. Meanwhile, use the best chamber in my castle, and let a cheerful staff strengthen the pleasure of this day. Reverend abbot, is it your pleasure to follow us?

Cyrillus. When I have fulfilled the duties of my office.

Theobald. Till then, farewell! [Exeunt Theobald, Bertram, Willbold, Ottomar, &c.]

Enter, accompanied by a hundred valiant warriors. The sword of the Saracens have slain them, and I return alone.—(Directed for half, and, for a few moments, surveys the castle with great emotion).— All is as I left it. No stone is broken: no tree is fallen. I could almost fancy that the wallows' nests against the wall were still the same. There, in the shade of yonder towering oak, I, for the last time, pressed to my heart my weeping wife, and blessed the child, that hung upon my knee. There, beneath the roof of yonder straw-thatched cottage, I, for the last time, held the infant in my arms, the offspring of my crime, the source of my never-ceasing anguish. Alas! What a crowd of sensations, which have slept for three and twenty years, wake in this solemn moment! Great God of Heaven! I thank thee, that thy angel, through so many perils, has thus brought me to the habitation of my father, were it but to lay my sapless bones with theirs.—How my heart beats! even more than at the storm of Ptolemais. Each tower, each stone could I ask, is my wife, and is my son alive?—The windows of the castle are forsaken: the bridge is down: no reaper in the field. Here peace must reign, or the plague must have exhausted its fury.—Thou guardian angel of my latter days! Whisper to me whether joy awaits me in this castle: Or, shall I return again to Palestine, and seek some heap of earth where the poor pilgrim may repose in peace for ever?

WILHELM and OTTOMAN come from the castle.

Ottomar. Come, brother! I'll show you the nest, that I fed yesterday.

Wilhelm. Is it high? Must one climb?

Ottomar. No. It's only in a low bush.

Wilhelm. Then I don't want to see it.

Ottomar. Why not?

Willbold. Where there is neither trouble nor danger, there can be no pleasure.

Hugo. Two sweet boys! My heart throbs.

Ottomar. Look, brother, at that man with a long beard. Let us go.

Willbold. No. We'll speak to him.

Ottomar. I'm afraid.

Willbold. Then go, and look for your rest.—(To Hugo.)—Who see you, old man?

Hugo. A pilgrim from Palestine.

Willbold. From Palestine! Do you bring any news of my grandfather?

Hugo. Your grandfather! Who is your grandfather?

Willbold.—(With pride.)—The valiant Sir Hugo of Wulfgngen. Have you ever heard of him?

Hugo.—(Sincerely able to contain himself.)—I believe I have.

Willbold.—(With a look of scorn.)—You believe you have heard of him?—You believe you would not have known him?—You would not have known him?

Hugo.—(With a look of sympathy.)—(Smiling with joy.)—You are a good man, Willbold! And this is my grandfather?—This is my grandfather?—This is my grandfather?

Willbold.—(With a look of scorn.)—What is he, rather?

Hugo.—(With a look of sympathy.)—What is he, rather?

Willbold.—(With a look of scorn.)—What is he, rather?

Hugo.—(With a look of sympathy.)—What is he, rather?

Willbold.—(With a look of scorn.)—What is he, rather?

Hugo.—(With a look of sympathy.)—What is he, rather?

Willbold.—(With a look of scorn.)—What is he, rather?

who went to Palestine.—*(With tremulous utterance.)*

—Have you then still a—grandmother?

Wulfheid. No. She has long been dead.

Hugo.—*(Trembles and slowly repeats the words.)*

—Has long been dead!—*(sheds, sorrowfully.)*

Margaretha!—*(Endeavouring to compose herself.)*

Dear children, I am faint and weary. Dost thou beg a crust of bread, and a cup of wine?

Bark. Directly.—*(They are running to the castle.)*

Hugo. And if your father would allow me a night's lodging in the castle—

Wulfheid. I thank my mother. My father's just returned from battle, and asleep. I daren't wake him. Ottomar, stay here till I come back.

Ottomar.—*(Remains after him.)*—I won't stay alone with that long-headed gron.

(Leaves Wulfheid and Ottomar.)

Hugo. Oh, God! Have then the sufferings of three and twenty years at last appeared their end? Is it then true, that I shall yet find happiness? Hast thou, yes, hast thou, oh, Margaretha, my unknown wife! Hast thou not quit this world with a curse upon my head? Yes. I am unworthy of the bliss which now awaits me. Let me but have happy tidings of my Adelaide, and angels may envy my old age. What hope? Scarcely could I refrain from kissing them in my arms. Oh what care may their mother be? Early has she seen the need of love and honour in their hearts. God reward her for it! Right glad I am, that no one here can recognize me. The hearts of my son and daughter-in-law will be open to me. I shall try their kindness and their hospitality. I shall see whether Theobald still remembers his old father, whether he wishes his return, whether he will shed a tear for his death. What a scene, if all should happen as I wish! Let me only be upon my guard, lest a father's heart too soon betray itself.

Enter Adelma and a Merchant from WILFINGBEN.

The Merchant.—*My daughter, the Lady Adelaide—
(They exit, the Merchant in the foreground, and the
Adelma.)*

Adelma.—*How can I ever repay thee! And
you too, my dear friend, for your kind words.*

Adelma.—*My dear friend, my dear friend. If my
heart had been as true as yours, I should have
directed it to you.*

Adelma.—*My dear friend, my dear friend. I have passed
through the same trials as you. For the first
time, my dear friend, I have seen the light of day.
I have seen the light of day. I have seen the light of day.
I have seen the light of day. I have seen the light of day.*

Adelma.—*My dear friend, my dear friend. I have passed
through the same trials as you. For the first
time, my dear friend, I have seen the light of day.*

Adelma.—*My dear friend, my dear friend. I have passed
through the same trials as you. For the first
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through the same trials as you. For the first
time, my dear friend, I have seen the light of day.*

Adelma.—*My dear friend, my dear friend. I have passed
through the same trials as you. For the first
time, my dear friend, I have seen the light of day.*

Adelaide.—(With extreme agitation.)—Indeed! Speak! Is he alive?

Hugo. He is.

Adelaide. And your message?—

Hugo. I can confide to none but Sir Theobald.

Adelaide. Enter then with me.

Hugo. Pardon me, noble lady. I have made a vow never to enter house or castle till the sun has set.

Adelaide. Run, then, children! Wake your father, and tell him instantly to come here.—(They obey.)—May I be a witness of your conversation?

Hugo. I request it.

Adelaide. At length our fervent prayer is heard. Oh, that we still may hope to sweeten his declining days!

Hugo. Pardon my curiosity, fair lady. It arises not from forwardness. Dare I ask them what race Sir Theobald is—(He waits.)

Adelaide.—(To Hugo.)—He is a knight—(Hugo) I answer you from his heart.

Hugo. Pardon me, noble lady.

Adelaide. I am not ignorant of his race—He is French but in our great distresses we have no pretensions to them. My ancestors possessed the virtues: their names were never known in Germany. But, if fidelity, piety, and virtue, have any claim upon a knight's affections, I will not change my heart for that of any noble lady.

Hugo.—(Slightly struck.)—Then you are not of noble origin!

Adelaide. No, old man—yet not on that account ignoble. I am but the daughter of a bear. My father knows other tale than—an honest man.

Hugo.—(Aside.)—Now, old fool! Again stumbling over childish prejudice! After being twenty years in search of wisdom, on the first, the happiest occasion reverting to thy name's whim?

Adelaide. My declaration seems to have surprised you. Perhaps you are acquainted with Sir Hugo's sentiments upon this subject. Will he think me unworthy to be called his daughter?

Hugo. Fear it not, noble lady. As long as I can answer for him, he is incapable of such injudice. At first it may have some effect, and cause a frown upon his forehead; for you know not how difficult it is to shake off the prejudices of our childhood. Proud, and assured of having trod them under foot, still they will often rise again. Yet sure I am, Sir Hugo's forehead will be clouded for one moment only: and when he sees and hears that you, by modest love, deserve your husband's heart, that you fulfil, with diligent attention, the duties of a mother, he will not deny his blessing on this union.

Adelaide. Your consolation crows my happiness. Yes, the purest tenderness ever joined our hearts, and for eight years it never has been interrupted.

Hugo. Alas! forgetting yourself, then may Heaven your in-~~delicate~~ ^{delicate} love be your! ~~Break-
ing down~~ ^{breaking down}—This I now do by in Hugo's name.

Adelaide. Will you bid me send to my mother of Heaven's name, to bid her to be as good as our wishes?—~~Will you bid me~~ ^{Will you bid me} bid her days! With what pleasure will I be able to watch over him! How will I be able to watch over him, play the mother, and be the prudent widow to him!

Hugo. Alas! my dear lady, I am old! Think then my love, that I am old, and bid her stay her tenderness!—~~Will you bid me~~ ^{Will you bid me} bid her days!

Adelaide. Will you bid me send to my mother?

Hugo. Will you bid me send to my mother?

•

Enter Sir THEOBALD, WILIBALD, and OTTOMAR.

Theobald. Where is the pilgrim, who has raised my father? Welcome with this hand! Thou art the messenger of God.

Hugo. Sir Knight, I greet you. The Lord be with you, and with your house.

Theobald. Thou hast known my father! Speak! My heart yearns to hear thy message.

Hugo. For more than twenty years, Hugo of Wulfingen has been my friend. I have fought at his side in Persia, Media, Mesopotamia, and Syria. Oh, with fraternal wars, we fought such others' wounds, inflicted by the sword of our situation. Oh, with fraternal loves, we fought a lost democracy, the last poor draught, until the way was of chance of war divided us. For when the Emperor Frederick died, he went towards Aachen, with English Richard, vanquished Char de Lions. There was the battle between Saladin and us. Fierce and bloody was the contest. Many a valiant knight was left upon the field. Among the rest your father was supposed to have fallen, and I spent many tedious years in vain enquiries after him. At length, weary with toil, I, eight months since, resolved on my return to this my native land, when, unexpectedly, I found old Hugo among the Sultan's prisoners in Babylon.

Adelaide and Theobald. A prisoner!

Hugo. Thus it is, Sir Knight. He pines away in grievous affliction. Here was his visage altered! Scarcely could I recollect the features of my friend. His cheeks were sunken—his eyes sunk. His beard long and knotted. With tears he threw his arms and chain around my neck, lamenting that he was no end to his miserable days. He showed my his bed; it was a stone—A potsherd filled with water was his drink—A little rice was all his meagre diet.

Thibault. Oh, my unhappy father!

Hugo. "Alas," said he, "dear Robert, thou art in the low condition in which I languish, the state that mangles my hands and feet. But how my limbs are cramped in the mean-time here, and how my heart is torn with anguish! how the blood of my father's wrongs runs down my keeper's whip; how the salt tears, and the unspeakable damps of grief, rob me of sleep, of health, and peace,—this, friend, thou dost not see!"

Thibault. Hold, I beseech thee, hold! Each word is a dagger to my heart.—(Adelaide weeps.)

Hugo. "Then," continued he, "thou happy man, art now returning to thy native country. May the Almighty be thy guide! But, shouldst thou pass my castle, command me to my wife, if she be still alive, and my son Thibault. What to them all that my age is forced to suffer. Avenge in their names the feelings of a wife and son, that they may quickly gather all that Heaven has given them, and hasten to relieve these cruel bondages, a husband and a father. Meanwhile, farewell! I shall await the date of thy passage, and on this stone will I pray, during the long long night, that angels may direct thee to thy father's tomb."

Thibault. (Looking earnest and wild, thanks for this faithful warning, and then, in silence, What is his name?)

Hugo. (Heartsick, and sighing, and shaking his head, and gold rivulet.)

Thibault. (Thinking, "The very name?" But God will lead his footsteps. We may sell our castle, my dear wife, we must convert every thing into money, and do the utmost we are able.)

Adelaide. With all my heart, dear Thibault! This moment I will bring my jewels, golden clasps, and bracelets.

Thibault. And you shall have my dollar too.

Osman.—(*Sorrowfully.*)—Have I nothing to give?

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—My heart will break.

Third old.—(*Embracing Adelaide.*)—I thank thee, my good wife. I thank you, children. This moment binds my heart to you for ever.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—And mine too.

Third old. We will retire to a cottage, and till the earth. Bread we shall never want, and instead of luxuries, let us feast on the delightful expectation, that we shall liberate my poor old father. I listen to the altar. He has long coveted my demerits. When he knows my wants, he will pay but riggishly. It matters not, if he will only give us what we want directly.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—I can refuse no longer.

Third old. Eat, old man, and refresh yourself with what my castle contains. My wife will let you want for nothing.—See! Here comes Bertram—let him be a partaker of our joyous hopes.

Hugo.—(*Aside.*)—True, 'tis Bertram. Oh that I durst but call to him: "Where is my daughter?"

Enter BERTRAM, from the castle.

Bertram. You have left me quite alone.

Third old. Come hither. Grieve and rejoice with us. This pilgrim brings an account of Sir Hugo, my father. He is at *dawn* in Babylon. But this day I'll sell my lands and demerits, cast all at the Sultan's feet, and conduct my father back in triumph.

Bertram.—(*Fixes his eyes distinctly on Hugo.*)—How is this? Sure I am not deceived!—These features—

Hugo. Then art not deceived. I am he.

Bertram.—(*Throws himself with a loud cry at Hugo's feet.*)—Sir Hugo!—My master!

(As clear words all start, after broken sounds of joy, astonishment, and admiration, and surround the old man. Threshold and Adelaide hang upon his neck; while Wilhelm and Ottomar embrace his knees. The curtain falls.)

ACT THE THING

A column in the middle. On the walls hang eight pictures, large as life, the ancestors of the race of the *Chiricahua*.

Journal of Management Education 36(7) 809–827

[illegible]

for them, and are people's conditions, not you with
for information of our diaphanous?

Heaven, Yehovah-blessed! How can this climate make them warm or cold? Speak! Speak! Be not so sparing of thy words.

...the ...

Hope. A sigh! I understand thee. She is dead
Another soul is gone, to denounce vengeance
against me, at the throne of God.

Abolition. Would you find men who were dead?

There, "What are you doing?" he also discovered?

Prophetess, Sir Knight, prepare yourself for a reveal—
 "To you the world is not unknown—You are
 to know what chance—One—Oh, God! My tongue
 denies its office— Your light will guide towards

Hector, your blood congeal with horror in your veins.

Hugo. To whom dost thou say this? I have lived full sixty years. For five and thirty, I have been a Knight. Since I forsook the cradle I have been the sport of fortune, have learnt to distinguish truth from error. If she be not dishonoured, speak! I am prepared for all.

Bertram. For fifteen years, your daughter was educated as my own. She increased in stature, beauty, worth. She instructed every youth, attended on my age, and managed, at my wife's decease, my little household. Never did any one suspect her to be other than the real daughter of old Bertram. My wife carried the secret with her to the grave. I alone was able to solve the mystery of her descent. I knew your sentiments, Sir Knight, I resolved never to withdraw the veil, which covered what was past; and, as she now had reached a proper age, I cast my eyes around, in search of some good lad, who would promote her happiness.

Hugo. Right, old man! Such was my wish.

Bertram. The inscrutable designs of Providence have willed it otherwise. Once, on a festival, in honour of our guardian Saint, the villagers proceeded early to the abbey, leaving behind them only the old people. I granted my daughter permission to accompany her friends, as I myself was unable to attend her. The neighbouring Vandals had watched for this moment, when all our strength was absent. They fell upon our village, where not more than fifty persons were left, plundered our dwellings, drove away our cattle, and took the old men prisoners, who had stood behind—among the rest, myself. Eight years passed away. I was a slave among the heathens; My daughter dead to me, and I to her. But this morning—O! why

302 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT III.

increase can their love, their happiness slack? A mother by a brother, are not the children still more precious? Are not the parents still more amiable?

Desron. All true, Sir Knight. But——

Hays. Hah! The picture is not half complete. I have but painted them within the castle: Let us now look without. Was a good father and a tender husband, by a bad neighbour? Was he covet his neighbour's property, who, with his wife, and these children, thus, himself, is richer than a prince?

Desron. Just and true, Sir Knight. But the sin——

Hays. Sin! Whom does it affect? Not me. Perhaps thee. Be every, old man. This phantom too I dare be sworn I can dissolve. Yet, there are higher duties, than will say, than I have mentioned, duties towards God——

Desron. Ah! There it rests——

Hays. Hah! again! Will he pray less fervently? And mark! The prayer is not the urgent and insatiable craving of riches and of honours. 'Tis gratitude, which streams from a contented heart. Will he fight less bravely in his country and church, than the peasant, whose courage is not fired by any thought of wife and child? Will he with less purity receive the holy sacrament, when he beholds the companion of his life devoutly kneeling by his side? Will the pang of conscience, in his last hour, smite him, because, true to the Captain of nature, he has given to his native land two useful citizens, to the world two learned men, to Heaven two angels? No! No! No! With joyful assurance will he appear, accompanied with his wife and children, before the throne of the Almighty, receive his sentence without trembling, and join his voice to the Hosannas of the blessed——

Desron. But God's absolute commandment that we should not——

Hugo. I know what then wouldst say. God's first commandment was the happiness of us, his creatures. This commandment is as old as the creation. It extends to every nation, every religion. What God, through the mouth of Moses, established for the welfare of a single state, that, perhaps, may really promote the welfare of every state, must, at least, be subject to exceptions, and never was a case more worthy of exception.—Here then, old man, give me thy hand with confidence, and let this secret be concealed for good. Still let Adelaide be Bertram's daughter. Rejoice with me at the happiness of our children. Rejoice with me, and be silent.

Bertram. As God may have mercy on me in my dying hour, I regard, Sir Knight, I cannot. That inward consciousness of an avenging God rises in opposition to your arguments. You have addressed my senses: They are weak. Address my heart, and I will listen to you.

Hugo. The heart! Shall I paint the misery, which thou bring'st upon us all? Shall I describe the horrible distresses of my children, and my grandchildren—the despair of thy old master! Shall I—(unwillingly I do it)—shall I remind thee of the many kindnesses, which I poured first on thy old parents, and since on thee!

Bertram.—(Falling and embracing his knees.)—Oh, no, dear Sir! To you I am obliged for all. 'Tis written in my heart. But, pay more reverence to God than man. Sacrifice the temporal rather than risk the eternal. Oh! could you feel the pangs of hell, which rage within me, you would have compassion on me. Oh, that I could erase the tale of horror from my recollection! At least let me shake the burden from my heart at the confession chair. Our reverend abbot—

Hugo.—(With grim severity.)—Peace! Listen to

204 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT III.

me, for the last time. If the misery of my children, the distresses of their boys, the despair of thy benefactor, can have no effect upon thee, hear this solemn oath, which, on the word and honour of a knight, I pledge in the ear of the Almighty. If, with a single look, a syllable, or sign, thou dar'st to hint at this our secret, with my own hand I'll plunge my sword into thy heart.

Bertram. Do with your servant as may be your will. My last breath shall bless you. But my troubled conscience orders me, in terms more dreadful than your oath, to ensure the salvation of my soul. As yet your children may do penance for their sin, and through temporal misery ascend to spiritual bliss. But tell me, what can I answer, when your son appears before the dread tribunal of the Judge, and thus accuses me? "This man was privy to it. He concealed the heinous secret. He robbed me of the only means by which my soul could have been rescued from damnation."

Hugo. Hear me, Bertram. With thee he says, if my son, when told of all, should think as I do?

Bertram.—(Scrippling.)—Then—perhaps—I might—

Hugo. Go then, and send him hither.

Bertram. How! Would you—

Hugo. I will myself disclose ~~the~~ secret to him; but, at first without a witness. Be thou at hand, and wait till called.

Bertram.—(Aside before the entrance.)—Oh, all ye saints! Have pity on a poor old man, bending beneath the weight of conscience! [Exit.]

Hugo. Suckers the cursed fruits of expiation! But what must I expect in this approaching hour? Theobald must be tried, ere I venture the discovery. Should he be so weak as to prefer the dogmas of a monk to the everlasting law of nature—should his head and heart too be swayed by bigotry, let my

rather be silent, and let Bertram die. 'Tis better that one, already on the brink of the grave, should be a victim to his blindness, than that my whole race should fall a sacrifice to prejudice, and sink for ever.

Part 8: Trends

2. You have seen the man, and follow

4869. My dear friend of mine, I am alone. I
 have much to do, but I will say no more.
 I left three letters for you among the
 wood, and I will be back in the evening. Then
 we will see how much we can do. It is to
 break a lance, to break it. But this is not the same
 as my friend.

Thanked, twice, my father. At Warren and
Depueburg. Both times in presence of ~~our~~ Em-

Major. "Tis well. Must there ever be engaged in honourable quarrels, and settled them as well becomes a knight?"

Friendship. Treasure for my friends, and for myself
that never fails.

Abstract: This study assesses and compares the

Throbbell, Against Counsel of Rudolphein. His servants had, been guilty of disorders in a neighbouring village, had seized a woman and destroyed a house, and he refused restitution.

Marco: When does this make sense with him?

2. Analysis: When has been completed.

Heg. "In well. Have thou never lost thy shield?"

Therese's mother was father.

Hops: "I'm well. Just like any wounds."

References

Abstract

Thou shalt.—(Father Aart.)—All, my father.—

(*With excited heat.*)—In the abbey of Emsworf hangs a hostile banner: I placed it there.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Who instructed thee in arms?

Therhold. My uncle.

Hugo. Who conferred knighthood on thee?

Therhold. Duke Henry, the Lion, of Brunswick.

Hugo. 'Tis well. Thus far 'tis all right well. Embrace me.

Therhold.—(*Embracing him.*)—And now, my father—

Hugo. Hold! Our account is not yet settled. How long is it since thy mother died?

Therhold. Nine years. She expired in my arms, and was buried with the bones of our fathers.

Hugo.—(*Turning away.*)—Margaretta!—[*To Therhold.*]—Did she die calmly?

Therhold. Calmly and full of hope. She died as she had lived. She blessed yourself and me.—(*Extremely moved.*)—Oh, my father! Will you open all my wounds afresh?

Hugo. 'Tis still. Who gave thee instructions in religion?

Therhold. Father Bernard, a monk of the Premonstratensian.

Hugo. This is not well. Which of thy duties is to thee most sacred?

Therhold. My father, I have not considered this. To me they are all sacred.

Hugo. Right, we'ave said, but not all of equal weight. Duty towards God is the first duty—next honour—then love—*and* then the church. Oh, makest thou no distinction between God and the church?

Therhold. The church is in the place of God.

Hugo. But is not always the mouth of God.—Hear me, my son. Receive and ponder my discourse. After sixty years of cool experience, a father may address his only, his beloved son, whose happiness will ever be his warmest wish.

To-day, or to-morrow, I may be gone. With a lip upon my tongue I dare not look into eternity.—Hear me, ye spirits of my ancestors! You I summon, as witnesses of the truth. Strike me with icy numbness, and spit sharp visions on me, if this last branch receive destructive doctrines from me:—*(Kneels down.)*—and Thou, Eternal Being, whom I worship, take from me the bitterness of this hour, and let it overtake me on my death-bed! Praise be unto thee that I have found him an intrepid knight; but let me find him likewise resolutely steadfast—with a heart equal to his courage.—Let me find him true towards prejudicing—true towards love and honour.

Thimbold. Your discourse, dear father—

Mago. My son, more than three hundred years are passed away, since Hans of Wulfegen took this castle. He was the first of all our race, whose own valour girded on his loins the sword of knight-hood. Our Emperor Conrad, first dubbed him in the year nine hundred and twelve, upon the very field where he had shed his blood, in fighting for his native country against Hungary. He married Wolfhild of Hickingen, and from her towards her, he called this castle Wulfingen. He was slain in a quarrel for an honour of his family, which his attendants had secretly sworn to protect. I was his only son,—*(Pointing to the picture.)*—and I was the first of Wulfingen, who was knighted by the Emperor Louis Count Rulowen, in the year one thousand and thirty, which he was tried diligent men to attend his death-bed by the sword. He was dying; but his last breath affirmed the accusation to no time and no man. *(Pointing to the third picture.)*—His son, Maximilian of Wulfegen asserted, at some jocular banquet, that the image of the Virgin Mary, which worked miracles at Knausvick, was a pious fraud. He was, in consequence, secretly assassinated by the instigation of

the monks.—(*Pointing to the fourth picture.*)—His son, Henry of Wulfingen, not profiting by the example of his father, dared to utter some unseemly words, against the Pope's authority, was subjected to the ban, and forsaken by his friends, died broken-hearted.—(*Pointing to the fifth picture.*)—His son, Albert of Wulfingen, feeble and weak, from the example of his father, and the education of a monk, gave half his fortune to the cloisters, adorned the church with many of his best donations, died with a relique in his hand, and was almost canonized.—(*Pointing to the sixth picture.*)—His son, Herman of Wulfingen, went on an excursion to convert the heathen to our christian faith. His heart betrayed him. He became attached to a fair heathen, and was compelled to leave her, because she continued faithful to the idolatry of her forefathers. He married Maria of Nierlein, who bore one son, but ill supplied in him the place of the good heathen. He arrived at a discontented old age, and died.—(*Pointing to the seventh picture.*)—My grandfather, Otto of Wulfingen, from some long unthought resentment, was assailed by three villains of the house of Leiningen, as he was returning, somewhat weary, from the chase. They slew him, and took refuge in a Benedictine cloister, where, for a sum of money, they were pardoned in the name of God, and not a mortal dared to bring an accusation.—(*Pointing to the eighth picture.*)—My father, Francis of Wulfingen, wishing to revenge his father's death, and engaged in a just cause, struck a lay-brother of the Benedictines, was subjected to the ban, excommunicated, and died in misery. Well can I recollect the grief of my poor mother! But of that no more. I myself, my son, I myself have completed the number of unhappy beings, whose separation has plunged into destruction. I am not ashamed to tell thee, that, for one moment, I have been a villain—

and what man is without such moments? One only wicked deed has been to me the source of endless agony. Thy mother was a good woman, though beauty was not her inheritance. She loved me, while I was but her friend. It was not in my power to press her with ardour to my bosom. For her I seldom felt desire, and often avoided her embraces. Whether she were ever conscious of what passed within me, I am ignorant. She herself—(God reward her for it!) she herself never uttered one harsh word to me, never received me with a frown, and *flung* from me my whole respect. But this was all.—My love—(*Sighs*)—I must disclose it as a warning to my son—my love was all bestowed on prostitutes, and every woman but my wife inflamed my passions. Once, on a scorching summer's day, I met a lovely creature in the field. Her name was Rosamond. She was an orphan. She had nothing left in this wide world, except her honour—and of that I robbed her.—Then start'st! Thou shudder'st! Right my son! Let this moment never be erased from thy remembrance. Heaven is my witness I had ever been an upright man—except in this one instance. Dost thou see the tear that starts into my eye? Of these I have shed millions, yet each still wounds my soul as if it were the first. The poor creature bore a girl in secret, and expired. I consumed the unhappy fruit of my transgression to my ignominy, *whose* wife had lately been delivered of a dead child. The secret-entrusted secrecy, and named the forsaken being as his own daughter,—my peace of mind was gone. In motion, or as my pillow, the *ghostly* image of my Rosamond was floating in my sight. In motion, or as my pillow, her dying groans assailed my ear. To regain tranquillity, I vowed an expedition to the Holy Land against the Saracens, *though* my wife,

my child, and canonry, to follow our Emperor Frederick the Redbeard, and in the name of God to murder men, who never had offended me. Oh as I plunged my sword into the ribs of a Saracen, I fancied that his blood would cleanse me from my sin. In vain! I writhed myself in anguish on the holy tomb. In vain! I imposed severe penance on myself, and went through many a weary pilgrimage. In vain! Nor scourge, nor abstinence, could avail to cure the venomous sting of conscience. At length, I was dangerously wounded in a skirmish, and taken prisoner by the Sultan of Babylon. There, for twenty years, I languished in the fetters of the infidels, till at last, with other Knights, I was ransomed by the Emperor of the Greeks. Weary of a delusive world, full of anxious wishes to behold my family and home, I took a pilgrim's staff, and ere this day—returned.—I find my wife no more, and my daughter.—(*Keenly riveting his eye upon his son*)—in the arms of her brother.

Theobald.—(*Poised with horror.*)—Thunder of Heaven!—(*After a pause, during which he is agitated by the full force of this discovery.*)—Oh, my wife! My children!

Hugo.—(*Clearly surveying him, aside.*)—'Tis well.—Speak, my son! What wilt thou do?

Theobald. Take my life, or let me have my Adelaide.

Hugo. Impossible! Then know't the prohibition of the Almighty.

Theobald. Then let the Almighty punish me. Why did she suffer me to feel affection for her! I cannot lose her.

Hugo. Dost thou not tremble at the rigour of our church?

Theobald. I laugh at its rigour and its ban. He that robs me of my wife, can plunge me in no deeper misery.

Hugo. Thou must renounce her. I command it.

Threshold. I cannot, my father.

Hugo. My curse be upon thee!

Threshold. I cannot, my father.

Hugo. The curse of thy mother be upon thee, from her grave!

Threshold. And if every stone should curse me, every gust of wind should breathe damnation on me, it matters not.—I cannot.—She is my all.—And my children—

Hugo. 'Tis well. 'Tis right well. Embrace me, my son.

Threshold.—(Astonished .)—Hear my father!

Hugo. Heaven be praised! Their duty fulfilled my every hope. Be at ease. I wished to prove thy sentiments. Adelaide is thy sister, but therefore is not less thy wife. Were such a marriage, in such circumstances, sinful before God, he would have planted natural abhorrence in the hearts of both. What is wholesome to society at large, is not always a law for a solitary instance. Be of good courage then, my son, trust in God, love thy wife, endeavour to make thy children honest, and deserve the blessing, which, in this hour, from the saloon of my heart, I bestow upon thee.

Threshold. Heaven! My father! My dear, good father! You awake me to new life. You restore to me my name. Alas! They were almost gone for ever.

Hugo. Yet must Adelaide suspect nothing of all this. A woman's nerves would be too weak for such a shock. In a woman's soul superstition is too deeply rooted. She would for ever think herself the worst sinner, and by pious penitence combat her own days, as well as mine and thine. Let her be, as hitherto, the daughter of old Bertram, and, except ourselves and him, let no one ever draw into the secret. Where is he, that he may enter into this our bond, and claim his oath to ours? Come nearer, Bertram. (Opens the door.

Enter BERTHAM.

—(*Seizes his hand*).—Old man, congratulate me. I may now rejoice in safety at my children's happiness.

Theribald.—(*Embracing him*).—Though thou art not the father of my Adelaïde, I never shall forget, that to thy instructions I am obliged for my good, my faithful wife.—

Bertram.—[*Still almost successful*].—Then, you know all!

Hugo. All! All! Thy vengeance was avenged. The gin went on me, on him, on the traitor.

Theribald. Away with this!—I have not a drop of the poet, but a drop of the soldier. I will not forget all, except our wedding vows.

Adelaide. Love, not war. You will be quick—if I cut. You are two poor upright angels. You cannot wish to rob me of salvation.

Hugo. The Almighty Ruler of the universe is witness how firmly I believe, that we are not wandering in the path of darkness.—(*Draws his sword*).—Come hither to me. Lay your hands upon this sword, and repeat my oath of everlasting secrecy.—(*Theribald repeats the oath with a firm, and Bertram with a tremulous voice*).—My God and all his saints I swear, that this tongue never shall reveal the birth of Adelaïde. If I speak this oath—may the dread punishments of perjury be on my head—may no remission of my sins afford me rest—may the horrors of my conscience pursue me wherever I am driven by despair—may thy parents do my death-bed, and rack me in my last agony, that I may in vain attempt to pry, in vain desire to die—may no sacrament, no priestly blessing be able to absolve me from this oath!—The grave, which, one day, will contain my bones, shall be the grave of this my

Bertram. Reverted Sir, you are right, learned, and pious. Do a work of charity, and rid me of my scrapies. You know that I lived eight years among the heathens. Many an abomination was I forced to suffer. Many a sin was I obliged to witness. And, if ever I mentioned the Almighty's vengeance, they laughed at me, and said that reason contradicted me.

Cyralba. Return without faith is no a beard at sea, or an anchor up a hill.

Bertram. And I have married ^g a very couple gifted by nature with the most perfect and sweet children. I have seen a young man and a beautiful virgin in thick and close embrace. (Would you have I married my sister?)—were heathen and heathens.

Cyralba.—*How dost thou, Sir, find?* How long-suffering art thou, that the corruption of thy clouds, and Satan's liquid sulphur hath not yet consumed every dwelling of abomination! And thou, old man, dost to marry virgins to such people—sinners, who wantonly transgress the most sacred commandments of our God/sober, like the sons and daughters of men in the times of our fore-father Noah, daily provoke the Lord to vengeance! (Dost thou not know that these seeming virgins are the wives of the deceiver? I see—(and my heart bleeds) I see that the heathens have corrupted thee. Haste! Haste! Fly for refuge beneath the wings of the mother church! Clasp her body by fasting and mortification! *Ave Maria, ora pro nobis!*)

Bertram.—[*Very much agitated.*]—Then, you think, right learned Sir, that if a truth-believing christian—by chance—without knowing it—should have married his sister, such a marriage ought not to be valid.

Cyralba. Holy Norbert! Thou offendest my ear

by such a question. Incest! Scarcely darts my tongue pronounce the word.

Bertram. Forgive me, reverend abbot, if I wish to dive into the bottom of this matter. Now, if for many years an union, like this, had been to the surrounding country an example of hopeful and well educated children—

Cyrrilus. Heid! I shudder. Was, was he on the offspring of incestuous intercourse? Or, think'st thou then, that air is less toxic, because the dreadful consequences are not visible to short-sighted mortals? Think'st thou that a thief is less a thief, because he robs, in apparent peace upon the profits of his spoil? Who is able to fathom the long-suffering of God? Who is able to unveil his wily designs, if his arm be slow in launching the avenging bolt?

Bertram. Oh, reverend Sir! Answer me but another question. What must he do, who is privity to a sin like this?

Cyrrilus. Go, and deliver up the guilty to offended justice, lest, at the latter day, he be condemned together with them.

Bertram. But if they be his benefactors—

Cyrrilus. Who is his first benefactor? God. Who has the first, most sacred claim upon his duty? God.

Bertram. But if he be bound to keep this secret by an oath—

Cyrrilus. Was he baptised him, who has, in the detraction of his sins, been led away by such an oath? Has not the church alone the power to bind and to absolve? To break his oath would be the first step towards repentance.

Bertram.—(Beyond himself, bows down.)—Oh, reverend abbot! Hear the confusion of a miserable sinner.

Cyrrilus.—(Observing him attentively.)—No, Ber-

them.—This place is not proper for the dispensations of our holy will.

Bertram. Hear me, for God's sake, reverend Sir! You have wounded me in my most tender part! You have pierced my conscience! You have poured glowing fire through all my frame! For God's sake hear me! Alas! If, at this moment the angel of death should seize me, and I should be called to render up my spirit, laden with this weight of sin, without confession and absolution——Oh! have compassion on me, reverend Abbot! You are a servant of the Almighty, and see-day, at any time, converse with the Almighty.

Cyrielus. Proceed, then.

Bertram. 'Tis now some twenty years ago, that, early in the morning, Sir Hugo walked into my hut. But a few hours before, my wife had been delivered of a dead child. "Bertram," said he, as he threw back his cloak, and she-would new-born infant, "I know they will be honest, and I place confidence in thy honesty. Behold this girl. She is the fruit of an unhallowed hour, when I forgot the faith, which I had sworn for ever to my wife. Her mother is no more. The child is helpless. Take care of it. Let it be reared as thy own daughter. Here is money for the purpose."

Cyrielus. Just Heaven! The scales fall from my eyes. This child—

Bertram. Is Adelaide.

Cyrielus. The wife of my brother.

Bertram. And mother of two boys.

Cyrielus. Wretch! And thou didst not hinder—

Bertram. Reverend Abbot, you'd say? I was a prisoner.

Cyrielus.—(Clanking himself).—Is Adelaide acquainted with this dreadful story?

Bertram. She believes me to be her father.

Cyrdia. Holy Virgin! Holy Norbert! What a discovery!—*(Aside.)*—*Eurekha!* This may answer.

Bertram. What think you best of doing, reverend Sir?

Cyrdia.—*(With feigned humility.)*—I am a weak mortal, like myself. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged. I hasten to the temple of the Lord, to watch, this night, at the steps of the altar, and chasten myself with mortified meditation. Perhaps, God may inspire me to reveal His servant with a revelation.

Bertram.—*(To himself.)*—I wish that you would grant me the same privilege.

Cyrdia.—*(To herself.)*—I will have their tomorrow after to-day, and I will have a few more penance at times, that they may yet wear a pure heart, receive the holy sacrament.

Bertram. Willingly, oh, how willingly would I wound my back with the sharpest scourges,—would I kneel till the flesh was worn from my knees,—would I fast until my body was a skeleton,—if I thereby could, rescue the unhappy pair from everlasting damnation! *[Exit.*

Cyrdia. Joy! Joy! the day is won. The period of silence now is at an end. I laugh at her rigid looks. I laugh at her unbroken fidelity. Shall I, like a fool, say larger sinners' faith than distant hers? No. With open frank will I declare my passion. Some degree of courage always will be felt, when addressing one who is not totally devoid of guilt.—Welcome, old Bertram, welcome! Hail to thy devout aspirations! It brings me nearer to the goal of my desires, than love, though armed with cunning. *[Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH

Seems like some Nations are in the cloud yet

1. *Journal of Management Education* 2000; 24(1): 10-12

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read and understand the label, stop-read and understand the label. A piece of paper is placed over the flow can flow, and the flow can flow at the end of the line.

[illegible][illegible]

Cyrella. Holy Virgin! Holy Sisters! What a discovery!—*(Looks, says Excellent! This may answer.*

Bertram. What think you of our doing, reverend Sir?

Cyrel. I think, my friends, that I have a weak mortal, like myself, who shall not be judged. I think that I have, in the Lord, to watch, this night, at the steps of the altar, and always remember that I am a sinner. Perhaps, God may be pleased to favour his servant with a revelation of His will.

Bertram. May I then, reverend Sir, that you would grant me absolution.

Cyrella. Appear at the confession chair to-morrow after matins, and I will then impose some penance on thee, that thou may'st, with a pure heart, receive *absolutely sacraments.*

Bertram. Willingly, oh, how willingly would I wound my back with the sharpest scourges,—would I kneel till the flesh was worn from my knees,—would I fast until my body was a skeleton,—if I thereby could, rescue the unhappy pair from everlasting damnation! *[Exit.*

Cyrella. Joy! Joy! the day is won. The period of silence now is at an end. I laugh at her rigid looks. I laugh at her abstinent folly. Shall I, like a fool, any longer stare at death's door distant blood? No. With open front will I declare my passion. Some degree of courage always will be felt, when addressing one who is not totally devoid of guilt.—Welcome, old Bertram, welcome! Hail to thy devout simplicity! It brings me nearer to the goal of my desires, than love, though armed with cunning. *[Exit.*

ACT THE FOURTH.

Scene, the same Saloon as in the third Act.

Enter GUILLAUME and ADELAIDE.

Guillaume. At last, I do begin to have understood my sister.

Adelaide. I am glad to hear that, and, I suppose, that I have been wrong to you. A pleasant surprise, I am sure, to you. How can these things be?—I am I think, conscious of the confusion I am in.

Guillaume. Nothing of virtue! You have understood me. I thought that to us both the time seemed long, and therefore was my grief. The knights are sitting with full goblets, and relating tales of chivalry and war. My garb adding vivacity to me. My ear is more accustomed to the peal. You too are out of place when seated at these revells. The horrid descriptions of stabling, and of hawking, of mirth: and of fire, will hurt your tender heart. Can you then think me wrong, if, for the sake of milder conversation, I have chosen two listeners?

Adelaide. Did you observe how my two bags, with open mouths, hung on Sir Hug's words? Did you observe how my spindle over sometimes fell upon our lap, when he recounted, in such admirable terms, his feats among the Saracens? I attend with rapture to each dangerous exploit, when related by an humble knight. I feel a pleasure in that pain.—I hold my breath, and listen to his every syllable. Nay, more than once, I started from my seat with

advice, and I have no opportunity now the
fank!—*He looks at his watch, and looks at his head.*
He looks at his watch, and looks at his head.
take.

Adelphide.—*He looks at his watch, and looks at his head.*

Cyrillus. I must not let my nerves out to inflame the
fancy, and so come bad dreams.

Adelphide. A bad dream is pleasant too, for the
sake of waking.

Cyrillus. Fair Lady, you are fond of contradiction.

Adelphide. I hope my husband is not of the same
opinion.

Cyrillus. Your husband! Every third word must
be your husband. Do you live, then, for him
alone?

Adelphide. I should think so, reverend Abbot.

Cyrillus. And, on his account, renounce all so-
ciable things?

Adelphide. That were wrong. Nor does he re-
quire it. But where can I find opportunity to exer-
cise them? Since the last tournament at Regens-
burg, I have not left our castle. Here no one ever
visits us, except our stern old uncle, who prefer-
the picture in this room, to all the conversation of
a single woman.

Cyrillus. Then to my visits you pay no regard?

Adelphide. Four visits, reverend Abbot? Why,
yes. Have I ever been unkind to you? And even
if I were, your office teaches you to bear with the
delinquents your flock.

Cyrillus. Yet not to hold my peace, but by good
advice endeavor to amend them. Your conduct
to me looks contradictory—*He looks at his watch, and looks at his head.*
—and I have not deserved it from you.

Adelphide. Nor was I conscious of it. The re-
sponse which your office must exact—

Cyrillus. is of little value to the heart.

Adelphide. Have you a heart too? I thought it

was your duty to renounce it, when you received the treasure.

Cynthia. My duty! True. Yet it will often rebel against my inclination. All these wealth and ceremonies are but a lure to catch the multitude. The church is purchased with blood and life. To be an example to the people, I must not be poor, chaste, and continent, as I should be, in private life, but must appear to the people to magnify the church by my splendour.

Adelaide.—*With cold solemnity.*—A doctrine which I never heard before.

Cynthia. Noble Lady, understand me right. I mean to say, the virtue of a moral man be reckoned in proportion to his strength. If myself am solemnly sworn, that, since I wore this sacred garb, I never have departed from my duty.—*(With increasing solemnity.)*—But there are unwar-pieces of creation, to which all vows, and all religion are in vain opposed: where the eye forgets itself, the tongue becomes a liar in its prayer, and the heart enters on its rights.

Adelaide.—*(With cold solemnity.)*—Reverend Abbot, let us return to the knights.

Cynthia. No, noble Lady. Then I must not suffer. My looks must long have born no tidings to you. Long have I been afflicted with all my troubles and sorrows. Your image has come to the senses, to the heart, to the eye, to the ear.—*(Sinking her face in her hands, and weeping.)*

Adelaide.—*(With cold solemnity.)*—*Alas!*—*(Sighs.)*—*Which is more the more necessary to be avoided. What have I done, Sir, that has excited you all this anxiety to make me believe in a deception? Have I ever been forgetful of my duty? Have I not borne the semblance of a painted hawk? Have my eyes ever wandered round me? Has any unguarded word ever betrayed an unchaste heart? And you dare*

to throw your love to me—does, in the presence of God, surrounded by the spirits of my husband's ancestors, to attack that capital duty which I vowed in your hands!

Cyrillus. Be not enraged, fair Lady.—

Adelaide. Enraged! No. I despise you, and hasten to Sir Theobald, that I may complain of the indignity, which has so daringly been offered to the companion of his bed.

Cyrillus.—(*Hisdering her attempts to go.*)—Hold, Adelaide! As yet my eye is beaming with affection. You know how feebly a rejected passion is allied to hatred and revenge. Repare!

Adelaide. Leave me, sir! Thou art a dishonour to thy habit, and ever'ist villainy with the venerable mantle of religion.

Cyrillus.—(*Holding her fast.*)—With a single epithet I can annihilate thee.

Adelaide. You are not what thou art; epithet able to annihilate myself.

Cyrillus. You are not.

Adelaide. You are not what you are.

Cyrillus. You are not what you are.

Adelaide. You are not what you are.

Cyrillus. You are not what you are.

Cyrillus. Be not what thou art. Thou need'st not ask me detraction. Thou need'st but ask thy (what shall I call him?) father-in-law. At once wife and sister—at once aunt and mother. A goodly family, in truth!

Adelaide. Forget not, Sir, that you must render full account of what you now declare.

Cyrillus. Adieu! Why not? Do you suppose that there is any want of proofs? One word may suffice. You are the offspring of a happy hour, in which Sir Hugo revelled on the chariot of some poor wretch. Hermann was but your foster-father. The heathens carried him away, and you became your brother's wife.

Adelaide. This is too much. Remember that I am a wife and mother : that you are plunging a soul into despair. Retract your dreadful declaration, or produce some testimony of its truth.

Cyrillus. Are you not satisfied with the confession of old Bernart, which he, tormented by his conscience, has entrusted to my ear?

Adelaide. Heavens! It is not—cannot be.

Cyrillus. 'Tis even thus, fair Lady. Yet need you feel no fear, while I remain your friend. Collect yourself. All may yet be well.—Away with that rigid look! Learn to keep and warm my heart. You can no longer be Sir Theobald's wife. I must report what has happened to the holy chair at Rome, but you well know, that all depends upon the mode in which I report it. I will conceive, that instead of being punished, you shall be saved in the neighbouring nunnery at Sigmar, for your life. This nunnery, my beautiful *Adelaide's*, by a subterraneous road, connected with my abbey. The abbess is my friend. You shall want nothing, and your affectionate *Cyrillus* will esteem himself a happy man, in sweetening your solitary hours.

Adelaide. Scoundrel of infamy! Hence, thou infernal hypocrite! Reverse my misery. Reverse the sufferings of virtue! Thou never shalt degrade me to a devil's unworthy of that ill.

Cyrillus. Exasperate me not. Remember that your fate rests in my hands.

Adelaide. Nay, in the hands of God.

Cyrillus. Do you still resist my love? Are you determined to drag me by compulsion to a vengeance the most horrid?

Adelaide. Begone, villain! Obey the devil whom thou serve.

Cyrillus. Enough! Ad you are deaf to the voice of a friend, heedless to the priest of God. In the name of the Crucified, I pronounce damnation on

yes! In the name of the church, I pronounce its ban upon you! Cursed be Theobald, and his lascivious wife! Cursed be their children, and their children's children! Let no true believer have compassion on their finger and their clime! Let fire and water be drest in robes of glory! Let the Roman empire! Let him be crowned emperor, who touches them! Let this man, who has committed this abomination, be desecrated, and his bones trampled upon another! Let the altar be soiled with his broken at his feet! Let him and the partner of his iniquity be chained together to a pile of wood, and roasting forth their sinful souls under the flames, to the glory of God's punishments! Then, headstrong being, when the fire shall have reached thy hair, and when the smoke already shades thy utterance, then evil is vain for words and relief to the despised Gynæceus. With the snail of snail's revenge I'll liken to thee, and without the glowing coils, to feast upon thy singed and sufferings.

[Exit.

Adelaide. *Heaven!* What is the meaning of all this!—My jesting sister—My head swims. I cannot yet conceive the horrors of my situation. I fancy all a dream, and look around me for some kind soul, who can relieve me from it. But in vain! Which ever way I look, be here—or there—despair is standing with a ghastly grin. Hermann's dubious conduct now too plainly verifies the dire surmise.—Oh! From the summit of happiness and peace, thus, in a moment, plunged into the bottomless abyss of desolation! Nor I alone.—My husband—Children!—How sore! My children!—Is there then no possibility of saving them? Will not one sacrifice made for all to God and to the church?—I am ready.—I'll fly into the deserts—waste my life in dreary solitude—mourn in distant cloisters—mourn only, misery on Theobald, and his guilty

children! On me alone fall the vengeance of the Lord! Against me alone, who, forgetful of myself, dared to exchange the lovely cottage for the grandeur of the castle, be the arm of the Lord stretched out—run against him, that generous youth, who, in the fulness of affection, led a poor orphan to his bridal chamber, and now finds the grave of his spouse in the arms of his sister!—Away! Away, Adelaide, through night and darkness!—Hush!—Lay all thy wounded feet no longer on my carpet floor!—Your no down!—Bury thyself in the arms of death, that he may never hear thy sighs, thy wailing, thy all in vain! This hypocrite, this villain, has showered a curse upon my children, and upon all my children. A mother's love has been his weapon against him. He will annihilate us all! Oh! To whom may I, without sin, commit my misery!—But wait!—Who comes?—Away! Away into the garden! Every one, who dwells within this castle, is a companion of my guilt,—to die is going, she pronounced Bertram, and still she is drunk to the death.)

Bertram. Oh! The unhappy creature knows already,—I know her only at her side, and condemn her to render her,—My daughter! My dear daughter!

Adelaide.—(*From afar.*)—Ah! Repeat that name! Give me life again!—Decline more, I am your daughter. (*Bertram greatly rejoices.*)—*(Nervous and agitated.)*—Young ladies, father! It was false. Was it not? Just speak is full of poison. Poisonous wicked lies! Were they not, my father?—(*Bertram is silent.*)—You do not answer. Perhaps you do not understand my words. He has dared to say that I am not your daughter—and I love you so tenderly!—(*Bertram attempts to speak, but cannot.*)—You wait for quiet. I undressed you. 'Twas able to torment myself for such a reason. Your Adelaide is but a child.—(*Bertram*

[illegible]

Define $\gamma = \frac{1}{2}(\gamma_1 + \gamma_2)$ and $\delta = \frac{1}{2}(\gamma_1 - \gamma_2)$. Then

Q16. Given: $\Delta_1 \sim \Delta_2$. Δ_1 has sides 4, 5, 6. Δ_2 has sides 10, 12, 15. Find the ratio of the areas of Δ_1 and Δ_2 .

Parting.—*Edith, kindly, and sympathetically.*—The cup is empty in its last drops. I'll follow her. Disappear into bartered low money, and may perhaps lead her to the edge of some steep precipice, or to the river's brink. I'll follow her, and, if my search be vain, plunge after her. [Exit.]

Enter Sir HUGO, Sir THORALD, and CYRILLUS.

Hugo.—*(In a jovial manner.)*—How, reverend Abbot, could you resist this, ere you had pledged a welcome to us, in a goblet, ornamented with my arms? You pious men are not, in general, averse to wine.

Cyrillus. Wine cheers the heart of man. My heart is bleeding, and is dead to every joy.

Hugo. Bleeding! What may have happened to it?

Cyrillus. The abominations of the world have wounded it.

Hugo. Oh! Think not of them. The world will neither go worse nor better than it did a thousand years since, and will neither thousand hence. It turns round, and quarrels once good and bad. The bad we generally ourselves throw in its way.

Cyrillus. Sir Knight, detain me not. The bell has rung for vespers.

Hugo. No longer than is needed to present you with some gifts, which I collected for your abbey, when at Palermo.—A thorn twig from the crown of Christ, green and unsifted; a splinter of the holy cross, on which a drop of blood has fallen, that it is able to work off; and a piece of the garment, for which the soldiers cut him. Enter, and receive these reliques from the hands of my son.

Cyrillus. Not from his, nor from your hands, Sir Knight.

Hugo. Not—Well—as you please. What has entered your head now?

Cyrillus. Have you patience to hear me?

Hugo. Yes, if you be not too tedious. For the wine sparkles in the cup.

Cyrillus. Swathed at midnight, sleepless in my

cell, I felt a strange oppression at my breast, and big drops stood upon my clay-cold brow.

Hugo. You had eaten too much before you went to bed.

Cybilles. Scoffer! Know that I speak in the name of the Almighty. Already I had prepared to leave my couch, and enter on some journey, when suddenly a more than mortal light illuminated my cell. I lifted up my eyes, and lo, the angel of the Lord stood before me in snow-white raiment. His long head was covered with a cloud. In his right hand he held a sword. Then I fell down on my face and prayed.

Hugo.—(Sighing).—Well! What said the heavenly messenger?

Cybilles.—(Sighing).—He said: "Among thy flock are many sheep, and from the hand of the shepherd shall I require their souls in the last day."

Hugo. Was that all?

Cybilles.—(Still more significantly).—He said: "Sin has lifted up her head. The seed of destruction has taken root. The dark ages, which went before the flood, are come again."

Hugo. Well! Further?

Cybilles.—(Raising his eyes upon him).—He said: "Men have transgressed the holy law of chastity. They are become the seducers of innocence, and have given their daughters to be wives unto their sons."—(Hugo and Theobald are motion-struck).—Now, Sir Knight! Why thus alarmed? Whither is your sportive scoffing humour fled? Will you hear more? He said: "Avenge! arm thyself with the church's ban. Report this abomination to the sacred representatives of Saint Peter, that he may stretch the incestuous wife from her brother's arms, that he may destroy all, which has been generated

in the lap of sin, that he may utterly extinguish this race, which is a shame, into the righteous, that he may give both the root and branches to the flames, and scatter the ashes to the four winds of Heaven." [Exit.

Hugo.—(After a pause.)—We are left, my son. God has given us into the hands of a blood-thirsty monk.

Theobald. Heavens! How is it possible—

Hugo. How!—Eustace is prepared—that is evident. The appearance of the angel is a pious fraud.

Theobald. Then shall this sword be plunged into the heavy traitor's—

Hugo. Hold, my son! First rescue, then revenge.

Theobald. Alas! How is rescue possible? He is gone, to bellow forth, our wretched story, poisoned with all his rancour, to the fanatic priests at Rome. Nothing now remains but to close the gates of our castle, and fight till its huge walls shall fall upon our heads.

Hugo. No, my son. That were only travelling restlessness. The Roman church will call on every knight throughout the empire. All our neighbours, friends, relations, must direct their arms against us. What cause then oppose to such a force?

Theobald. Resolution to die. Resolution with this hand to slay my wife and children, and then to bury myself beneath the ruins of our castle.

Hugo. 'Tis well. I rejoice to find thou art a man.—So this our last resource.

Theobald. Our last and only resource. I hasten to make preparations, to provide ourselves with victuals, to repair our walls, collect my followers—

Hugo. Be not so rash, my son.—(Speaking.)—Has fate, then, left no other means!

Theobald. None but ignominious flight.

Hugo. Ignominious! Why ignominious! Is a hero less courageous, if he forsake the uncertain

splitter of an oak, because the approaching lighting threatens to send it from its base?

Thredolt. Enough! let us fly. Let us turn our backs upon this castle, and, in some distant country, seek a hill large enough to hold a loving couple, and small enough to escape the eyes of our pursuers.—Hasten! What a thought darts across my mind!—Hasten! Hasten, old Minstrel!—*(Draws out the half of the ring.)*—My father, this token of hospitality was given me by a heathen. Little did I imagine I so soon should use it.

Hugo. No, my son. Flight brings us no nearer to our purpose,—*peace*. Flight is impossible, at least as long as Adelaide is unprepared. What pretence couldst thou urge for her following thee? To conceal the truth from her would be impossible, and to disclose it, highly dangerous. Thou know'st, my thoughts upon this subject. She is a woman.

Thredolt. True—but a woman far above her sex; noble and exalted in her sentiments, pious without superstition; steadfast, and resolute in danger. And do you reckon nothing on her love for me?

Hugo. Ah, my son. But thou know'st not how firmly prejudices, which have been instilled in childhood, are rooted in the soul of women, and the more firmly, the less they are loosened by an acquaintance with the world. Have thou not to-day confessed to me, thyself, that it was only the late bloody scenes of dissolution, which had proved to thee the cruelty and injustice of excommunications for our church? No. I have hit upon another plan. Thou know'st, that, to defray the expenses of my journey to the Holy Land, I had mortgaged Rappach and Simmern to the abbey. Let us find the abbot, and, as the price of secures, make him a full donation of these two villages. The owner of a

point will secure to us who deal for God's honour never will tolerate.

Theroholt. But how, if he refuse—

Haga. 'Twill then be soon enough to think of other means. Come! Let us haste, ere, in the rage of blind fanaticism, he has roused, against us, the whole body of the church.—*(As he goes.)*—Feel that I was, to think that I could bribe a monk with reliques! As if they wanted help to make as many as they pleased!— *(Exit.)*

The stage remains clear for a few minutes. ADELAIDE, with dishevelled hair, downcast head, and cheeks pale as death, slowly enters the alcove. A wild rolling of her eyes, and, at intervals, a faint contracted smile, betray the absence of her reason.

Adelaide. Still am I left alone.—Every living creature shuns me,—I was in the garden:—The birds flew from me:—Not a butterfly came near me:—Every flower I touched sunk shivered to the ground.—I looked towards Heaven:—The sun withdrew behind a cloud.—What is to become of me?—I am the most desolate wretch on earth.—Who will have pity on me!—*(Looking wildly at the picture.)*—What men are there around me, with sword-pierced sides!—All stare at me,—and yet that glare must not from their scabbards.—*(Kneeling before the picture, weeps in despair.)*—Have compassion on me, then, that looked so sternly!—Did the eyes of a monster!—Oe, if thou think thy sword too noble to be stained by my innumerable blood, lift up that foot, and, with its iron armour, tread on my neck, as on a poisonous worm, and ask in vain!—'Tis my doom to linger here, to prey to all the agonies of conscience.—If I could

but pray—if any one should but pray for me—
 Where are my children?—(Shuddering.)—Children? Have I children?—Have I a husband?—I am not a mother,—I cannot be a mother.—What I have borne has been the brood of hell. Satan's grin was mingled with the first smile of my babes.—Guide them hither, grim Avenger, that I may sprinkle these many walls with their brains, collect their scattered limbs, consume their bones with fire, and give them to the hurricane, to sweep the dust aloft!—(Solely absorbed upon a seat.—A pause.)—Where am I?—My eyes are dim.—Methinks it must be evening.—All is so still—so still!—No bird is singing.—Not a goat is humming.—The sun sets.—To-morrow, perhaps, he will throw his earliest beams upon my grave, and kiss a tear from my dear brother's cheek.—Where will they dig my grave?—Beneath the lime-trees towards the East?—Oh, no!—Among the nettles, under the wall of our churchyard.—They will fix a small black cross upon it.—"The Lord have mercy on her soul!"—Yes.—Die.—I will die.—I, and my poor children. Without him I cannot live; with him I must not live.—God will judge us. He will cleanse their tainted souls for millions of years in purgatory, and, at last, receive the innocents among his angels.—The idea dawns.—To die!—No evil spirit has inspired that thought.—(A voice.)—Holy mother of God! Behold, a sinner kneels before thee in the dust! Mercifully deign to look upon me, and if the dark design of death, which breeds within my soul, be not the delusion of my own brain, or the instigation of the tempter, oh, wondrous and noble miracle to me, thy handmaid! Stead my breast, nerve my hand, and arm me with some instrument of murder, that I may discover thou art with me!

Enter WILHELM and OTTOMAR.

Wilhelm.—(With a dagger in his hand).—Mother! Mother! Look at this dagger!—My grandfather took it from the Saracens.—See, how it glitters!

Adelaide.—(Dreadfully alarmed).—I am heard.

Wilhelm. Only look, mother, only look.

—(Adelaide rises trembling, starts at Wilhelm, walks slowly to him, as if intending to catch something by surprise, and snatches the dagger from his hand).—

—(Afrighted).—Dear mother, it's sharp.

Adelaide. Is it not?—(She looks wildly at the dagger, at the children, and then again at the dagger. Her cheeks her withered lips turn purple. She heaves deep sighs, and at length sobs).—

Ottomar.—(Creeping to her and fainting).—Dear mother, what's the matter?

Wilhelm. Are you ill, dear mother?

Adelaide. Ill, very ill—weak, very weak. Bless and comfort all the Crucified, complete thy miracle! Oh, strengthen me!

Ottomar.—(Pulls Wilhelm screamingly).—Come, brother!

Wilhelm. Come, and let us pray for my mother.

[Going.

Adelaide).—(Hastily intercepting their way).—Whither would you go?—Back.—(Drags them to the front of the stage).—Back! upon it halt!—This arm is consecrated by the Lord.—Ah!—Ye shall not escape it. Insuperable strength is given to this hand! Tremble! Your hour is come.

Ottomar.—(Creeping behind Wilhelm).—Oh, brother, what does she mean?

Wilhelm. Dear mother, my father will be coming soon. Let us go to meet him.

234 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT IV.

Adelaide. Father, mid'st them?—Who is thy father?—Ha! Viper!—Must thou still revel in to my mind?—*(Lifts her arm.)*—Hold! Come hither, Wilibald.—Come hither, Ottomar.—Tell me—have you said your prayers to-day?

Bark. O yes, dear mother.

Adelaide. What was your prayer?

Wilibald. That God would be merciful to us.

Adelaide.—*(Bursts into tears.)*—God be merciful to you!

Ottomar. You're crying, dear mother.

Adelaide. Anger me further. Have you, since you said your prayers, done nothing wrong?

Wilibald. I've done nothing wrong, I am sure, mother.

Ottomar.—*(Stammering.)*—A—A—I took a bird's egg from one of the village boys. —I am very sorry for it.

Adelaide. Kneel down, and beg God's forgiveness.

Ottomar.—*(Kneels.)*—God will forgive me; for I'll give him all the first rent I find.

Adelaide.—*(In a tremor.)*—There!—'Tis done! —The moment is arrived.—Guide my arm, Oh God! Let me but reach the heart at once—that I may not see the struggles—that I may not hear the groans.—Away! Away! Quick!—*(She flies at Wilibald with the uplifted dagger, gulf sinks at his feet, deprived of strength. The dagger falls from her hand: she clings her arms round the children, presses them close to her heart, and weeps bitterly.)*

Bark.—*(Hanging on her neck, and caressing her.)*—Dear mother!

Adelaide. In vain does the stern sense of duty exact the murder of these sweet innocents. They are the fruit of infamy, an abomination both to God and man.—Look, ye inexorable judges, look at

this guileless smiling face. If Satan be concealed behind this mask, no wonder he so easily seduces infants. This child has robbed another of an egg: this is the heaviest transgression, and he, heartily repents it.

Ottomar. I do indeed, dear mother.

Adelaide. He has prayed too, this morning. His was not the prayer of a vile duncumbering monk. It was that pure prayer, which God has prepared for himself, from the mouths of infants. No.—In the eye of God you are forgiven—yea, and your parents; for they knew not what they did. Come, children. Help your mother to seek consolation in your father's arms.—*(As she is going, she suddenly starts trembling back.)*—Woe be upon me! What am I about to do? Some infernal spirit is trying to delude me,—is trying to rob me of my last and only consolation—happiness hereafter. Till now I have been ignorant, and the mercy of my Judge will pardon me. But the next sunrise must be eternal death.—In vain does the tempter whisper to me:—"Tis but fraternal love. A sister soon may clasp a brother to her heart." Begone; ye lures to sin! I cannot command my heart. 'Tis the heart of a good loving wife,—a sister's love is foreign to it.—God has passed his heaviest denunciation upon incest. Did not the Abbot say this? Did he not curse me and my children? Did not the Holy Virgin warn me by a miracle? Was it not the finger of the Highest, which pointed on the sacrifice, ordained to be offered to him, by my hands?—Oh, temporal and eternal welfare of my children, the most sacred of a mother's cares, what will become of you, if, in this hour, my strength forsake me?—Come nearer, my pretty ones. Tell me what you mean to do, should you ever become men?

Willbold. I'll be a brave knight, like my father.

Answer. So will I, mother.

Wulfahd. I'll fight with lances and swords.

Answer. So will I, mother.

Wulfahd. I'll do good to the poor, protect widows and orphans, and rescue the oppressed; for my father says these are the duties of a knight.

Answer. I'll do all this too, mother.

Adelaide. Will you, indeed? Alas! No. You never can be knights. You are not born as knights.—No one will engage with you.—No one will draw his sword against you.—Your name will be erased from heraldry.—The hodge will be torn from your helmets.—Your horses will be slain, your armour broken, and your shield mottled grey.—Overwhelmed with griefs, you will fly the land, and curse the brights which gave you birth. You will take refuge in deserts and in forests, will turn your backs on the kindness of your benefactors, and be pursued into every quarter by the church's ban.—The pious man will strike a cross when he spies you at a distance.—The dastardly coward will, unpunished, plunge a dagger in your heart, and give your carcass for food to ravenous vultures.—No!—Seize the dagger!—No!—Mark not that you perish by a mother's hand. Never shall he who patronise be able to attain to the nobility of his name be marked with the stain of dishonour. The perishing slander tell you so:—The perishing lie not wailer in the wilderness, nor taught the truth for food, 'sing to the minstrel, or deliver the dead, earning the Casside, and your own existence.—My soul was pure and undefiled when I conceived you. My soul is pure and undefiled in this and hour.—Oh! God! Their spirits came from thee. Thou givest them to me. Take them back, and hereafter let me find them at thy throne.—(Alone beyond herself.)—Why do you tremble, children?—

228 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT IV.

—(She strikes him in the breast several times.)—

Ottomar.—(Strikes the wound with both hands, and creeps towards her, on his knees.)—Oh, mother—*—Oh—poor—little—*Ottomar—

Adelaide. Away, traitor!—(She strikes him over more—*he falls, and dies.*)—Ha! That was well aimed!—That hit the vital part!—He moves no more!—Not one more sigh!—Triumph! Triumph! I have torn them from the claws of Satan.—There they hover, hush-hush! Their voice is hymns of praise, their raiment light.—Triumph! Triumph! I laugh at the church's ban, and at its threats.—The sacrifice is offered. God looked down well pleased. (*Throws the dagger from her.*)—Away! Away to chapel!—Away to supplication and thanksgiving! (*Spies blood upon her hand.*)—Hud!—This is blood.—Thus I dare not pass the thresholds of the temple. Thus stained with blood, I dare not sprinkle myself with consecrated water, nor strike the token of the holy cross upon my bosom.—I will wash myself.—I will go down to the well, where my balmed wain.—(*Stumbles against Wilibald.*)—What is this!—Gently! Gently!—Hut!—The children are asleep.—Oh, that I may not have been too loud!—See! this poor boy must have some horrid dream.—His mouth seems distorted, as if he were in pain.—Poor child!—The guards will not allow him to sleep.—They have stayed him till he sleeps.—Stop! Stop!—*(Tears off her veil and covers Wilibald.)*—There, little slumberer! Sleep in peace!—But what have I left for this!—Is not my veil large enough to cover both?—Why do you lie at such a distance from each other, as if some storm had past you by?—Let me bring them close to each other.—Gently—softly—that they may not wake.—

ACT IV. ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. 279

(She carefully lifts up the body of Ottomar, lays it near that of his brother, Anselm, covers both with the veil, and is busy in observing on every side that no spyward is left.)

Enter EAR HUGO and SIR THEOBALD.

Theobald. What art thou doing, Adelaide?

Adelaide. Hush! Hush! I have sung the boys to sleep.

—(She raises the veil, and discovers the bloody bodies.)—

Theobald. Jesus Maria!

—(He staggers backward to the nearest pillar, against which he leans, without strength. His whole frame quivers. His countenance is horribly convulsed. His eyes are riveted upon the bodies, and he shuts up a tear.)—

Hugo. Heavens!—Too late!—Wretched being! What hast thou done!

Adelaide.—*(With the smile and air of serenity.)—* I sang a pretty hymn.—The Holy Virgin taught me—and, while I sang, the sweet boys dropped asleep.

Hugo. Alas! She weeps!

Adelaide. Hush!—Speak lower, grey-beard—I'll go into the garden—I'll pluck flowers—violets, roses, pinks, and lilies.—I'll scatter them upon my cherubs—and when they wake with pleasant odours round them, they will love their mother with a kiss for all her care.—Sit down here, old man.—Beware lest any breath of wind disturb the veil—or any foot vent near to sting them.—Hush!—In a moment I return.—*(Hast away.)*

Hugo.—*(Plies a point—looks at his countenance at the bottom—and then towards Heaven.)—* Almighty

340 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT IV

God! Oh, let this sacrifice to superstition need
not be the last, and receive these guilty soul
among thy holy host of angels!

(He kneels, and kisses the children. The curtain falls.)—

240 ADELAIDE OF WULFINGEN. ACT IV.

God! Oh let this sacrifice to superstitious madness be the last, and receive these guiltless souls among thy holy host of angels!

—(He kneels, and kisses the children. The curtain falls.)—

END OF VOL. IV.



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